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HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
18 WEST 45th STREET
NEW YORK CITY
LONDON: WILLIAMS & NORGATE

THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

VOL. VIII

JULY — DECEMBER

1917

NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

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San Francisco, California
2006

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A breath from the heights of Parnassus. I hope to take it in for the rest of my life.

The Unpopular Review reached its high position at a bound. It has writers without bigotry, and essayists who know their subjects. — *From a Bishop.*

The Unpopular Review has so far belied its name here that I have never been able to catch up with it since I let one member of our faculty take it to look over.

It does my soul good to see this independence of the hackneyed, the conventional, yet without any straining after the *outré* and bizarre as do some would-be clever publications.

To me it seems the ideal presentation of the rock bottom underlying the subjects treated. Superficiality and mediocrity are words which do not occur to the mind of the reader. It teaches him to appreciate what is said, and not who said it.

In it I find more things that are interesting to me that in any publication of a similar kind . . . and yet I do not mean that, for one of its chief charms is that it is so different from all others. Like a new and interesting personality after most ordinary individuals.

In this day of editorial pandering to a gross and wayward public taste, The Unpopular Review comes upon our consciousness as a necessary corrective, as a stimulant to sturdier individuality, a stabler civic spirit and a saner social economy.

The Unpopular Review has been a constant pleasure, but I hope that after the war it will go back to its original note. [And how *we* do hope it! Editor.]

Between the many and varied forms of education brought forth by upstarts it was decidedly refreshing to find there were still people who had kept a sane balance.

Not afraid of being radical, though not erratic; and its conservatism does not approach to bigotry. If I can this summer induce our public library to buy it, I shall have the pleasure of reading it from "kiver to kiver."

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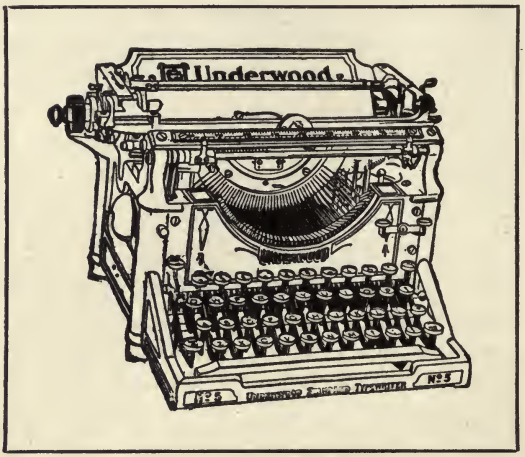

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Published Quarterly at New York, N. Y. For April 1, 1917.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. F. Vogelius, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of The Unpopular Review and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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J. F. Vogelius.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1917.

Chas. Ott,
(My commission expires March 30, 1918.)

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THE PRECEDING NUMBER

Mr. Small's article has attracted so much attention as to justify quoting from a recent brief letter, even if it does come from a "quiet" place in New York State with such a noisily suggestive name as "Kerhonkson":

Graduated from Columbia College in 1901; A. M., 1902. This seems the only tangible fact that stands out behind the quiet life, divided between the out-of-doors and books, I have led here; a previous period of Romance Philologizing at Harvard; and some travel abroad, including a stay there of nearly two years. I wish I might send something slightly more enlivening for the Page of Revelations.

Professor Johnson gravitated from Cornell to *The New Republic* two or three years ago, and then to Leland Stanford. But he was unable to resist the "call of the wild" as emitted by our ingenious young friends in Twenty-first Street, and gravitated back again to his desk there.

Mr. Church is a consulting engineer and economist in manufacturing methods. He was formerly European editor of *The Engineering Magazine*, and was special commissioner for *The Daily Dispatch* in Germany in 1910, reporting on industrial methods. He has had a long and varied experience of manufacturing problems, both in the United States and Europe; is the author of several technical works, including *The Proper Distribution of the Expense Burden*, *Production Factors*, *The Science and Practice of Management*, and *Manufacturing Costs and Accounts;* has contributed to the International Encyclopedia, and was specially invited to contribute the paper on Industrial Management to the International Engineering Congress, Panama Exhibition, 1915.

He wrote us regarding his article:

I observe that you are evidently a believer in the ultimate transformation of industrial society by gradual evolution in the direction of coöperative effort, with a concurrent and indeed inevitable improvement in the wage earner's capacity, character and viewpoint. It is difficult to write on this subject without appearing an Utopian, and for that reason I have put the case as cautiously as I could. I have merely tried to get it recognized that new movements are in the air, and that they point in a common direction. If we can get this established, something will have been attained.

Mr. Lewis is General Secretary of the New York Prison Association since 1910. He had the honor of being born in Boston, and was educated at Tufts, the Sorbonne, and the University of Munich. After being professor of Modern Languages in the University of Maine, he went with the Charity Organization Society of New York, and took his present position in 1910. He has been active in charities and public works, and has written a book on *Vagrancy in the United States*, and many papers and reports listed in *Who's Who*.

Mr. Cobb is the author of "What is the Chance for a Job?" in our number for January–March, 1915, and of "Working for Someone Else," in that for April–June, 1916. He continues in business in Kalamazoo. We hope he is getting money out of it, and we know, as our readers do, that he is getting something better.

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THE FUTURE OF INDUSTRY, A. Hamilton Church.

MODEST MODERNIST PAPERS, II, Grant Showerman, Professor in University of Wisconsin.

THE RIGHT TO LIFE, A. G. Keller, Professor in Yale University.

SELF-ADVERTISING, June E. Downey, Professor in The University of Wyoming.

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MAKING TOO MUCH PROFIT, Perry Rush Cobb.

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The Unpopular Review

No. 15 JULY — SEPTEMBER, 1917 Vol. VIII

LET US FINISH UP OUR JOB

GERMANY and the United States are engaged in one common cause — in establishing democracy. We have been establishing it at home by overcoming the efforts of our proletariat to destroy it with clubs and dynamite; of our demagogues by vitiating the currency and all property rights, and offering the proletariat lawlessness as the price of votes; and of our politicians by wasting our taxes and selling our resources to venal interests; and now we are about to help establish it away from home. Germany is establishing it by demonstrating that the evils attending it with us are as nothing compared with the horrors that have resulted from absolutism with her, and that inevitably result from the lust of power — a lust which always grows with the absolute possession of it. And now the champions of democracy and the champions of absolutism have at last reached the inevitable struggle which, it may be hoped, will bring the world-old question its settlement. It seems to rest mainly with us to make that settlement final. It has come to us to throw the final weight into the scale.

Mill or Spencer — we forget which, probably both, and probably many other wise men, have called attention to the fact that if you want to turn a scale, unless you put on the final needed trifle all you put on is wasted. That will be the case with all the blood and treasure put into this war by the losing side. The United States does not propose to be on that side.

As bearing on the nature of our task — on the sort of war we are in, there has been a great deal of discussion

over who or what started it. It is impossible to determine beyond cavil what started anything, but some things in the endless chain of events, or perhaps it would be better to say some strands in the infinite web, are more prominent in any given relation than others. We have generally found the most practicable point of view to be that the war started with the rape of Belgium. But among the thousand such points, the best for our present purpose is that it was started by Frederick the Great, who was virtually the originator of the Prussian religion of expansion by force.

In the fifteenth century the Hohenzollerns, whose very name marks them as plunderers, came from South Germany into Brandenburg, and began developing the country, but the idea of expanding it at the expense of its neighbors does not seem to have been very active before Frederick's father, early in the eighteenth century, got together a treasury and an army. Frederick apparently did not see any sense in having such things unless he used them. His first great enterprise was to rob a woman, when he took Silesia from Maria Teresa; and probably his next in importance was to let another woman, Catharine of Russia, lead him, with her and Austria, to conquer and divide up Poland. There may have been some shadow of an excuse for Frederick, in Poland's having long lorded it over Brandenburg until the Great Elector, Frederick's great-grandfather, released his country. But excuse or not, these accessions and some minor ones under Frederick made specially strong in Prussia the appetite then pervading all the petty German states for growing less petty at the expense of their neighbors; and that appetite has become part of the religion which Prussia associates with the name of Frederick. He, though a brigand, was a brigand on a large scale, and like his friend Voltaire was far from lacking in philosophical grasp or religious emotion — of his own kind — the kind for which other brigands, in Italy, have long been famous. The state was his god —

nothing for the good of the state could be wrong, and everything for the good of the state must be right. From him down, the idea has grown in Prussia until it has overcome all conflicting and modifying ideas — even the somewhat obvious one that there are other states, who, if not possessed by the divine impulse to grow, have at least a desire to hold their own.

When the present Kaiser was a boy, the victory over France threw a dazzling radiance over this Prussian religion of the state; and long before he came to the throne, he announced everywhere that his religion — his mission — was that of Frederick the Great. It was never because of France alone that he kept rolling up the great army that was always the first object of his interest. His ambition rolled up with his army until it embraced the world and became an insanity. Within a few years of his accession even so careful a journalist as Godkin freely wrote of him as a madman, and although he calmed down for a while, his destructive course of late recalls his earlier vagaries. His madness was contagious, especially, like contagions generally, among the young, and in time all Germany became infected. An expansion of the state of the Hohenzollern mind, which attracted the attention of the world, was given in 1900 by Prince Henry at the farewell banquet at Kiel when the German Boxer expedition sailed. His words cast a baleful light on Hohenzollern history all the way from when the children were mangled the other day in the air raid on the London schoolroom, back over the corpses floating from the *Lusitania.* The uncanny gleam wavers from the eagle on the helmet of William the Madman and the epaulette over his withered arm, way back to the lace on the cocked hat and the gold knob on the long cane of Frederick the Great. When Prince Henry diffused that corpse light, he gave out a superstition — one of those that have most cursed the human race, and one which the Hohenzollerns alone in Christian Europe have brought from the mouldy past to blight the

present. Of course his language was magniloquent, and yet Nature had marked the object of the magniloquence with a blemish which gave to the words that peculiar ridiculousness against which the German sense of humor affords no protection. All this — the terrible history, the blighting superstition, and the ridiculousness of it all, were in the prince's words when he closed his toast to his brother with a reverent allusion to "Your Majesty's sacred person."

The divine right of kings embraced that over the territory of their weaker neighbors. It is an idea of the eighteenth century come into the twentieth, and imposing upon it the terrible task of convincing the Germans that the exercise of such a right is too late — that now such a thing "isn't done."

Many people say that human nature does not change — even Lord Bryce said it in his two recent lectures before the English Academy. But without a change in human nature how could the human nature of the twentieth century now be united in war upon what remains of the human nature of the eighteenth?

Expansion by violence at the expense of civilized people is now sought only by despots, and even the proverbial despotism with an ideal despot is no longer the ideal government; and if it were, it would be as hard to realize as socialism and philosophical anarchy. As concerned the industrial and commercial interests of Germany, the present Kaiser was not a bad despot, but as soon as they were well built up, and he thought himself strong enough to apply the principles of Frederick the Great, the fatal weakness of despotism asserted itself, and he proceeded to ruin his own work — so far as it was his. He was simply two hundred years behind the times. Perhaps the best demonstration is that he could not go on without at last coming in conflict with the nation which, America's youth may justify our suggesting, is most typical of the times.

So much for the idea of this war, and its chief apostle. Now as to the people trying to carry it out. In the first place, they are more attached to their dynasty than the Russians were. Before it ruined them (and they do not yet realize that it has), under its lead they had grown from a lot of petty poor and weak states into a great rich and mighty empire. The dynasty got more credit for this than it ever deserved. The virtues of the people have been proverbial from the time of Tacitus down to their recent period of madness; and their prosperity was due to those virtues; and not as much to the guidance of the Hohenzollerns — who have not amounted to much since Frederick the Great — as to the guidance of Bismarck. When that pilot was sent over the side, there is now much reason to believe, real progress began to slow up, but the people have not yet realized it: for superficial progress went on; but all the while they were rushing onto — this! Much less have they realized that the harm was due to the Hohenzollerns. So despite the havoc wrought by the present Kaiser and his son and their entourage, he is still popular, though apparently the war has at last begun to tell against him. The promenade to Paris is taking longer and costing more than he led his people to expect.

Then the intellectual processes of this people are "peculiar." Perhaps there may yet arise an analyst who can explain German humor. That there is such a thing is proved by the existence of *Fliegende Blaetter* and *Kladderadatsch;* and a literature of very respectable comedy, though comedy did not abound in Goethe as it did in Shakspere. But all this humor is fictitious, and when we look for humor in Germany's practical affairs, we don't find it, even enough of it to prevent such ridiculous utterances being listened to as, for instance, those of Herr Kaempf at the opening of the Reichstag last May when he called the least inhumane of all wars and one always endorsed by international law — the war of starva-

tion, a violation of all human and international rights; said Wilson had lost his senses, because he did not permit Germany to dictate where our boats could go in safety; and showed the well-known delusion of persecution (which may partly explain the lack of humor) in speaking of Germany's "long years of encirclement and machinations against her" (during which she grew rich and powerful faster than any nation ever did before); and took the pains to declare that the German Reichstag is elected on the freest franchise in the world, when it can do little worth being elected for. But even all this is surpassed by the recent ingenuous confessions that Germany will demand no indemnities from the people she attacked; and who are whipping her.

Was there ever shown a more conspicuous lack of humor than in the Germans claiming to lead the world in culture (not merely *Kultur:* they are welcome to the monopoly of that), and regarding themselves as heaven-ordained missionaries to spread it even by the sword — and over France and England?

We think the analyst will find one trait of German humor that would explain a great deal: it is a rare German who can see the joke when it's on himself. Generally they are simply puzzled, and sit in dumb perplexity while the rest of the company laughs. They know something is wrong, but if a logical process leads them to a ridiculous conclusion, they can't see that it is ridiculous, and so be led to examine it again. If *Schrecklichkeit* is logical, they will at once proceed to be *schrecklich*, even with tears in their eyes, as it is reported that in Belgium some really did.

The Germans' continuance of this war is the biggest absurdity the world has seen since the finger of scorn was pointed at Noah, but they can't see it. It is so absurd that when Bethmann-Hollweg promised in May to tell what they were after, he couldn't do it. Is it possible that he was ashamed — that when it came down to the

scratch, he at last realized that the world's sense of right was so against Germany's plans that they were too absurd or too barbaric to state?

The climax is capped by an idea current from Treitschke to Bernhardi without perceptible contradiction. Bernhardi expresses it: "A nation respects the rules of right only if they are to its advantage." A nation, then, assumes to be a prophet. What mortal man knows what, outside of the rules of right, may be to his advantage? A great artist told the writer many years ago that he had just painted the face of the most apparently successful scoundrel of that day, and that the face was the most miserable he had ever seen. Of what advantage had success counter to the rules of right been to that man? The meagre means of guessing what is to the advantage of a man or a state, that experience has so far given us, are embodied in those same rules of right that Bernhardi intimates may only sometimes be to a state's advantage. Who is to tell when they are not? Who was to tell in Belgium — Bernhardi's coward master, or Belgium's heroic king? The question is not settled at this writing; and it will not be until it is settled in one way, though it may take as long as it has taken to settle whether following the "rules of right" would have been to the advantage of England and France when, in spite of those rules, they kept the Turk in Europe by the Crimean war.

But beside Germany's lop-sided humor and morals, there's another tough element that we have to deal with. Most Germans obeyed their orders in Belgium and against the *Lusitania*, the *Sussex* and the hospital ships, not because they thought the orders logical, but merely because they were so commanded. The Germans have been drilled into that habit of following orders, as probably no people, certainly no civilized people, ever was before.

Such a people is beyond the reach of reason. The only logic for them is in events. So we and our allies have got to make that logic final.

So much for the idea and the people. Now as to the present situation.

However close may have been the unity of Germany at the beginning of the war, and whatever claims may be made that she is a unit still, the Chancellor's non-committal speech in May proved that the unity no longer exists. The opposition is so strong that he dared not provoke it, and his own side is so weak that he dared not depend upon it. The opposition and its freedom of utterance have lately grown at a rate that is astonishing. They have, with their queer sense of humor, been counting on the help here in America of their countrymen who had left Germany to avoid the very things those at home are now enduring and inflicting. And instead of getting that help in carrying out the Hohenzollerns' plans, they find the Germans here organizing for the Hohenzollerns' overthrow! It is a situation to make the gods laugh — but not the Germans. The capacity to laugh at it might have saved them.

They can no longer expect any expansion of territory through this war. They are fighting for no purpose under heaven but to keep the Hohenzollerns on the throne, though they do not yet realize it. And yet they can hardly be really fighting for even that: for if the Emperor William were to die, of any of the disorders he is known to have inherited or any of those lately ascribed to him, it is hardly conceivable that Germany, even in blinders and with a ring in her nose, should follow any such master as that ridiculous specimen of a crown prince with his medal for his "victory" at Verdun. How long, then, can the people be made to pour out their blood and treasure before the opposition becomes overwhelming? If they wake up and throw off the Hohenzollerns, the whole horrible business is at an end.

Americans familiar with Germany a generation ago, often said, with sympathetic admiration: "What a people to make a republic!" This remark, we think, was oftenest

made in Hanover and Saxony, perhaps in Brunswick, but not so often in Prussia or Bavaria. But since that time Germany as a whole has grown rich and proud and grasping and vastly less honest than she was. The scraps of paper have worked their way down into commerce. But even in her lowered estate, nobody doubts but that without the malign influence of her present governing class, she would find her old self, and could govern herself, and would stop her attempted career of robbery.

With Germany a republic, Austria would probably fall to pieces and the fragments, probably with the Balkan states would follow their racial attractions into the German and Russian and probably the Grecian republics, and there would probably be a restored Poland and an independent Hungary.

But suppose that manifest destiny fails to manifest, and the German people do not learn enough from their sufferings to redeem themselves. Then there would be nothing for us and our allies but to fight on until we had cleaned out the Hohenzollerns and all they represent. There is no place for them in the modern world.

All the civilized world but Germany and Austria has outgrown the idea of expansion by violence. We can no longer associate it even with Russia. If Germany can be brought to do her own surgery, so much the better; but if she won't, we must — we have got to cut it out, burn it out, shell it out; and we have got to take out just as much of Germany as is necessary to get it out, and, if it were only possible, not an ounce more. But it's got to be done sooner or later, if not in this war, in some other. The only merciful way, for Germany even more than for the rest of the world, is to get it out now.

The idea of stopping to treat with the Hohenzollern gang is too absurd: it has already been repudiated by France, England and ourselves. It has been reiterated until we are tired that the gang has itself declared that

they respect the rules of right only when seeming to their own advantage, and that their treaties are but scraps of paper, and they have proved these things with a vengeance. All they would propose in answer to President Wilson's suggestion that both sides name their terms, was to "get around a table and talk things over." This was as impudent as it was petty. Who were they, on their own showing, that honest people should sit at any table with them? What could any conclusions at such a table conclude? What would be the use of making treaties with people to whom treaties mean nothing?

Their rapacity is on a par with their dishonesty, and it covers the world. Their international morality is over three centuries behind civilization — back to the time when Raleigh, without any declaration of war, made his piratical raid on the coast of Spain. There is evidence that, even before the war began, their scheme of world conquest included a similar raid upon us. They are simply a nest of pirates, and we have got to clean them out.

The only way with such people is to force them to the point where you can tell them what to do, and make them do it. That point is the point of Waterloo, Appomattox and Sedan — Unconditional Surrender.

If the Germans don't settle their own case, we have got to fight until a Waterloo or an Appomattox or a Sedan, unless indeed it is settled by the more merciful weapon of starvation, which, when England first tried it on the Germans, they surpassed their own ridiculousness by calling the less merciful, and exhausted vituperation over England's barbarity. Now they are trying it themselves.

They propose that the starvation shall be that of our allies. We don't.

THE CLASS CONFLICT AND THE WAR

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

EVERY custom or institution has the defects of its qualities, and its well-being may be imperilled by internal corruption as well as by outward assault. So it is with democracy, which, at the outbreak of this war, was beset by perils from within and without. The outward peril is discussed everywhere, but of the internal disorder and the probable healing effect of this great conflict upon it, little has been said. War has many by-products which, though they do not justify its horrors, may be welcomed as partial compensations, and among those we are about to enjoy is at least a temporary relief from the class conflict which is the great internal danger of democracy. Whether an industrial democracy can cope with the class conflict is the same question as "whether any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure."

The salient dangers of the class conflict prior to the war were the outgrowth of political and economic adjustments and a mental attitude in direct conflict with some forces that the war is evoking, and the result portends a not unwholesome battle of ideas. The closed shop will find universal service a queer bedfellow; weakness in suppressing lawlessness will be scarcely congenial to an armed state; class selfishness and attacks on our institutions will wither under the burning heat of patriotism. Here are new forces to fight an old disease. What then will be the result of the germicidal spirit of nationalism which war develops?

Selfishness of class interests and a lack of respect for authority are among the foremost pitfalls of democracy. As we severed diplomatic relations with Germany, these

pitfalls were yawning as they had never yawned since the Civil War, and democracy was crawling painfully and cautiously around them. Disrespect for law had grown apace, unchallenged defiance was abroad with blatant speech; organized labor had laid its hands on the government to make it a tool for class purposes, believing it was well justified by the example of capital. The propagandist who disapproved our form of government was all too busy. The literature that was fed to the workers through the publications of the American Federation of Labor and a thousand other labor periodicals, was invidious and misleading, careless of truth, unsound in doctrine, and calculated to inspire hatred of property rights, employers and government. The spokesmen of discontent were incandescent with the zeal of reformers: for he who would conduct a campaign of militancy must inflame at whatever cost and by whatever means. There was little manifestation of authority against which they did not preach — from the courts to the militia, from the police to the state constabulary; there was little form of civil responsibility, from criminal prosecution to injunction and damage suits. Bills to establish a state constabulary were boldly opposed on the ground that such officers might be used to maintain law and order in industrial disputes. Much of this propaganda was falling on fertile ground, and germinating something far worse than social unrest, — social hate, the potentiality of which no man could measure. You might cry: Watchman, what of the night? but you would get no answer. When controversies grow as intense as the labor controversy had grown, reason is often dethroned, emotions are in the saddle, and there develops an exaggerated credulity and prejudice which harbor every malicious attack. Such was the state of mind of the working classes when the country was called to arms.

Through the weekly journal of the United Mine Workers for the last few years a membership of three or four

hundred thousand has been informed that every one of its important industrial conflicts, wherever its theatre, whatever the issue, whoever the employer, involved repeated collisions with the police, the constabulary, the troops, or the courts, and that in every case the authorities were wrong and oppressors of the poor. In this influential periodical I doubt if you will find a single instance where any officer or member of the union was disciplined or even censured for the lawlessness portrayed, or a single recommendation that lawbreaking by union officials should be checked by union discipline. Their point of view is clear — the government is the common enemy as much as the employer: for it is the pliant and corrupt tool of capital; our institutions and laws are unjust and rightly to be resisted; force alone is the remedy. Here is a characteristic expression:

> Why should we dodge the issue and rant about law and order and rights of citizens, when Law and Order Leagues, and Citizens' Alliances are murdering our brothers, desecrating our homes, burning our wives and children and are defended in their dastardly deeds by the powers of the state governments?

Numerous other periodicals have sung the same song of hate, and as effectively nourished the spirit of resistance to law. In *The Federationist*, the official organ of two million workers, you will find that all courts and the military and police, are the tools of plutocracy, and in some cases defiance of law is counselled. Any fair-minded man who considers this literature will find it the most far-reaching propaganda of pernicious statements that the world has ever known.

The persistent teaching of the ignorant that the government is always wrong — that the workers are always right — brings an alarming portion of citizens to believe that the government is in league with capital to maintain a system of oppression and wrong-doing. "Don't run away with patriotism for your country," says one leader, "for it has been in hock to Rockefeller and Morgan."

The I. W. W. has been permitted publicly to parade and prosecute purposes as lawless as the Molly Maguires, the Ku Klux Klan and the Mafia. "The tactics used are determined solely by the power of the organization to make good in their use," writes one of its leaders. Dynamite is officially advocated and "militant direct action" is urged: "for the going to jail en masse causes expense to the taxpayers." Its publications urging violence and revolution have been distributed through the mails without restraint. "No God, no Master," is the proud slogan of its banner. In prose and verse, in many ingenious forms, its official journal urges sabotage:

> Soap stops water from making steam in boilers,
> Asafetida keeps patrons from struck theatres,
> Oil containing emery makes machinery strike,
> Accidents often are an aid in winning strikes.
> Guerilla warfare always gets the Boss's Goat.
> Ends that are revolutionary justify the means.

Yet the unarrested publishers of these utterances complain of restrictions on free speech! They make war on existing society and invoke the protection of that society in so doing.

With this preaching against authority came a dangerous collapse of government in the treatment of industrial lawlessness. Labor, with its just resentment against industrial ills, employed the strong-arm method until some employers and even responsible communities adopted drastic measures of repression. As one evil begets another, the abandonment of employers and non-union men to the outbreaks of labor unions resulted in defensive methods, equally dangerous to society. He who is not defended will resort to the primitive art of self-defense. Necessity, the mother of invention, invented professional strikebreakers and private guards. The results were satisfactory to no one. Leaving the enforcement of law and order to private citizens, invariably leads to recriminations, reprisals, and other ugly results. In some localities, particularly in the

West, armed committees of vigilantes, established by indignant communities, were careless of the ordinary forms of civil authority, which they found inadequate; and taking their lesson from the disturbers proceeded recklessly in the work of repression. They too discovered that ends justify means. If I. W. W. leaders by freedom of speech arouse angry mobs to violence, then restrictions will be placed on the right of free speech and on the right of the entrance of such agitators into a law-abiding community. Free speech and free assembly will not be tolerated for lawless purposes, and he who carries the red flag cannot appeal to the Stars and Stripes. The persistent abuse of rights means curtailment of those rights and a drifting toward a military form of government. Such has been the experience of many cities. With the successful resort to direct action, even the defenders of public order abandoned the tortuous processes of law and the habit of lawlessness thrived and waxed fat on the weakness of the state, until in some communities civil rights were tossed overboard, and martial law declared. When drastic measures gained the upper hand, things turned a somersault, and those who had been the lawbreakers began to invoke the law. By what warrant were they deported, under what law were highways guarded to prevent their entrance to a city? Was it not contrary to the constitution to repress their soap-box exhortations? And so it was again proven, as statesmen had often declared, that the guaranties of civil liberty are more important to the workers than the employers, and the breakdown of these guaranties became a boomerang.

When war with Germany was declared, the labor conflict had become to such an extent a question of law and order, that the struggle between public authorities and the union often overtowered the dispute with the employer, and we witnessed frequent contests between the union and the community, with the latter defending the

good name and prosperity of the city. Paterson did not want to be the refuge of the I. W. W. The pride, not to say self-interest, of Indianapolis was hurt on seeing its streets decorated by pickets carrying unfair banners: for travelers would think it a city of unrest. Another city pasted on the backs of all letters gay-colored stamps: "Stockton, the Open Shop City." Such are the products of interurban competition. An appeal is made to civic pride, and the fight is on between the community and the labor leaders. Neither side misses the significance of the battle, for, says Mr. Gompers, "police administration is often the determining force in the struggles of the workers."

The events which took place in Everett, Washington, during the last year were as illuminating as they were deplorable. Trouble with the shingle weavers had been brewing for some time, and the I. W. W., at first employed to do violence, finally organized a fight against the city. Physical combats followed, the authorities indulging in brutal attacks. When the city commissioners prohibited soap-box orations on the most congested corners where women and children passed to and fro, the I. W. W. defiantly sought the restricted places, and challenged interference.

"We propose to have free speech on this corner," said one speaker, "no matter what we have to do to gain it. ... we propose to use direct action. Direct action mea... scabs got in Los Angeles when twenty-seven of the... to hell. Direct action means sabotage, arson, ... thing else that will gain our ends, and we propose to u... it if we are not permitted free speech here."

The speaker was arrested, and that night the jail in which he was placed was surrounded until rumor of unpleasant action by the Fire Department scattered the crowd. Members of the I. W. W. then flocked to the city, and many were met at the outskirts and turned back. To avoid the deputies some disembarked at Snohomish, ten miles to the east, and walked down the tracks to the city.

One group hired a launch, which was intercepted two miles from shore, and the men, after some resistance, were temporarily placed under arrest. The real climax came when hundreds of them organized an expeditionary force in Seattle, and after marching through that city fully armed and singing their war cries to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" prepared to embark for Everett on the steamer *Verona*. In Everett that night some improvised deputies gathered at the Commercial Club, and were advised that the I. W. W. were coming two thousand strong to burn and kill and, in their own words, "make Everett look like Verdun." Preparations were made for armed defense. When news of the embarkation should be received, a long blast was to be blown on the fire whistle, and only those prepared to risk their lives for the protection of their city should respond. When the tocsin was sounded, over one hundred and thirty deputies flew to the rescue. When they reached the wharf, the *Verona* was in the harbor, and the invaders, massed on its deck, immediately opened fire on the dazed deputies, who fell back, leaving their friends wounded on the wharves. The firing was soon returned, and the proprietors of hardware stores hurriedly loaded their automobiles with rifles and ammunition for more extended resistance, when the ship's engine reversed and she moved away. Some seventy-two of members were afterwards indicted for murder, but an attempt to the first test case resulted in many releases.

Another example of hurried defense was in a city in one of the Dakotas, where the citizens sawed up billiard cues into billies, and proceeded to knock on the head and drag off to prison the street orators who persisted in violating the city ordinance. Many of these men, as one of the deputies later told me, were arrested without evidence, and the public authorities thereafter felt it necessary to convict them by any means whatsoever, in order to justify their imprisonment.

In San Diego, men speaking on forbidden corners were

seized by vigilance committees of masked citizens, and deported to the desert, where they were all ill-treated and warned never to return.

These methods of border justice menace the rights of all. But who is to blame — the apostles of revolution or the lawless defenders of the peace?

Not only the I. W. W., but legitimate trade unions have provoked such disorders. The strike in the Calumet & Hecla mines, fomented by the Western Federation of Miners in 1913, became a battle between law and anarchy — between the union and society. Violence openly ruled until the troops came, and guerilla methods followed. A deputy sheriff was slain on the highway, dynamite was exploded, and three non-union men were murdered in bed on a Sunday morning. The restoration of civil order became a necessity. Only a hundred soldiers were present in the district at this time. Government had collapsed and a private society must be rushed to its assistance. Of this necessity was born a Citizens' Alliance some thirty thousand strong, and with its advent disorder rapidly diminished. Then came a great calamity. In Calumet a Christmas Tree party was being given for the children of the workers, when some one started a false cry of fire, and about eighty people, chiefly children, were killed in the panic which followed. Moyer, the president of the union, wired rumors through the country that the mad rush was deliberately inspired by the Citizens' Alliance, and commanded the families of the victims not to accept a penny of the thirty thousand dollar relief fund which was promptly raised. This capitalization of such a calamity first stunned the people, and then so incensed them that Moyer was summarily deported to Chicago without regard to law. There is no secrecy about this deportation. People boast of it to-day. "There may come a time in any community when the machinery of the law is too cumbersome to meet exigencies," explained a Detroit newspaper, which

finds that "the proceeding differed in no particular from that which is followed in handling undesirables the country over."

San Francisco, that notorious closed shop city, had long been waiting for "Der Tag," and last summer it came. Even its markets had been closed to some open shop products, and so restrictive were union rules that industries stood stagnant while those of other cities leaped ahead. A certain percentage on all brick contracts had to be paid into the union treasury. Policemen had turned their backs when the scab was assaulted. But the unions at last threw the proverbial straw on the already overburdened back of the community. In May, 1916, the Longshoremen's Union, which to a large extent controlled the commerce of the port, announced a strike for June first, in violation of its written agreement. A telegram of protest from William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor and former president of the United Mine Workers of North America, was of no avail, and the strike took place. Violence reigned, and commerce was throttled. In June alone, it is estimated, two and one-half million dollars of imports were held up, and in about the same time nearly fifty men were sent to the hospitals because of injuries from assaults. Only those who received permits from the Union were permitted to pass the picket line, to the wharves; and when the United States government desired to obtain its treasury funds, it was necessary to secure such a permit, signed by the Union president. In total disregard of federal laws the union boldly proposed to interfere with the shipping of commodities which were classed as non-union or unfair, in order to fasten closed shop conditions not only upon the port of San Francisco but the entire Pacific Coast. Sugar landed on the docks was refused unloading, because somewhere on its journey it had been handled by non-union men. A shipment of shingles was embargoed because made in an open shop. Although information as to this illegal scheme was form-

ally transmitted to two members of the cabinet at Washington, and although the situation was legally identical with that which President Cleveland so promptly met in '94, nothing was done by the government.

At this point the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco determined to take a hand, and adopted resolutions declaring for the obligation of contracts, the maintenance of law and order, and the open shop. Again a private society must rush to the assistance of tottering authority. Within a short time the Chamber added five thousand new members, making it the largest Chamber of Commerce in the United States, and established a million dollar fund for the fight. On July 22nd the Preparedness Parade was interrupted by the explosion of a bomb which killed ten and injured fifty people, most of whom were guests of the city. Men connected with organized labor were held responsible. This was a bugle call. Under the auspices of the Law and Order Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, six thousand men and women met at the Civic Auditorium to take part in the re-establishment of law and decency. Events followed rapidly. Eighty-seven injunction suits started at one time swept disorderly picketing from the streets, and damage suits and criminal prosecutions taught the primary lesson of law and order. Then came the political campaign for the enactment of an anti-picketing ordinance to be voted on at the November elections. Four hundred telephone girls were employed in a single office to telephone every man and woman in the city who could be so reached, to vote for this ordinance, and the correspondence and circulation of propaganda surpasses belief. When the vote was counted, it was found that the city which favored President Wilson had declared against picketing by a majority of five thousand.

Struggles like that of San Francisco, political, social and industrial, kept alive by the agitators of organizations and counter organizations, have played a large part in

the life of many cities, and each would make a thrilling chapter of Industrial History.

This poison of class conflict, this exaggeration of class interests and its selfish rivalry for municipal and state control invaded the question of National Preparedness. Some of our military companies were treated as private clubs, and this excited the suspicions of organized labor. The *Labor Review*, which was the official organ of the Trades and Labor Assembly and the Building Trades Council of Minneapolis, announced in April, 1916, that "the Assembly has not been misled into entering the preparedness campaign of the few millionaires who own this country," and that it was organizing "a union labor citizen army" to resist the companies formed by the property-owning classes. A week later the same paper continued: "They seem to realize that no one could tell how soon the class struggle would become a matter of guns in the United States, as it already has in Ireland." The *Review* then told of Labor's plans for organizing an army, its steps toward the purchase of a thousand rifles and a thousand rounds of ammunition, and proceeded thereafter to advertise evening drills. This step was called "The beginning of Labor's third trench in Minneapolis."

Mr. Maurer, president of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, speaking in a public school in New York City, referred slightingly to the flag, and declared:

> I will never shed a drop of my blood, nor will I counsel the representatives of labor to shed theirs unless I am certain that by so doing they are shedding their blood in the battles of their own classes.

The Washington *Socialist* publishes this:

> It is very evident that capital, drunk with power and control, intends to exterminate those who have begun to think and deplore the misery, poverty and ill treatment of the masses. . . The proletariat will not allow itself and families to be slaughtered like sheep. It will be certainly necessary, as Victor Berger

suggests, to procure arms and ammunition. . . If we of the rabble make these preparations now, the money powers and their hired assassins may pause and consider.

This article was called to the attention of the postal authorities but without result.

While this gospel of violence was being preached and to some extent practiced, a milder phase of the class conflict had reached a dangerous climax. For twenty-five years organized labor had been knocking at the doors of Congress for some law giving it unrestricted freedom to use its combined economic power in any way that it saw fit, as long as it did not commit a breach of the peace. During this same period the most significant trend of legislation had been an ever-increasing restriction on the economic power of capital. The double standard of regulated capital and unregulated labor seemed about to prevail. In 1914 Congress faced both ways at once; it placed severe and unprecedented restrictions on the economic power of capital, and at the same time aimed at the exemption of labor. The Clayton Act of that year, according to labor's contention, gives full authorization to strikes and boycotts, secondary or sympathetic, in private industries or on public utilities; and while we dissent from that interpretation, it is beyond dispute that this contention represents the aims and demands of organized labor. Other articles in this Review have portrayed what this means.

These legislative demands and the combinations they were supposed to sanction, sought the unobstructed elimination of the non-union man, in order that the monopoly of organized labor might be made doubly sure. The non-union man must be made an outlaw — union men must refuse to work with him, and his products must be driven from the public markets. The closed shop, that obsession of unionism, will brook no opposition.

But there are serious obstacles to the accomplishment of

this end. The laborer's right to earn a livelihood — to acquire, use and possess property — is a property right, and it is around this right that the legal and political battle of the labor question has been waging. As long as this property right exists, the boycotted workman can call upon the courts for his protection, and until confiscated by government, the right remains an obstruction to union aggression. Both Congress and the state legislatures have therefore been besieged by organized labor to try a bit of legerdemain and declare by law that this property right of a workman is not a property right; and in the year 1914 Congress and the State of Massachusetts yielded to these importunities. Shortly thereafter members of the Industrial Workers of the World, the assailants of the courts, sought to enjoin the Hodcarriers' Union from calling strikes of different trades on building operations in Boston where I. W. W. men were employed. Under such a regime the Hodcarriers' Union, aided by the affiliated trades, was in absolute control, and the I. W. W. were helpless unless the courts intervened. If the right to work were no longer a property right, as newly declared by statute, the plaintiffs were helpless, but if the right to work were still property, an injunction should issue according to the rulings of Massachusetts. The court held that the law was unconstitutional; that "the right to make contracts and to earn money by labor is at least as essential to the laborer as is any property right to other members of society," and if as much protection is not given to it as to other property rights, "the laborer stands on a plane inferior to that of other property owners."

This decision created an uproar in the ranks of labor. Years of persistent propaganda had gone for naught. The model bill which had been urged by organized labor in many different states, and perhaps the legislation of Congress, was worthless paper. Mr. Gompers, in an editorial, reviewed this decision which protected the right to labor, and declared with a sad lack of humor that the Massachusetts Court "filches" the workers of their rights.

Another article in the *Federationist* asked: "What shall be done with the judges who violate the constitutional rights of labor?" and still another, entitled "Americans, Wake Up!" declared the decision to be the baldest usurpation.

When the delegates of the American Federation of Labor met in convention at Baltimore in November, 1916, their minds were surcharged with this subject. The solution which presented itself was an obvious one. If mere legislation could not by some precious alchemy transmute that which was a property right into something which was not a property right, they must try a more potent chemical, and alter the constitution. The convention therefore went on record in favor of a constitutional amendment declaring "that the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce, and the legislature shall not pass a law, nor the courts construe any law of the state, contrary to this declaration."

The delegates did not halt there. It was unanimously resolved that all judges who issued injunctions to protect labor should be impeached, and that their orders should be defied and wholly disregarded, "let the consequences be what they may." Thus judges were to be impeached unless they violated their sworn duty to declare the law as it existed; if the legislators would not change the law, and the people would not amend their constitution, the people's courts were to be defied. Here was something to give us pause. This was no secret meeting, no action of a few mad anarchists. Here were several hundred men, representing two million skilled and high-class workers, publicly and deliberately adopting a program of concerted resistance to law. Here was an organization planted in the midst of our society, the like of which the world has never known, exercising greater power for good or evil than any other private institution except the church, — officially defying the state. Behold the most conspicuous fruit of that persistent propaganda of hostility to law!

The threatened railroad strike of last summer is another example of the overreaching of this powerful class, and its disregard of the rights of others. Such a strike as was contemplated is literally a death-dealing blow, yet the railroad unions, supported by the American Federation of Labor, declined arbitration, and declared for a general suspension. They said that in all society it was not possible "to get neutral arbitrators," and that they preferred "to trust their claims to the results of economic action." Such was their political and economic power that a panic-stricken Congress rewarded their wrongdoing and punished the railroads which only demanded a fair trial and the protection of society through arbitration. But the Brotherhoods remained shameless. Even after the crisis had passed, and an indignant public had expressed its disapproval, a representative of the trainmen before a committee of Congress declared: "I wish to God that I never had recalled the strike order." Mr. Gompers, speaking for the Federation upon proposed legislation restricting strikes on public utilities, declared that "Law or no law, President or no President, such a law would not be obeyed." And so again organized labor declared its program of open defiance of law, and its utter disregard of the interests of society, and again the country yielded. Under conditions such as these, is it strange that President Wilson should have felt the necessity of saying: "The business of government is to see that no other organization is as strong as itself; to see that no body or group of men, no matter what their private interest is, may come into competition with the authority of society."

Here were perils which beset democracy — resistance to law, the ebb of authority, internal dissensions, class greed, and a labor monopoly akin to the guild system — all with some promise of legal sanction. The Great War is now wiping out the very basis of these evils. In these days of a new national consciousness, the pertinacity of labor in

its closed shop program already seems strange. The idea of universal service clashes with the notion that any citizen or group of citizens should attempt to dictate who shall work and whose products shall reach the public market. When under pressure of war, the country is in need of bread or shoes, it cannot permit an embargo on goods which do not bear the union label; when in such an emergency the country needs labor, it cannot tolerate discrimination against non-union men. The primary idea of anti-monopoly laws is based on the same conception, and so far is this true that general agreements to abandon a trade are decided by the courts to be against public policy. Anti-monopoly laws and universal service declare that the disbarment from trade of any group of workers whether by voluntary agreement or organized discrimination is an injury to the state and not to be tolerated. Perhaps the idea of universal service may lead democracy to a new attitude upon this question.

Tolerance of the closed shop aggression has been due to the very industrial abuses which it was designed to remedy. The most that can be said in its defense is that it is the less of two evils. Now all this is changing. As the war opened, we had embarked on a system of regulation by the state which should cure the most conspicuous abuses, and of late the courts have largely surrendered the principle that there are constitutional barriers to regulations of this kind. It may be made a penal offense for a woman to work for less than a minimum wage, and, if the state cares so to provide, men may be sent to jail for working over ten hours. Courts which once nullified laws limiting the hours of women's labor have reversed themselves. The Supreme Court of the United States, which in 1905 declared unconstitutional a New York law limiting hours of employment in bakeries to eight, now upholds a ten-hour law without a reference to the former case. Its decision on the Adamson Law declares that Congress may enforce compulsory arbitration on railroads.

Already we have child and women's labor laws in almost every state, and by the year 1916 the movement for minimum wage legislation, which anxiously awaited the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, had secured such laws in twelve states. Congress too is endeavoring to impose its ideas upon the different states by forbidding the transportation in interstate commerce of any merchandise produced in a factory where children are employed under certain prohibited conditions. When the war struck us, the country was generously experimenting with laws of this kind. We were passing through a transitional stage, and the quickened sympathies of our people demanded the correction by law of those abuses which union monopoly hailed as its justification.

The war will forward this socialization, even though working standards be temporarily lowered. Government regulation, the very opposite of private monopoly and union militancy, will leap forward by bounds. Already the right to strike has been curtailed. As I write, the papers report that military authorities informed a union leader about to foment a strike in the Bliss Torpedo Works, that such action would result in charges of treason. Anti-strike laws have been enacted in some sections of the country, and, according to report, the government has taken over the operation of certain coal mines in Pennsylvania because of labor difficulties. This is but a harbinger of what will follow if England's experience be our guide: there over four thousand industrial establishments are controlled by the Minister of Munitions. In these government-controlled plants hiring and discharging are severely restricted, profits are limited, the surplus goes to the nation, and strikes and lockouts are forbidden. Disputes over working conditions are settled by district tribunals or ultimately carried to the minister, who has full authority to determine what proportion of skilled, semi-skilled or female labor, or what proportion of non-union labor in union shops will best promote the service.

Rules and practices presumed to interfere with this national plan are forbidden under severe fines enforceable through special tribunals created for that purpose.

Such government regulation and its recognition of the need of universal service must have its effect upon the closed shop propaganda, and a reversion to conditions existing before the war is hardly to be expected. If government abolishes starvation wages and child labor, and in other ways lays down a minimum standard of decency or fair play in industry, will it permit combinations to obstruct those who meet these standards? Will it permit organized labor to dictate who shall work and whose goods shall reach the markets? The best interests of a country require the service of all, in war or peace, in the factory or in the field, and the emphasis of this idea under the exigencies of war may make itself felt against future attempts to exclude non-union men. Perhaps the organized campaign to drive out the nonconformist will diminish under the spirit of national unity, and surely legislative efforts to deprive him of legal protection must fail.

Unfortunate opposition to efficiency and scientific management was also developing before the war. Improved machinery had been shut out from some occupations, with the sanction of those high in labor circles. The year 1916 witnessed national legislation forbidding the use of time-measuring devices or the payment of a bonus or premium to employees in our arsenals or navy yards. The Secretary of War had warned Congress that such legislation "would be a grave misfortune to the public service and to the employees of the government there engaged," and four hundred employees of the Frandford Arsenal petitioned against it. But Congress heeded them not, and the law, after the skulking and dishonest fashion of much legislation, went through as a rider to an appropriation. A year has not yet elapsed and the results of this shameful law are already apparent. General Crozier, chief of the

ordnance bureau, reports that it takes 2.2 times as long to do the average job in the machine shop as it did under the bonus system; 1.6 times as long in the foundry; 2.1 times as long in the smith shop.

In England at the outbreak of the war, conditions were even worse. Improved machinery had been opposed; semi-skilled help and non-union men were debarred. Men working in munition factories, because they found it easy to perform work in a quarter of the time prescribed by the union, were fined or their fellow-workers were invited to gaze on them with contumely. Lloyd George bears testimony that some men took a week to do what an Egyptian would do in a day at a quarter of the pay, and in other cases their efficiency was only a tenth, a twentieth, or even a thirtieth of what it should be. Now England has emerged from these restrictions, to meet the exigencies of war, and has enacted a law making it an offense for any person to induce another to comply with any rule or practice "which tends to restrict production or employment." Would anything short of a cataclysm have accomplished this result? Probably not, for even under these conditions the government has been compelled to pledge a restoration of pre-war restrictions, and those employers who operated union shops prior to the war are obliged after its termination to return to the same régime. But isn't this requirement about as impotent as the old song "Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight"? Will not the necessities of international competition and the principles of national regulation and coöperation prove too strong for the fulfilment of such a retrogressive pledge? In this country, opposition to machinery, and limitation of output should certainly be withdrawn, and even some protective labor legislation desirable in times of peace must be temporarily suspended, as was recommended by the Council of National Defense. Whatever is gained from this conflict in the way of national and industrial efficiency must be safeguarded by

educating the workers to an understanding that human happiness lies in this direction.

The war will bring other changes. Weakness and vacillation of government will cease. Authority, the great need of democracy, will grow to huge proportions. The whole relation of the state to the subject has been transformed — transfigured — in the passing of a night. There is nothing which the state may not command; there is nothing which the subject will not give. Our property, our liberty, yes, our lives, are heaped upon the altar. The slacker, and even those who ask for time to think, or wish the light of debate before accepting this staggering change, are pilloried in the public press, stigmatized as Prussian gentlemen, and accused of giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

The mighty Republic stirs, its half dazed eyes are open, a new light enters, a vision has been seen. Slowly it tries its muscles; they are strong; and then it stands upon its feet, the full embodiment of authority. If it were to apostrophize itself, it would be thus: Am I that being who feared to maintain law and order in times of peace? Were they my soldiers who were distrusted and maligned? Now they have become the venerated heroes of democracy. Did I rightly hear the representatives of two million men announce resistance to my law? Am I that being who begged a permit that I might possess my money on the wharves of San Francisco? It cannot be that those whose lives and money I now commandeer have dared so to resist me.

This changed psychology will not at once relapse; this increase of authority will not at once disappear. If the war lasts until our youth are in the trenches, the reciprocal relation between subject and state will for a generation at least bear some impress of this spiritual awakening. Obedience, loyalty, and respect for authority will become the habit of our people, and the exercise of great power the habit of the state. Mr. Gompers fears that this may

be overdone — that if we teach "our youth merely to respect constituted authority" it will "result in subservience and facile obedience." Would there were no worse dangers to apprehend!

Will the world ever turn back? Will the government again permit great interests to defy it and perhaps get beyond its control? Having once socialized the instruments of commerce and industry, will the old order of self-seeking swing back to its former extreme? These are questions not only for the seer but for the statesman.

The possibilities of the future are glorious. Will a nation which has had justice and reason and sacredness of contract burned into its consciousness by the sacrifices of war, abandon those ideals in its treatment of domestic problems? Surely it will not leave its industrial conflicts to be settled by the arbitrament of force, sabotage, "direct action," and the flouting of contracts. Surely it will not follow the recommendations of the Federal Industrial Commission that employers and employees mobilize into opposing camps for economic warfare; that the economic power of each be unrestricted, regardless of public or private wrongs; and that labor agreements have no legal status before the law. Perhaps when the pressure of the labor problem has been temporarily removed by the necessities of our international crisis, we will return to it with calmer and wiser vision and a new sense of proportion. Perhaps we will then be strong enough to enforce the axiom that private rights cease where public wrongs begin.

This war may have postponed the real industrial crisis a generation, and has forever changed the form in which it will ultimately be met. There can be no crisis without opposition to the state, and opposition to the state for the moment is gone. Nations have been known to invoke external wars to avoid internal conflicts. Family quarrels are cured by great troubles. Not alone in the downfall of the Romanoffs, but in the reassertion of authority in democracy, must we see the divine good that flows from

this struggle. It is not enough to save democracy from outward perils: for it must be preserved against itself, and saved from its greatest enemies, — weakness and anarchy, class selfishness and internal dissension.

These evils are bound to decrease. This is no time for class hatred. Those who stir up conflicts in a crisis like this, whether they be the representatives of labor or of capital, are guilty of disloyalty. Muckraking by one class against another must cease. We must think and act in terms of America: for there is grim work ahead. Already this blessed leaven of unity is sweeping through the land. A few years ago Mr. John Mitchell was expelled from the United Mine Workers because he was associated with the Civic Federation, and a short time ago the American Federation of Labor and the National Association of Manufacturers had only words of vituperation for each other. Now, Mr. Gompers and one official of the Manufacturers' Association are on the same committee for national defense, and even the *New York Sun* writes of this "First of American labor leaders," whose "words command respect in this country because they are known to be few and carefully chosen." Industrial unrest has slackened. Examine the daily papers for the May-day strikes of 1916, and down through the summer months of that same year, and behold the contrast with the spring of 1917. Men who proposed to resist our government are prepared to fight for it; those who assailed our free institutions will die for them; employer and employee may serve in the same trench, fall in the same charge. Class consciousness, that homage to some group, melts away in allegiance to the state; class antagonism, the bitter pitting of one group against another, yields to the necessity of supporting a common and greater cause. Oh, for some measure of this devotion in time of peace! Will it not, after this dreadful war has passed, leave some lasting benefits to strengthen this republic and bless its people? Let peace have her spirit of service, and democracy is made.

NEW RUSSIA

INFORMATION concerning recent developments in Russia is still scant. Press cablegrams from there are not always reliable. Many a correspondent seems to have no clear insight into affairs, and many more seem to have in mind political ends rather than to give information. Russian newspapers of the post-revolutionary period have reached this country only in a very limited number. All this makes it difficult to form an adequate idea of the situation in the new republic. Therefore the following, though the work of a Russian, must be considered a mere charcoal sketch of the situation, scarcely outlining the contours. Nothing more can be expected where everything is blurred and confused and rapidly changing.

How did it happen? What is the secret of the magic transformation?

It started in a manner hardly unusual in Russia. Large masses gathered in the streets, held meetings, protested against the government. This was nothing new. Shops and factories closed, students left their schools, a general strike spread like wildfire. This was serious, very serious, but nothing unusual as compared with 1905. The police were mounting guns on top of buildings, and the minister of the interior Protopopov gave out the cheerful news that he was ready "to flood Russia with blood." This, of course, was of great importance, but in no way surprising. The revolutionary movement was in the ascendant. One expected events. One looked forward to grave days. But one knew that this was only one link in the long chain of revolutionary upheavals. The masses revolted, the government suppressed the revolt. Was not this the history of Russia for the last twenty years?

On March 10, however, something happened. A monster-meeting was being held on the Znamenskaya Place. A group of policemen, headed by a commissioner, attacked the crowd, killing and wounding. The commander of a detachment of cossacks on guard in the same place, ordered his men to attack the police. The cossacks obeyed. The police were beaten. The commissioner lost his life in the skirmish.

This was new. It soon became known that these cossacks were no exception. The majority of the army in Petrograd was on the side of the people. The army in other cities joined the revolution. Soon another piece of news went through the country like an electric current: The Duma had put itself on the side of the revolution, and had formed a provisional government.

These two momentous events, the support of the revolution by the army, and the readiness of the Duma to overthrow the old administration, distinguished the recent revolution from that of 1905–6. True, twelve years ago, the army and navy were restless: many revolts took place; several battle-ships raised the red flag; but the bulk of the soldiers remained loyal. They were too ignorant, too afraid, too humble, to oppose the rulers. In 1917, the army was of a totally different spirit. Twelve years of new political life after the establishment of the Duma; twelve years of comparatively free press finding its way to remote villages and towns; twelve years of activity of the Duma itself, where the progressive parties were launching one severe attack after another on the old administration, — all this could not be without influence on the masses of the peasants and their sons the soldiers. The war came. The army suffered one defeat after another. The soldiers had an opportunity to see the rotten administration in action. Cruelty, stupidity and greed characterized the officers. It was an open secret that the head of the nation was friendly to the foe. In every trench, in every battery, the word "treason" was

whispered. The soldiers were fighting bravely, but their efforts were of no use. Blind could see and deaf hear under such circumstances. Yet still the soldiers remained silent, — till the day they were ordered to shoot their own brothers and sisters.

This was the last drop. It must not be forgotten that the human material of the army is now far different from what it was at the beginning of the war. In 1914, the army consisted of regular soldiers or young reservists who had spent years in the barracks, and had become imbued with the spirit of rigid unthinking discipline. In 1917, the army consists mainly of boys and middle-aged men. The boys grew up after 1905, enjoyed school education and acquired ideas of political freedom. The middle-aged were torn away from their peaceful occupations, and hated the uniform and the commanders. Neither class had time to become stupefied by the drill and dullness of the barracks. When the crucial moment came they were simply unable to use their rifles against the people.

The old régime automatically ceased to exist. The "living corpse" fell into an abyss. The Duma had only to complete the change in war time.

The Duma, in its turn, had had to learn hard lessons. In 1914, the majority was still supporting the administration. In 1917, the majority was bitterly attacking the ministers and the "star-chamber" in terms hitherto used only by socialists and revolutionists. Party differences had to be put aside in view of the grave danger confronting the country. The shameful and humiliating crimes of the government and the Tzar were too conspicuous. The indignation among the respectable, peaceful and loyal leaders of the Duma rose to the highest pitch.

One instance may be mentioned. Colonel Myasoyedov, occupying a high position in the staff of the army, was accused of treason, convicted and hanged. Before the

court-martial he pleaded guilty, but asked no mercy. In his speech he said: "Yes, I was in the service of the German government; I organized a net of spies; I delivered to the German military authorities documents of the highest importance. I did it in full consciousness of what I was doing. I knew that a revolutionary movement was threatening the monarchy and our beloved Tzar. Victorious Russia would inevitably become a republic. The only way of preventing it was to help Germany win the war. A powerful German emperor is a guarantee for the monarchy in Russia: he would send an army to suppress revolutions in our country."

Colonel Myasoyedov was no exception among the highest officers of the army.

The alternative for the Duma was clear: either remain loyal to the dynasty, and see the fatherland succumb to the Germans; or remain loyal to the country, and declare the Tzar and his clique enemies of the people.

And yet the Duma was patient, much too patient. Not until the entire population of Petrograd revolted, not until the entire city was aflame with revolutionary zeal, and the army was battering the remnants of the old stronghold of despotism, did the Duma step to the front and declare itself the new executive power.

It instantly found the support not only of the revolutionary masses, but also of industry and commerce and of the representatives of the Zemstvo. The Zemstvos, bodies for local self-government, created to provide for local needs, formed in time of war a central organization for feeding and clothing the army. This and another organization of representatives of industry and commerce, created to aid in the production and transportation of munitions, came in close contact with the military machinery of the government, and saw its criminal negligence and unfitness. When the overthrow came, both organizations gave their heartiest support to the revolutionary Duma.

On March 21, 1917, the war minister Alexander Gutchkov, former president of the Central Industrial Committee for Military Aid, addressed a meeting of the heads of the leading industrial organizations. He asked if there was not a contradiction between the patriotic aims of industry — which created the Central Committee for Military Aid and spread a large net of several hundred local committees all over the country — and the support of the revolution? And he answered his own question, that there was no contradiction. "Two years of close co-operation with the government and its organs have ultimately convinced us — all the leaders of our organization and all its active members — that while this government is in power no victory can be obtained — that in our program of military aid, we must include overthrowing the existing order. Thus, our organization, a businesslike, peaceful, industrial organization, pursuing the modest, loyal, honest end of co-operating with the government, turned into a militant power resorting to arms and civil disturbance. We had to do it, or else we had to give up our primary, fundamental purpose of achieving victory over the foe."

Gutchkov's speech was greeted with a storm of applause. Industry and commerce expressed their approval of the accomplished fact. All classes of the population, with the sole exception of the large land-owners and those who formed the elaborate machinery of the old régime, united around the new order. The revolution was a popular revolution in the true sense. It was initiated by the working class, it was supported by the masses of the city population, it was backed up by the army, and recognized by the wealthier groups of the country. It accomplished the change in a comparatively short time, and with comparatively few victims. This was because it had at hand a new public organization, elected by the people and enjoying their confidence, an organization at once authoritative and very well acquainted with administrative affairs, — the Duma. War pressure only hastened

the process. What in normal times would have taken years, was accomplished in a few days.

As a matter of fact, the actual revolution was accomplished twelve years ago, when the new popular representation was created out of nothing. The turning point was 1905. Theoretically, no absolutism had existed in Russia since the establishment of the Duma. The revolution of 1917 turned theory into practice. The abdication of the Tzar was only an incident. It gave the change a very picturesque aspect. Nicholas Romanov could have remained as head of a constitutional government, had he not turned traitor.

But is the change a complete one? Is there no danger of a restoration?

There were classes in Russia unequivocally hostile to the old order; there were classes inclined to compromise with the old order under certain conditions; and there were classes and groups which could be induced by deception to serve the old order. The workmen of the cities, the intellectuals of all sorts, and the more enlightened among the peasant population belonged to the first. The middle-class world of commerce and industry belonged to the second. The ignorant half-barbaric villagers cherishing faith in their "little Father" the Tzar, belonged to the last. For twenty years the old régime had been in constant war with the workmen and revolutionary peasants headed by intellectuals of various party-affiliations. The wealthy classes were dissatisfied and demanding reforms, but time and again would be quieted down by concessions. And ignorance and vice and narrow selfishness were the only supporters of the administration.

Nobody had any respect for the old government. Nobody loved it. Even those among the peasants who felt a religious awe for the name of the Tzar, hated the Tzar's officials, and had to resort to a theory that the Tzar was *deceived* by his own servants.

Such was the situation while the machinery of administration, — a tremendous, centralized, subtle apparatus capable of great adaptation under conditions of self-defense, was still in the hands of the Romanovs. The government did its best to divert the attention of the masses from their vital problems, to stimulate dissension among groups, races and classes, to glorify the administration, and to create a halo over the head of the God-anointed ruler.

The administrative apparatus is now completely broken up. With a marvellous unanimity, as if moved by an irresistible instinct, the people hastened to discharge all those who formed the main parts of the old machine. From the Tzar down to the last constable in a remote village, not one retains his position. The positions themselves were abandoned. There are no centrally appointed governors now in the various provinces; the administrative duties are performed by the heads of the Zemstvos, men enjoying the unlimited confidence of the population. There are no commissioners in the cities; there are joint executive committees of the various popular organizations. There are no centrally appointed constabulary, gendarmes, political detectives, secret police, or rural police. All were replaced by men elected by the people. The old machinery went to the scrap-heap. The more dangerous men were imprisoned. The others are under popular surveillance.

The country is rapidly, feverishly organizing. A tremendous energy is being displayed, an unprecedented amount of social activity and social aggregation. Conventions are being held everywhere; innumerable leagues, unions, associations have sprung into existence. The soldiers have their company and regimental associations; the workmen unite with the soldiers in Councils of Workmen and Soldier Deputies; the army officers organize in Councils of Officer Deputies; the peasants of various provinces send representatives from each village to large

provincial conventions; in many places they form Councils of Peasant Deputies. Industry and commerce have long had their local and central organizations, but now they too have awakened to new life. Mechanics and shopkeepers unite in defense of their class-interests; co-operative organizations have called a national convention; city-employees, teachers and other professionals have organized into local and national bodies. The press is free; hundreds of newspapers and magazines have sprung up everywhere. The work of political enlightening is being conducted on a large scale. The city-councils establish courses for lecturers to be sent all over the country. Emissaries of the Provisional Government visit the various provinces, and keep the people in contact with the Government and its plans.

All this is going on, however, not quite with idyllic smoothness. Revolution is revolution. Excesses are inevitable. You cannot expect people arresting an official who flogged them yesterday, to be over-polite. And you cannot demand representatives assembled in a convention for the first time in their lives, to abide strictly by parliamentary rules. But in the midst of all the noise and confusion, a great work is being done: the organization of a free nation.

Whence can the danger of reaction come? Who is interested in restoring the absolutist order? The number of those elements must be exceedingly small. There are large land-owners who are afraid of losing their estates without compensation: many peasant communities did not wait for the solution of the agrarian problem by the Constituent Assembly, but took hold of the land at once. There are high church officials who lost their positions and who hate the new order, but the average clergyman in Russia is of a liberal mind, and is rather glad to be relieved from the fierce rule of the reactionary bishops. There are the former administrators, the aristocracy, at

least that part of it which did not reconcile itself to the new order of things. There is the royal family. All these elements, when their present fright is over, can and will probably unite in a royalist party. They can recruit adherents among the rich peasants who may begin to fear the revolutionary tendencies of their poor neighbors. They can appeal to some of the poor peasants who still may love their "little Father," although the number of those will rapidly dwindle. The scum of the cities, the ex-convicts and other "dark forces," formerly in the ranks of the "Black Hundreds," can also be at the disposal, by purchase, of the royalist party. All these reactionaries could be dangerous while the administrative apparatus was in the hands of the old régime. Their power, however, bids fair to be ridiculously small when the people govern themselves.

For the time being, it seems that the reaction concentrated its efforts on creating disturbances, agrarian revolts, robberies and all sorts of excesses. Here and there spies of the old régime have been arrested while trying to provoke riots. In the rural districts former policemen agitated in favor of setting on fire the estates of the rich. There are spies of a higher rank who steal into the Councils of Workmen and Soldiers and preach a separate peace with Germany. In the province of Vyatka was unearthed a spy named Merzlakov who was a member of the Workmen's Council. The day before his arrest he urged the Council to "join hands with the German people and stop the war." In Kishenev the spies were still clumsier; they issued a proclamation ending with "Long live Germany!" The plague of spies seems to be widespread. In many instances servants of the old régime were found agitating among the criminals and arming them for a pogrom. All this may create great annoyance to the new government, but in a country where popular control is active, and where all social functions are before the public eye, this danger can be easily disposed of. In

fact, the "black" press has already disappeared. Meetings of the former pogrom organizations are forbidden. The population is on its guard everywhere, and the last convulsions of the dying order will, seemingly, stop before long.

Another and more serious problem is the relation between the revolutionary forces themselves. Is there no danger that an excess of freedom may be the destruction of freedom? Is it not possible that a civil war may result from the too radical demands of the extreme parties? There has been much comment on this question in the American press, and many a disturbing news item (such as that the workmen demanded a four-hours workday) has been printed. The writer of these lines, however, is glad to testify that careful reading of the Russian newspapers has given him a rather reassuring impression.

It must be borne in mind that the present revolutionary front consists of heterogeneous forces. The history of the revolution is a long one, and in the course of years the progressive groups have learned to know each other. The radical parties have had many grievances against the representatives of the more moderate opinions. When the great overthrow came, and the moderate elements turned out revolutionary and republican, the mistrust on the part of the radicals was not dispelled. They remembered things. They knew that in December, 1905, when the old régime was shattered but not yet destroyed by the revolution, Alexander Gutchkov declared that the revolution was "a return to moral savagery" and that "a victory of the revolution or even a recurrence of the revolutionary crisis would destroy both our political liberty and the remnants of our wealth and culture." They knew that several years ago, after the defeat of the revolution of 1905–6, Professor Paul Milukov declared in the Duma that the red flag was a "red rag." They knew that both the Constitutional Democratic party under the leadership

of Milukov and the Octobrist party under Gutchkov, were staunch adherents of the monarchy. They remembered how often both those parties were ready for compromises with the government of the Romanovs. When the great event came, the radical groups, therefore, did not completely identify themselves with the Provisional Government consisting of Constitutional Democrats and Octobrists. They formed the Council of Workmen and Soldier Deputies "with the aim of organizing the people's forces for a final establishment of political freedom and popular government in Russia." They recognized the Provisional Government and promised their support, but they kept up a "watchful waiting." They wanted to live up to the situation. They wanted to be organized as an independent force. In case of any undemocratic action on the part of the Provisional Government, they wanted to exert their influence in the proper direction.

It may be argued whether this policy was expedient under the circumstances, and whether there was no better way of making freedom secure, but there can be no doubt that all this was far from "anarchy" and "destructive ideas." On the contrary, the radical elements showed a keen spirit of responsibility and a statesmanlike moderation.

Here are some facts.

The first step of the Petrograd Council of Workmen and Soldier Deputies was to issue a proclamation against disturbances of peace and order. "We must immediately stop," the appeal says, "all riots, robberies, attacks on private houses, looting and destroying property, seizing public institutions. The collapse of discipline, and anarchy, are detrimental to the revolution and people's freedom."

In an appeal to the army, the Council urges unity and accord between officers and soldiers. "Hostilities in the ranks of the army," the Council declares, "lack of unity between officers and soldiers, may hamper the defense of

freedom. We appeal to the officers to respect, on duty and elsewhere, the personality of the citizen-soldiers. And we appeal to the soldiers to strictly perform their military duties on the front and in all other service."

In an appeal to the workingmen, the Council warns against strikes for exorbitant raises in wages. The Council declares that a minimum scale of wages should be established. Simultaneously it declares that "unorganized economic policies may disorganize the ranks of labor."

In an appeal to the population and to the soldiers, the Council requests everybody to curtail consumption of bread and other foodstuffs, so as to prevent a shortage. At the same time the Council takes active part in the committees and boards engaged in solving the problem of food-supplies.

As to labor legislation, the Council did not resort to violent measures. According to the newspapers, the eight-hour day, collective bargaining and boards of conciliation and arbitration were established by the Council after it reached an agreement with the National Manufacturers' Association.

The Moscow Council of Workmen and Soldier Deputies introduced the eight-hour day for all factories except those making war-supplies, foodstuffs and heating materials.

All these measures seem very far from "anarchy" and "destruction."

If we turn now to other radical organizations, we are pleasantly surprised to find the same attitude of moderation and care for order. The Socialist-Revolutionary party, with its program of political terrorism and socialization of all landed property, was undoubtedly the most extreme among the Russian political parties. Yet at its national convention, shortly after the revolution, it appealed to the peasants to refrain from seizing landed property, pending the decision of the Constituent Assembly.

The local Committees of the various Socialist factions

(excluding the faction headed by Lenin, which seems to have very little influence) repeatedly urged the people to refrain from acts of violence, and to keep order. Russian newspapers bear witness that the existence of the Councils of Workmen and Soldiers was highly serviceable to peace and order. The name of the Council worked like magic on the excited masses. In many instances the appearance of a delegate of the Council sufficed to quiet the most dangerous riot.

As already intimated, the Council kept "watchful waiting." From watching, it often turned to action. It discharged officials without consulting the Provisional Government. It sent appeals to the army directly, not through the legal authorities. The local Councils insisted on having their representatives in the city administrations. All this may be incompatible with an established political order. One must not forget, however, that in Russia after the revolution there was no established order. Everything was mixed and confused, and the jurisdiction of the various branches of the administration was by no means clearly fixed.

There was one point wrought with difficulty from the beginning: the attitude towards the army and aims of the war. The radical elements had no great confidence in the loyalty of the commanders to the cause of liberty, and they wanted no war of expansion. They knew very well that many high officers yielded only reluctantly to the new order, and it was an open secret that professor Milukov, the Constitutional Democratic party and the party of Octobrists were in favor of seizing Constantinople, the Dardanelles and portions of the Balkans.

The Councils of Workmen and Soldiers, the Socialist factions, the radical organizations, the leading men of letters, all were against a separate peace with Germany. This is clearly shown in their statements. "Soldiers and comrades," says an appeal of the Council to the army, "don't forget that the regiments of Emperor William are

ready to destroy revolutionary Russia. The workmen and peasants desire peace, but it must be a peace of all nations. A separate peace is impossible. Germany, victorious in war with our allies, would thrust herself with all her might upon us, seize our land and enslave our people." "The war must be continued," declared the national convention of the People's Socialist Party, "until the German menace shall be averted, and until Germany will give up her plans of annexation, political hegemony and enrichment at the expense of other nations. At the same time the Party demands the Provisional Government to declare categorically that in the present war it does not pursue the aims of conquest." "Our freedom is endangered by the foreign foe," states an appeal of the organization of republican soldiers; "a victory of Germany would be a victory of the old order; in our war with Germany we fight for the freedom of our people."

Hundreds of declarations of a similar character were published at a time when the press correspondents bombarded America with alarming cablegrams affirming a general tendency towards a separate peace.

The radical groups wanted no separate peace, but they wanted the aims of the war to be clearly stated; they wanted to induce the Provisional Government to take steps in this direction, and they mistrusted Mr. Milukov who is known as one of the strongest imperialists in Russia.

This resulted in the recent conflict and the following compromise in which the radicals agreed to abandon their policy of watchful waiting, which practically meant a duplication of the executive power, and to take a part of the government's burden on their own shoulders.

This line of division between the radical elements headed by Socialists, and the more moderate factions representing property, industry and commerce, is going

to be a permanent feature of Russia's new political life. Clashes are inevitable. Crises must be not infrequent, In a country with a newly acquired political freedom, mass movements in favor of one or the other policy must be recurrent. But it is not extravagant to hope that in Russia the struggle will be conducted within lawful limits. Then division of opinions, and even political struggles, need not provoke apprehension.

Still one other question may become of momentous importance. Will the masses follow their organizations? Political passions sometimes overstep the limits desired by party-organizations. Russia will hardly be an exception. The only remedy against such excesses is education of the masses. We have seen that new Russia does not neglect this momentous problem of her free existence.

Perhaps if we were as well informed as our contributor regarding Russia we could let our printing this article convey the usual implication of our complete indorsement. But while we most earnestly hope that his optimistic opinions are well founded, we look for more trouble than he seems to, although we by no means regard as impossible the permanence of the democracy and the successful prosecution of the war. — EDITOR (June 8, 1907).

THE SQUAW HABIT OF MIND

EVER since Prof. O. T. Mason emphasized in his *Woman's Share in Primitive Culture*, the genius of woman, we have known that women have been from the first ingeniously inventive and inventively receptive. The fact that a "typical" woman can retrieve an apparently hopeless situation has become a test theme in modern sex literature. Precisely! It is because women are skillful at makeshift. They are really unskilled in anything else; as the child is conceived to be among the Zuni Indians, even mature women are "unfinished, unripe, pliable." So, among primitive peoples (with very important exceptions) the finished, professional aspects of cultural inventions belong always to males, — or to individuals who scorn the makeshift. It is the makeshift that characterizes the squaw, and the reactions built up therefrom may be described in general as the squaw habit of mind.

Recently I cruised about the island of Santa Catalina, off the California coast, in a row-boat equipped with a small gasolene motor. My companion was a brisk young scientist. No cell in this scientific brain even once had exploded in the interests of domesticity, a brain whose youth had been spent directing the whittling of toy ships, and the collecting of marsh larvæ. Vigorous, lanky, tall, absorbed, assertive, tactless, my young scientist was removed as far as possibile from the squaw habit of mind. I myself have a marked case of it.

Sometimes a simple incident will rehearse the entire race-story of our institutions, our cultural traits. It seemed to me that I had never before seen so freshly the whole problem of sex-difference and its meaning for the acquisition of skill and knowledge, as I saw it on this cruise. And my envisagement was the more human because, as it happened, my scientist too, is a woman.

We camped out. All day our tiny craft, cargoed with bacon, with flapjack flour and coffee, with blankets, fishing tackle and submarine gazing-box, nosed its way through the indigo and pearl-shell tinted water, and came to rest at night, after a gallant dash through the surf, on the gravel beaches that run out from the cañons of the island. We trimmed our ship and beached her, high on the jade-colored rocks. We lashed her down while the half-tropic dusk fell swift, and the moon, that pale hunter, threw her shield up over the shoulders of the mountain.

We camped where we could. The culture-hero who created this island (his name is omitted, in the diary of Torquemada, "spiritual adviser" to the little Spanish fleet which three hundred and fourteen years ago came to anchor here), made the soil covering very thin. Sometimes we slept on the rocks. Sometimes the dried spears of wild oat-grass made our bed. In any case there was no time to lose choosing. Wood must be got. In this matter too, the culture-hero must have been unfriendly to the natives for he left the crags and ravines sparsely wooded. Even the sea brings little drift to this wild place.

I gather a few chips; when the cargo is systematically unpacked I kindle a little fire and swiftly cook our night meal. My companion is ranging up the cañon, crashing through the brush, she clings to its sides, dislodging showers of loose stones.

"You can see the very Philippines from here," she shouts. "Well, dinner is ready," I answer. "I am getting some wood," calls the scientist. In a few minutes she crashes down again, breathless, covered with scratches, dragging a dead tree which somehow she has managed to wrench from the mountain-side. We eat our bacon, crisped over the embers, and toast, delicately scented with chaparral wood-smoke which is as pungent as incense. The scientist begins to pile on her wood.

"O, only a little fire!" I plead, "we ought to get to bed, you know, for an early start." "No," my companion

insists, "let's have a regular blaze. No one could sleep a night like this." Yellow flames begin to rise. Shadows dance on the face of the cliffs. No one indeed could sleep on such a night. The surf thunders on far-off promontories like the roar of artillery, now retreating, now menacing. We stare out over the vast, black sea, close sheltered as we are in our tiny cove, where the French and English pirates wintered, and otter-hunters from Russia came down the coast and ravaged the natives. The tide runs in, brimming the slope of the beach. Something is out there swimming toward us; its round head catches a gleam from the fire. We sit intently still. More heads bob in the swells, — the scientist makes them out to be seals. Dozens of them swim close, drawn by our fire, and as long as its light spreads over the sea, they tack and dive and keep their small eyes fixed on us. Constellations wheel and set. We do not sleep. I lie on my back, while the scientist, with one eye to the seals, reads aloud the story of another great adventure and *Les Trois Mousquetaires* stride across the sky-line. Memorable night! . . . In the morning I find that my chips, thriftily set aside, have been burned up by the scientist. We eat our breakfast cold.

But at last we are off. Our ship rises to the swells though they are half her length. She shakes aside the spray, shoving the foam that creams her bow. The roar of our engine is rhythmic sweet, thudding out the miles as they pass. Lorenzo's Camp! Ram's Point! Headlands rise out of the sea like somnolent idols carved in rock, and the heat quivers like flame before their old faces. We round Land's End. The swell of the open sea takes us; mysterious forces tug at our keel, now dragging her, now tossing her aloft as if in some terrible jest. Breakers thunder up the cliffs that line the coast as far as one can see. The wind is dead calm, — should it blow ever so little these waves would become hissing mountains. . . Our craft gamely buckles down to her task though she creaks in every board.

"Cooks, you know, are poor swimmers," I shout to the scientist. She is silent. Something has gone wrong with the engine. The scientist is on her knees in the stern with a monkey-wrench and pliers. Suddenly all sound ceases. The engine has gasped its last, and the swells take us broadside, while the sea slops in, and all the duffle is awash. We woman the oars; (I had prudently disentangled them when we first set out). It is evident we can keep her head-on — if no wind blows and the current runs no faster than its four miles an hour.

But the scientist is impatient. Swearing horribly, she begins to tinker with the engine, while fumes of gasolene rise. Though I ask with remarkable tact, I cannot find out what "diagnosis" the scientist has finally made. As I crawl to stern, still grasping my oars, I see a slick streak along the side of a screw. "It is loose," explains the scientist very technically. "Why not wind some string around it?" I suggest. The scientist gazes at me with corroding scorn, then out over the heaving sea that stretches who knows what miles on miles. Suddenly an idea strikes her. "Wire!" she shouts, and in ten minutes our engine, very crippled, very asthmatic, begins again to labor through the swells.

To be sure it broke down again, and later we were rescued by chance fishermen, — still my practical suggestion of string hit the real difficulty, and the next day when the scientist sent to Avalon for "apparatus" which mended us as good as new, she was only following my original plan of using string, or something like it, to tighten up the screw.

We had further difficulties. Those who cruise the arid Channel Islands of Southern California carry their own water. Herders say that in summer the wild goats solve this problem by drinking the heavy dew from one another's fleeces. We took our water in bottles. Once we lost the corks. The scientist insisted that we should go up into the mountains to look for green wood and whittle stoppers.

We were just launching our boat, and in great haste because of the tide. I looked about for a makeshift; chancing to see four corn-cobs bleached white on the rocks I fitted them to a nicety into the necks of the bottles. The scientist was very glum, under that lack of skill she chafed as under a wound.

At night she did not stop to skin our rattlesnakes, or pick the cactus spines from her ankles, or even to explore for wood ticks while I was cooking dinner, but she tore off up a ravine, bowie knife in hand. Hours later she was back. Her face was radiant through its sweat.

"Do you know *this?*" she shouted, holding up a flowering branch of some dull rich red-wood, barked in delicate gray, "but of course not," she went on.

So it was in this manner that my scientist discovered for ourselves that unique shrub, the Mountain mahogany of Catalina, which with twelve various other plants is native to this island and found nowhere else in the world.

Still another incident: provisions grew scarce. Each day as we drifted about in blue lagoons circled with painted cliffs so brilliant as to be quite unbelievable, we saw many fish swimming in the clear water. All the world flocks to Catalina, famous for its sea-angling. My scientist's note-books swarmed with all created things, but she caught no fish. One day, however, she agreed to "chum them up out of their holes." We were to start at dawn. When I awakened the scientist she said she was sunburned horribly, and starve or not, she had not slept a wink, and she would not fish if we died for it.

We loitered over our scanty breakfast. We went down then to the sea where the retreating tide had left small pools in the rocks. For hours we watched the young fish there, the myriad living things of fringed and fluted lovliness, the whole marvellous spawn of the sea, imprisoned in tiny tanks, close to our eyes, subjected to our minute gaze. We learned how sea-creatures behave, and a little

it may be, of how they feel. Pageants of life and death unfolded themselves in submarine miniatures.

Long do such adventures cleave to one's thought, coloring its process. But I think the chief freight I brought from that cruise was a deeper knowledge of the sex predicament. Here we were put in relation to the basic early inventions of human culture in their primitive setting, as they must have revealed themselves to the first men and women of the race. The fact that both of us belong to one sex makes not the slightest difference: for only one of us possesses the squaw habit of mind. Through the vagaries of my companion, the scientist, we tap the experience of the primitive male.

The episode of the fire brings us unexpectedly the chance to observe animals, and observing them was surely the first step in their domestication. Here the scientist stands for improvidence, for leisure, mother of all science and the arts, and here too it is because the squaw habit of mind is overruled that we taste the full flavor of romance.

The episode of the broken engine rehearses the story of the mechanical inventions. A commonplace hearthkeeping notion that string will do to tie up anything becomes the element which, elaborated, rendered accurate, steeled — mends our engine, saves our lives. The primitive male scorns the makeshift, but extracts the idea born of the squaw mind.

We are led by the episode of the lost corks to the discovery of new plants. Surely some such chance masculine impatience with a woman's stop-gap led in the beginning to that far ranging which brought home to the savage camp the beginnings of agriculture, the first steps in medicine and many a new idea for the decorative arts. The disinterested curiosity of the male gratified thus simply was, we are told, the origin of scientific classification.

The episode of the lost fishing only gave us the more leisure to observe. Biology, in its childhood, must have

grown enormously from just such gallant leisures, taken in the very teeth of hunger.

So it went: I built my little fire, I possessed the methodical reaction, the makeshift ability; while I was waiting dinner, the restless and episodic scientist reacted to far-flung stimuli whose roots go everywhere into experience.

In another field too we might have retold the story of a cultural invention, come about to the glory of man, and achieved in spite of a woman. Had the scientist been alone on Santa Catalina Island, absorbed in her own keen sense-deliveries, she would have discovered magic, and all the rites and ceremonies of religion, and all the dim languors of mysticism, for these are born of fasting, and my scientist infallibly would have starved to death.

CHRISTIANITY AND PACIFISM

PRAYERS by enemies to the same God for divine aid against one another have long furnished matter for sarcastic and ironic criticism. Before such criticism the belligerents on both sides are in equal case. Both are guilty of bloody thoughts and both are acting upon a common impulse and common principle of faith. They are differing only in the direction of the impulse and in the specific application of the principle. Both are fighting and believing they should fight; both are agreeing that their religion sanctions running the enemy through or blowing him up since he has identified himself ineluctably with evil. So long as their interpretations of religion remain thus the same, Christianity is no worse off in the hands of one than of the other; that is, if we assume that the external conditions and objects of their enmity are equal.

Nowadays, however, we may observe a sharp conflict of interpretation between the Christian belligerent and a certain kind of Pacifist. To make this clear it is necessary to have in mind three points of view toward war; that of scientific Pacifism, that of sentimental Pacifism, and that of Christianity. Scientific Pacifism holds war to be intellectually wrong, regardless of its occasion. Sentimental Pacifism holds it to be morally wrong, or "un-Christian," regardless of its occasion. Christianity holds it right or wrong according to circumstances. In holding it absolutely wrong under any occasion the scientific and sentimental Pacifists are at one; and indeed their differences are chiefly those of intelligence and degree. The sentimental Pacifist makes his judgment with our present material comfort primarily in mind, forgetful of what Christianity would stress. The scientific Pacifist makes his judgment also with our present material comfort

primarily in mind, with the great difference that he is not forgetful, but consciously neglectful of what Christianity would stress. The scientific Pacifist settles it by ratiocination that war is wrong and cares little whether the superstitions of Christianity support it or not. Generally however he will be of the opinion that Christianity does support it, as, he says, it supports many of the irrational and evil institutions of society. At any rate his pacifism does not grow out of any interpretation of Christianity. He has evolved it from premises philosophically, though not morally, un-Christian. His Pacifism is intellectually consistent with his view of life, and his view of life is one that is sharply different from that upon which traditional Christianity rests. He, as a scientific humanitarian, pragmatically believes that, for the present at least, this life is mankind's chief concern, no matter whether there is another life or not. Therefore, since war is uneconomical, artificial, and always diminishes the reasonable satisfactions of this life, it is evil. Traditional Christianity holds idealistically that this existence at most is no more than an episode in a larger life, and that its miseries are not to be counted in the struggle on behalf of eternal righteousness. To discuss and qualify the conflict between these two points of view, though the conflict seems to me fundamental to the conditions of modern civilization, is not my present purpose. I must therefore return to sentimental Pacifism, which, not having the intellectual dignity of rational Pacifism, is the brand of the majority of Pacifists.

The sentimental Pacifist does not proceed from any such definite ground as the scientific Pacifist. He rests his doctrine on individual emotion; or sympathy; for although it is impossible to gather back into the Pandora's box of sentimentalism all the escaped and wandering meanings flown from that word, still I take it there is a common bond of mischievousness in them all which consists in overemphasizing the validity of the individual's emotion as a touchstone of all things, moral, social, polit-

ical, artistic, and what not. The sentimental Pacifist is opposed to war because some mother "didn't raise her boy to be a soldier." The vigor of the argument lies solely in its crass emotionalism, untempered by any spirit of sacrifice. Mr. LaFollette uses the language of sentimental Pacifism when he opposes war with the impressive statement that "he is thinking of the young men of America." Now, just what, I should like to know, is Mr. LaFollette thinking of the young men of America? I surmise it is this — that nothing so severe as war should be allowed to stand in the way of comfortableness of existence for them. Life is short, the things that young men enjoy are numerous; therefore let nothing cut them off from their enjoyment. Above all, don't let them be killed, for that is the thing they dislike worst of all. If Mr. LaFollette, as a sentimental Pacifist and not as a Pro-German, does not think exactly what I have just said when he thinks of the young men of America, things preciously near it are thought and said. Individual life is considered worth more than any moral issue that may touch it. It would have been better for the Belgians to let the Germans through, it has been declared; not because they owed it to the Germans, but because they would be to-day practically better off if they had. So sentimental Pacifism reveals its eye for material condition and emotional contentment therein. In its concern for allowing people what they like, it unconsciously appropriates the premises of that scientific Pacifism I am respecting and leaving alone. For as a matter of fact the sentimental Pacifist is religious, he calls himself Christian, and he justifies his doctrine and activities with pious references to the Prince of Peace. Yet between Christianity and the sentimentalism and materialism of his doctrine there is a gulf. To be sure, Christianity, especially Protestantism, has given him examples in its undiscriminating surrender to sentimental humanitarianism. Imagine John Calvin listening to the progressive Presbyterian preacher who said he didn't

think much of a religion that sent a woman to bed at night with peace in her heart and a crick in her back. If Calvin was wrong in an abstract extreme, his strayed follower is wrong as well in an undiscriminating one. But so far have modern denominations gone in their not unlaudable desire to stand for something else than theology in the practical and humane activities of life, that they have lost their character for thought. Competition with secular humanitarianism rather than firm conceptions of man's relation to God, has determined not only their activity but their doctrine as well. Christianity in its historic sense, however, has been what in its ultimate evolution it must be again, if it is to be anything, — an intellectual as well as a humane institution. And it is Christianity as the proponent of an austere, idealistic wisdom that I am contrasting with the sentimental Pacifism that claims speciously to be Christian.

This supposed sanction of Christianity for sentimental Pacifism is secured in two ways: by making abstractions of the Christian virtues, love and meekness, and by giving a different meaning to the word *peace* from that assumed for it by Jesus.

That Jesus himself avoided making abstractions, and was intense, practical, and concerned with concrete things is obvious. His style is, from a western viewpoint, rhetorical. He was untroubled by considerations of abstract consistency. From the human side, he is like Shakespeare in his absorption in the immediate crisis and the immediate effect, in his interest in the human reality before him, in his indifference to meticulous accuracy, in his love of hyperbole and antithesis, in his bold imaginativeness. Realizing that he has a special truth to enforce, he may use a character or action serviceable only for illustration's sake, and possibly morally inconsistent with honesty and justice otherwise. Thus he has the lord of the vineyard give "unto this last" as much as to those who had worked all day, not because he thinks that is a proper

scale of wages for vineyard labor, but solely because he desires to show strikingly how different God's ways are from the conventional ways of man. So he makes the unjust judge give justice to the importunate widow, in order to get rid of her. Jesus is not attempting to fix the ethics of the justiciary, nor even to condemn such action, but merely to encourage spiritual perseverance. He told one rich young fellow that the best thing for him to do was to sell all his goods and give to the poor, but he made no rule of telling all rich people that. Addressing persons case-hardened in formalism, and being badgered by quibblers who sought to tie him up in all kinds of vulnerable generalizations, he stated things with an audacious particularity. Persons who weigh out offences to drams and scruples have to have their small-mindedness upset with a blunt injunction to turn the other cheek also. In numbers of instances where it is difficult to reconstruct the occasion of a saying, the saying remains baffling to us. But though there may not be verbal consistency in the sayings of Jesus, there is the vastly more important consistency of character and personality. What I wish then to emphasize is that Jesus cared nothing for abstractions, but rather assailed them in the religion and society of his time. Similarly Burke in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century assailed the abstractions of the social philosophers. So great personalities in all times have defended life from the tyranny of system-mongers. Jesus did it supremely.

The dangerousness of these abstractions is not to be over-estimated. They make Living inconsistent with Life, for life is complex, severe, illogical; whereas abstractions are easy and persuasive. They invariably take the burden of responsibility off human character and put it somewhere, anywhere, else. They put civilization on false trails, and lead it ever from the perplexing realities. They make humanity analogous to a picture puzzle that is only to be tilted to the right angle to be resolved into

obviousness. They ignore its organic nature, which makes it imperative that its living realities be placed before the theories about it. They make man shut his eyes to actual conditions, and persist in genuine evils, because of some fixed notion that things are not what they really are. They make the Pacifist stultify himself with the corrective *Resist not evil*, and blind himself to Jesus the non-resistant raiding the merchants and bankers of the temple. They make the meekness of Jesus a universal, invariable rule in all junctures, which for Jesus himself it positively was not.

Yet Christianity is made interesting by the perennial efforts of man to fix generalizations upon the picturesque and passionate work of its master. It is pertinent to point out how the traditional gentleness of Jesus has developed a deplorable feminization of his character. In the same way the love of God has proved so comfortable to our generation that his justice is forgotten; and no longer a firm and loving father, exercising vigorous guidance over the aspirations of his children, he has become a sort of indulgent aunt, nursing the pettishness of whining or optimistic sentimentalists.

It is then not merely an error of abstraction to make of Jesus a colorless specialist in meekness and love. It is an error of sentimentalism as well. Jesus grieved for man's misery, but he never told man it was the fault of somebody else or of the environment. He put the responsibility on man himself. He had no trust in any spontaneous goodness of the human heart, as proclaimed later by Rousseau, but held that man was innately weak and prone to sin, and must call on God for moral strength. He had no interest in the softness of this life, nor in the fancied abstract right of Mr. LaFollette's young men to save their lives for the sake of the things of this world. That is because Jesus believed that this existence, as I said toward the beginning, at most is no more than an episode in a larger life, and that its miseries are not to be counted in the

struggle on behalf of eternal righteousness. Accordingly, "whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." Indeed, sacrifice is central to the ideas and actions of Jesus. True living is giving, not receiving; and the greater the gift, the nobler the life. But of course the sentimental Pacifist, anxious as he is to support his case with Christianity, forgets all this, and his Pacifism is essentially not religious or Christian, but materialistic.

Besides making an unreal generalization of the meekness and love of Jesus, and sentimentalizing away the essential austerity of his teaching, the so-called Christian Pacifist has also much to say of the Peace of which Jesus is Prince. But the *peace* of the Bible is only political possibly in the famous phrase of Isaiah's ninth chapter, regarding the Prince of Peace. And even then it refers certainly to the tranquil welfare of the nation within itself. The "peace of God which passeth all understanding," the "peace which I give unto you," the "peace which the world cannot give," is not anything external, but rather is purely a state of soul. Now although international peace was an ideal about two thousand years unborn when Jesus lived, it is still true that such peace, in so far as it depends on allaying men's ungenerous hatreds and self-seekings, is by construction thoroughly Christian. But international "peace at any price," which means compromise with any possible evil, is flatly un-Christian, since it puts acquiescence with the ways of the world before the duty of sacrifice and struggle on behalf of eternal righteousuess.

Of course, it will be objected that this eternal righteousness is itself an abstraction. But since that objection will come from some scientific Pacifist, I shall refuse to be drawn from the object of my attack — sentimental Pacifism. And the sentimental Pacifist cannot deny the reality, however ineffable, of eternal righteousness, without repudiating Christianity. He can only say that

eternal righteousness, known to him through his conscience, is not supported but hindered by war. But war is not in itself a thing good or bad; it is a large-scale sacrifice of life and comfort for some cause. The conditions which make the war as a whole right or wrong are antecedent to it, and bear upon its cause. Its cause is a moral issue. Every moral issue is more or less important. If less, great sacrifice on its account is inexpedient. If more, sacrifice to the very uttermost is not only expedient but spiritually mandatory. To refuse the sacrifice of war, in any and all events, is to degrade all moral issues to the level of expedience and convenience, which is immoral and un-Christian.

Again it may be said that my argument has over and over justified the most shameless enterprises. This fact only indicates that every moral issue has an intellectual character. Conscience alone cannot decide all things. The wise, it has been said, are kept busy undoing the evil done by the good. But to refuse a moral decision upon the evidence in support of some wars, notably this one, is not only to renounce intellection before a moral issue; it is to make conscience utterly puny. Moreover if any argument works both ways and justifies evil as much as good, it is Pacifism itself. For peace in itself may be good or bad, as war in itself may be good or bad. Certainly neither war nor peace, as things in themselves, interested Jesus: he dealt with the personal evil which might be in any institution, which might therefore be in peace or in war.

But it will be said war is un-Christian for the reason that it involves taking life, and therefore inevitably breeds that personal evil that Christianity seeks to overcome. In the first place, I answer that the taking of life, however deplorable, is not incompatible with Christianity, since it may be expedient to righteousness, to say nothing of well-being. In the second place, I answer that war affects personal character wholesomely as much as it does viciously,

just as does marriage, or music, or travelling abroad. If it brutalizes, it also spiritualizes; if it depraves, it also purifies. Indeed, the consistent Christian opinion will be, as I have said in other words, that human character only, not institutions or abstractions or environment, is the real moral entity. It is with it that Jesus dealt, and with it he would deal to-day.

In this discussion, I repeat, I have made no attempt to support Christianity against the Pacifist who is consistently a scientific humanitarian. I have attempted to make plain, however, what seems to me the utter inconsistency of Prince of Peace Pacifism in supporting itself with Christianity. Of course, the Pacifist, like anybody else, will attempt to stand on as many legs as possible. And in this country's strange mixture of materialism and uncritical religion, he has as popular and plausible a leg as can be found. We must realize that with its support, the sentimental Pacifist, whether sincere or pro-German, can keep annoyingly in the way of the American majority that is warring for peace and for the right as God gives us to see the right. Abstract Pacifism we may be sure will never bring us peace. No more did abstract tolerance bring toleration. Furthermore, though sentimental Pacifism is a special phenomenon of war time, it is but one manifestation of a spiritual debility only less noticeably disturbing in time of peace. A nation need not be militaristic, nor even very military, to be just, intelligent, free, and idealistic. It will take wisdom, however, to avoid the former without also missing the latter.

A LOST IDEAL

PERHAPS one of the most disheartening observations forced upon the student of history is man's fatal propensity to become the victim of formulæ. Every definition, it has been said, is the grave of an idea, and it does seem as if it were well-nigh impossible to get any conception, or ideal, once clearly and strikingly expressed without its immediately being bandied about by those who have but the slightest comprehension of its real significance. As a natural result of this tendency, history is strown with the wreckage of abandoned ideals, that have lost their power to inspire, because their inner spiritual significance has been obscured; and it has usually been the rediscovery of the meaning of some unfulfilled but abandoned ideal, that has marked the beginning of the great forward movements of thought. Yet in the face of this recognized fact, we find individuals to-day impatiently turning away from the past, under the delusion that because many of its ideals have failed, there is nothing to be learned from them But the abandonment of an ideal does not necessarily imply the passing of its usefulness: its failure may, instead, be due to a lack of proper comprehension, or to the loss of some fundamental principle that animated its early framers; and the way to be benefited by such an ideal is not to neglect it, but clearly to understand its meaning and the cause of its failure.

In none of the practical arts is this unwillingness to learn from the accumulated experience of mankind more manifest to-day than in the case of the most difficult of them all, namely, education. Our educational leaders might, if they would, be much edified by a study of the experience of the builders of Babel. But instead, the yearly quota of patent methods for making learning easy

and the learner efficient, at least as a maker of money, grows apace; and if the builders of such systems show any acquaintance with the educational experience of the past, it is of the most superficial kind. The confusion which has thus been brought about in our educational ideals has long been recognized; and it is usual to lay the blame for this chaos at the door of several great 19th century movements, the most important of them being Utilitarianism, the achievements of science, the formulation of the idea of progress, and the rise of the democratic ideal. Now, all of these ideas and achievements undoubtedly played an important part in breaking down the humanistic standards, but nevertheless I am convinced that the old educational régime suffered almost as much from its friends as from its foes. If the advocates of the humanities, when the attacks began, had possessed a little of the clearness of purpose that characterized many of the leaders of Renaissance learning, the scientific Goliaths who hurled their mocking sarcasm at "the classical Levites in charge of the ark of culture" would have encountered champions more worthy of their prowess. But as so frequently happens in human affairs, the teachers of the classics had inherited a routine, and had lost sight of the ideal behind that routine; and consequently when their system was challenged, they could not adequately defend it, inasmuch as they did not have clearly before them its real purpose.

Thus when the assault was made upon the old curriculum, the defense of the classics was based almost wholly upon their disciplinary value. Yet there existed a much more forceful reason for their retention in the curriculum; and if their defenders had only gone back and studied the guiding principles which had animated the Renaissance framers of the old *ratio studiorum*, they would have seen that those reformers had aimed at giving the student not only a discipline but also a doctrine, and that in their ideal this second element was more important than the first.

The aim of the Renaissance system of education was to

form leaders. This is attempted by disciplining the student in the great human tradition to which he was heir. The subjects emphasized in the course of studies drawn up by such humanists as Elyot, Ascham and Milton were history, literature, and philosophy: for these gave the student an acquaintance with the life and thought of man in the past. But "every nation," as Milton points out, "affords not experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning." Study, therefore, was devoted to the life and thought of the Romans, the Greeks, and the Hebrews, certainly nations that possessed most instructive and helpful traditions. But this tendency to restrict the range of the student was soon carried too far, and the noble Renaissance ideal degenerated into a lifeless routine. It was essentially this routine which, in spite of occasional reformations and modifications, came down as the classical heritage of the 19th century. In this course, the student was drilled in Latin and Greek grammar, and given a superficial knowledge of a very select group of classical authors. Little emphasis was placed upon the philosophy of life found in those authors, and practically no acquaintance was made with the great systems of thought and polity which the varied life of antiquity so abundantly supplies. Furthermore, little, if any, attempt was made to relate such knowledge as the student did get with anything existing in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. About the only practical use to which he could put his classical studies was to point a moral or adorn a tale.

The purpose of the Renaissance educators was, of course, entirely different. They had a lofty and practical purpose; and modern science has confirmed the correctness of their judgment in keeping before them that purpose. How science has done this can easily be seen by calling to mind a few well-known facts. If, for instance, we compare an African savage with the highest of the anthropoid apes, we find that the two differ fundamentally in their natural

endowments. "It may be doubted," says Huxley, "whether a healthy human adult brain ever weighed less than thirty-one or two ounces, or that the heaviest gorilla brain has exceeded twenty ounces." A similar difference, he shows, exists in all the other natural endowments of these two. When, however, we compare the savage with the civilized European or American, we find no such enormous difference in their physical endowments. Individuals, of course, may exhibit very great divergence, but a normal baby taken, when quite young, from a savage mother, and nurtured in a home of culture, would not necessarily show any unusually savage propensities, as would, let us say, a young gorilla, but would probably in most of the affairs of life resemble the average civilized child. Yet when we take the savage in his native habitat, he approaches in his mode of life much nearer the gorilla than he does the European or American. Now these differences are due to the facts that progress from the gorilla to the savage has been along the line of natural endowment, while progress from the savage to the European has been in the accumulation and use of a selected, organized, and tested tradition, which largely moulds each generation, and to which each generation contributes but an infinitesimal part compared with what it inherits. Now it was the induction of the pupil into this stored-up tradition that the old education aimed at, and it thereby rightly hoped to humanize him, since it is just this tradition that is man's distinctive and greatest achievement, his personal endowment being determined by impersonal natural laws over which he has little, if any, control.

The Renaissance educators were, furthermore, right in holding that this mastery of tradition gave the student the deepest knowledge of life: for it is this vital human tradition which furnishes man with his ideals and principles, and at the same time with the data necessary for regulating those ideals and principles, and making them practical. It is a recognized characteristic of the human

mind in its capacity for abstract thought, that it never rests content with actual experience, but always moves its subject-matter over into the realm of ideal truth. The mathematical straight line has never been given us by experience, but it is nevertheless a very definite conception, which has somehow been arrived at through our attempts to produce a line visibly straight. So the old course of study, with its emphasis upon history, literature, and philosophy, and its insistence upon the necessity for relating them to actual life, created in the pupil's mind a kind of ideal or typical humanity. By providing him with principles that unified the whole of human experience, and by bringing out in that experience its ideal values, it furnished him with a key to contemporary civilization, and with a profound knowledge of human nature, including his own personality. He was given a mastery of the experience of mankind, so that he could hold it as a living force in the present, and use it as a guiding and unifying principle in his own life. But the old education did more than this. It furnished the student also with the data necessary for keeping his ideals and principles sane and properly related to the actual, and it provided those data in the form least costly to the student. Ascham remarks apropos of this subject: "Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely when experience maketh more miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy master he is that is made cunning by many shipwrecks." The student thus learned, without the danger of himself making the experiment, how far his ideals and general principles could profitably be pursued, and how best to mediate between them and the actual circumstances of life.

But there will doubtless be many who will say: "All this sounds very well, but history shows that the great reformers and leaders of men have been those who have

broken with tradition. It would, therefore, be a mistake to forge these chains of tradition upon the youthful mind." Such an assertion shows a certain indefiniteness in the meaning of the word tradition, which we must try to clear up before going farther.

In order to make clear this use of the word tradition, I am going to take as an illustration one of the most revolutionary movements in history, if by revolutionary is meant causing a change in existing institutions. I refer to the development of Christianity from Judaism. Surely here was a change indeed. Yet the founder of Christianity insisted again and again that he came not to destroy the law but to fulfil. What did he mean by fulfilling the law? Among other things, he meant, as he abundantly showed by his teachings, that he came to reveal the inner spiritual significance of the old Jewish laws and customs. An excellent illustration of his method is seen in his treatment of the idea of the Kingdom of Heaven. The conception was an old one with the Jews, and among the greater of the prophets it reached a state of exalted spirituality not far removed from that of Christ himself. We find Isaiah, for instance, predicting the coming of a time when Assyria and Egypt should make a third with Judah, and together they should worship Jehovah at Jerusalem until the knowledge of the Lord should cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. This kingdom was to be a spiritual union of the righteous of all nations, and, of course, to the devout Jew, Jerusalem was to be its center. In the course of the centuries, however, as Judah sank lower and lower under the heels of her oppressors, the spirituality of the Messianic kingdom was lost sight of, and the looked-for Messiah became a deliverer of Israel from her oppressors, and the founder of a great earthly kingdom. Now, Christ took this tradition back to its early ideal, and thus revealed its spiritual significance. If the Jews had kept steadily before them the conception of the Kingdom taught by the prophets, there would have been no necessity for

Christ to reject the popular conception. It was because the Jews had reduced their religious ideas to a blind ritualism, out of which the ideal element had departed, that Christ found it impossible to put the new wine of his teaching into the old bottles. It will thus be perceived that he was not breaking with a living tradition, but with a dead one.

This illustrates not only the need of a complete historical view of an idea, if we are to grasp its values aright, but also that proceeding from such a view is really the only sane and successful way to modify tradition. A living tradition is a growing thing, but it is not enough, as so many of our modern reformers apparently think, simply to rebel against, or break with, existing tradition, in order to improve it. In many ages of the world, fire-eating radicals who would completely reconstruct society, have been as thick as blackberries, but they have generally noised about and found themselves dishonorable graves without greatly disturbing mankind. The genuine reformer is of a different stamp. He comes with an ideal based upon, and developed from, a study of some institution in all of its historical relations, and he applies this standard to the institution as it actually exists, and woe to that institution if it fail to measure up to his requirements. To do this, it is of course necessary for him to make himself master of the tradition behind him, in order that he may get clearly before him his ideal.

As an exemplar of this type of reformer, we may take Milton. He wrote, he tells us, in defense of liberty, domestic, civil, and ecclesiastical. But he did not evolve his theories of liberty out of his inner consciousness, nor did he call them from the vasty deep of an uninformed mind. His various tracts are monuments of learning. In them he studies and traces out the principles, the purposes, and the various means of accomplishing those purposes, which the institution he is considering has exhibited in the past; and with this ideal in mind, he judges the

institution as it existed in his day. For instance, he took the widely accepted superstition of the divine right of kings, and tested it by universal human experience as revealed in the life and thought of the past. In this way he showed not only how ill founded the superstition was, but also that the true relation of king and subject was that of mutual obligation, which, when abused on either side, made the offender liable to punishment.

But it must not be inferred that the student of tradition is necessarily a radical. His attitude toward the institutions of his time will be determined chiefly by the status of those institutions, and by the spirit of his age. If the age is burdened with superstition or hollow formalism, he will do his utmost to shake tradition free from them, and make it a living, inspiring thing. If, on the other hand, he lives in an epoch in which the integrity of tradition itself is threatened by the doctrinaire, he becomes a conservative and throws the weight of his learning upon the side of existing institutions. Thus, for instance, did Burke, who knew well the value of tradition, and strove to keep it a vital power in national life. "We are afraid," he says, "to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason; . . . individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages." He insisted, against the abstract thinkers of his day, that only in and through the long and gradual process of the whole of social development could discovery be made of the principles of civil and religious liberty, and he preferred "the collective wisdom of the ages to the abilities of any two men living."

We should now have clearly before us the main purpose of the Renaissance educational system. We have seen that the aim of that system was to prepare the student for life by steeping him in those traditions which had been accumulated by the most enlightened nations of the past.

We have farther seen that by tradition the Renaissance educators meant not a lifeless formalism, but a vital body of thought and human institutions, before which the constantly hovering ideal acted as an inspiring and guiding force. Having thus recognized what the Renaissance ideal was, we may proceed to follow the method of its framers by applying it to existing educational problems.

In the first place we can now clearly see that those 19th century movements which were the chief factors in overthrowing the old system, were really not opposed to its ideal, but only to a lifeless routine masquerading under its name. Certainly not the most avowed Utilitarian could object to Milton's or Ascham's scheme of education as useless. It is true that their system did not aim at preparing a student for a particular vocation; it did more than that, it prepared him for life. It gave a knowledge of himself and of human nature, which is perhaps the most valuable knowledge that any one can possess. In most professions success is unquestionably conditioned on a wide and sympathetic knowledge of our fellow men. And such knowledge cannot be adequately obtained by association and contact with men: knowledge from everyday experience is neither broad enough nor deep enough to equip one properly for life, and to furnish one with the insight into character necessary for the highest success.

But it is just this wider acquaintance with human nature through tradition that our vocational education of to-day is so manifestly neglecting. This does not mean, of course, that I am objecting to vocational training *per se*. That form of training has an undoubted place to fill, and it is filling it well. But we must not, therefore, fall into the prevalent American error of thinking that our vocational training is giving an equivalent for the education provided by the old ideal. The man who cares for something more than the making of money will still find the old training best. The man who wishes to lead in the realm of the intellect — the statesman, the scholar, the

philosopher, the literary man, the moralist, the theologian, even the great physicians, lawyers, preachers, and teachers — will still find the old training absolutely necessary. Whether they get it in the schools or out of them, get it they must, if they are to be leaders.

Men of science, too, need to realize the importance of the old training. They had a hard fight to get their subjects admitted into the curriculum, but as victors they would do well to exercise the virtue of moderation. They should ever keep in mind Dr. Johnson's weighty words:

> Prudence and justice are virtues and excellences of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence, that one man may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.

Our scientist would do well to remember that man cannot live by science alone, and also that in the great stream of human tradition 19th century science occupies but a small place. Plato and Aristotle may not have known much about the chemistry of soils, but they knew a great deal about human nature and the principles of human conduct, and the student will be more humanized, i. e., made a more clear-headed, disciplined, intelligent human being, by a mastery of their works than he would be by a study of all the soils from China to Peru. The old training tried to imbue the student with just such knowledge, and our modern system will neglect such subjects not only to the detriment of the student, but also to the danger of the community and the state.

Again we are sometimes told that we have progressed beyond those old ideas, and must now keep our faces to the future, where the superman beckons us on. But it must be remembered that much of our modern cant about

progress is due to ignorance. The modern world is imbued with the false idea that progress is constant, and that therefore whatever is of yesterday is *ex hypothesi* inferior to that which is of to-day. With real progress, however, the old educational ideal was thoroughly in sympathy, and it provided the best means for the normal development of all human institutions. Human progress is a slow growth with frequent reactions; and of the many plans and suggestions for improvement which are constantly being made, only one in many is worth consideration. But it is very important that this one, when it does appear, should be recognized and appreciated; and the person who is steeped in the great human tradition, with its many experiments in the art of living, is the one most capable of judging the value of any such suggestion. The old training was like a laboratory note-book upon man and society. The student benefited by all the mistakes and experiments of mankind in the past, and judged his modern instance by the accumulated wisdom of the race.

Finally our modern educational leaders tell us that the old ideal was for gentlemen of leisure, and does not suit our modern democratic age. As a matter of fact, it is what our democratic age needs more than anything else. Democracy has brought in its train a host of problems of such magnitude that it has become generally recognized that nothing short of an organized collective effort can hope to solve them; hence the remarkable growth of organizations and federations of all kind during the last century. But such social organizations do not abate, they rather intensify, the need for leaders, while the problems with which they confront their leaders are of a most intricate and baffling complexity. Furthermore, these problems are for the most part very urgent. Suspense of judgment until painstaking investigation can bring light, is just what the democratic world will not wait for. It is very suspicious of a leader who hesitates. Its leaders, therefore,

must be thoroughly equipped, decisive men. But how can such leaders be produced except by some such method as that which was embodied in the old ideal?

Our modern educational leaders should, therefore, not cavalierly dismiss the old ideal as having served its purpose, and as now being of interest only as a curiosity. They should rather try to enforce upon the minds of the modern world the need of the discipline and the doctrine which produced the intellectual giants of the past. And especially should the teachers of English and the modern languages awake to a realization of their opportunity. Since the classics have been almost completely driven from the field, the only humanizing subjects left in many of our present curricula are history, English, and the modern literatures; and only a minimum of time is allowed to these. Let us hope, therefore, that a greater number of our teachers of these subjects will go back and catch something of the spirit and the zeal which animated men like Ascham and Milton and many of their mute, but not inglorious, contemporaries, who nobly wrought to further progress by adding link by link to the chain of tradition.

A MAN OF FEELING

IT was Henry and Jewel Roeback's silver wedding day. Jewel Roeback made a frosted cake and set a table on the porch, a clean cloth on the table, and the shining white cake on the cloth. By late afternoon the greater part was eaten.

Others in Ramoth had been married twenty-five years, but none of them had made a festival about so simple a circumstance. The neighbors were gathered, the women inside with Jewel, the men on the porch. Jay Dee was eating tiny fragments of soft cake. Professor Kopen leaned against a pillar.

Henry was moved beyond his wont. He was a heavy man, whose thoughts delayed like chilled molasses. In a sense the house was not his but Jay Dee's. He rented it of that plaintive patriarch, who lived alone, a hundred yards southward toward the village, in a house with a decrepit veranda. Henry paid a hundred and fifty dollars a year for his house and land. After twenty-five silvery years, laborious and quiet, the payment of a uniform rent, as a sensation, was become indistinguishable from taxes — a melancholy custom but fixed in habit.

"I couldn't fancy living in another house," he said. "It can't be done by such mind as I've got, and the way I know it can't be done is this: I set here this morning, and I says, 'Suppose it was another house and another woman.' Well, I set my mind to that idea, and yet I couldn't fetch it. Then I says, 'Let's suppose I was living in Austin Buel's house with Mrs. Buel,' and I couldn't do it. I says, 'Henry, you ain't going be stumped by a thing like that!' and I went up the road a piece to look at Austin's house, and yet I couldn't anyhow get my mind around the idea. So I come back, and set here, and I begun to have feelings, and I see the truth of it."

"You haven't a good fancying mind, Henry," said David McKinnon, a small aquiline man with a restless eye. "Now, I could fancy that well, though a single bachelor and housebuilder all my days. Fancy is a gift to some mortals."

"I set here," repeated Henry, "trying to fancy it was Austin's house and Mrs. Buel, and I couldn't get my mind around it."

"It ain't lawful!" said Albion Dee rigidly, his red face redder with conviction. "It ain't a lawful exercise of the fancy!"

"And you a scripture reader!" said the carpenter indignantly. "*Covet's* the Scripture word, but fancy's a gift to fortunate mortals."

"Covet's the word," said Austin Buel, the postmaster, square-faced, grim-mouthed, with a short gray beard and bow legs. "You're right, David. If you can fancy living with my wife, maybe you can fancy you've eat the dinner I've eat. I'll go so far as to hint it ain't setting well, so's you can keep hold of the facts."

"I fetched up with such feelings as you wouldn't believe," continued Henry steadily. "If I was to say I felt like the church bell rung for meeting, I'd mean, as you might say, it was a vibrating state; and yet again I felt like I'd eat too much; and yet again I felt like I hadn't eat anything for twenty-five years and wan't going to; and yet it wan't anything but feelings. You wouldn't believe it. My wife didn't believe it. She said it wan't likely. Then I says: 'This house is worth a hundred and fifty per year to Jay Dee, and what's it worth to me?' and I couldn't tell. With that I was blowed up with those feelings. Then I see the truth of it. I says, 'Henry, them are holy and creditable feelings! And I don't suppose,' I says, 'there's another man in this town that's got the equal of 'em.' My wife wouldn't believe 'em. She said they wan't likely, and she was right. They wan't likely, and yet there they was."

Professor Kopen stood leaning against a pillar of the porch, gazing at Henry, under the penthouse of his eyebrows. He was lately come to Ramoth, and had built a summer cottage on the top of a barren rocky hill that was called Buel's Sheep Pasture. He had deep set eyes, intense to the point of ferocity, a smooth shaven face and wild hair that seemed wind blown, whether the wind blew or not.

"Sir," he said solemnly, "you have the intention to make statement of a soul phenomenon, which there are of that phenomenon many attempts to state. The world is travail with attempts to state it! But you have done well to do as well as you have."

The others sat some time in silence. Jay Dee crumbled bits of savory cake and gazed off with pale eyes across the corn fields. So thin and silvery white were Jay Dee's hair and beard, so pallid and frail he looked, it seemed as if, in drawing near his end, he were being gradually admitted to some spiritual citizenship.

The women came out, saying good bye to Jewel Roeback. Mrs. Austin Buel was meagre but massive, and flowed continuous remarks with no emphasis.

When they were all gone, Henry still sat on the porch, and Jewel stood in the doorway, a tall woman with blunt features, ruminant eyes and large quiet hands.

II

Jay Dee, in the next house, sat at his disorderly old desk, with his eyes close to the paper before him, writing as follows:

"Friend Roeback: I feel after long thought with conscience, when you think so much of that house you cannot state well how much, that the rent should be no more than $150 is not right, so that hereafter it will be $200 per year, payed before lease renewed, which may help you to state how much you think of that house, because a man hav-

ing feelings ought to prove them before being admired by neighbors, not by this throwing doubt they are not as attempted to state, and they might amount to more than $50 per year, if after thought with conscience you conclude you ought to pay more than $200 for the house and land which you rent from me, because I am a painful old man near the grave, that have had great experience with righteousness, and I see it is not right you should feel that way and pay me less than $200 per year for that house and land, which will be the amount hereafter. Respectfully yours, Jay Dee."

In the morning Jay Dee drove away in his old buggy with the sagging top, drawn by the small brown horse that took all his steps with humility. In his vehicle and progress along in the soft dust and scented roadsides, Jay Dee seemed like an illustration of old world maxims about the quiet life, the vanity of ambition, the sweetness of nature's communion.

It was past noon when Henry read Jay Dee's letter.

"It's a letter from Jay Dee," he said to Jewel. "He wants fifty dollars more rent."

Jewel read it. "What was it you said about the house?"

"I didn't say nothing about rent," said Henry thoughtfully. "I said I couldn't fancy living in Austin Buel's house with Mrs. Buel. I said it couldn't be done. I stated my feelings, but I didn't speak of rent."

Jewel read the letter again and gave it back. Henry went out with the letter in his hand.

Finding Jay Dee gone, Henry went on to the village. At the post office some half dozen men were gathered on the steps, listening to Professor Kopen.

"What you got there, Henry?" said David McKinnon.

"It's a letter from Jay Dee."

He gave it to David who read it aloud. Professor Kopen stood with his feet apart and his hands clasped behind him. When it was finished, he drew breath with the sniff of a moral game-dog catching the scent.

"It is the unearned increment he claims! It is an unrighteous claim!" cried Prof. Kopen.

"Maybe so," said David McKinnon, after a pause. "And yet Jay Dee's nature ain't Henry's, for Jay Dee's got no emotion, and you ought to take account of that. He's pure intellect, Jay Dee."

The Professor snorted.

"Bah!"

"To be sure, you might say that, too," continued David in the way of conciliation, "though it ain't the language of pure intellect. But looking at it not as feeling men, but in intellect and reason, how does it look? You might say it's a value Henry earned by having strong and tender feelings, and Jay Dee didn't earn it: for he ain't got any. Or you might say Jay Dee earned it by having intellect. It's like Austin's selling the upper end of his pasture to Professor Kopen here for fifty dollars an acre, when it wan't worth twenty for pasture, because Professor Kopen took a notion to it for a house to live in summers, because he had strong and tender feelings about outlooks and having a passel of birch trees in his dooryard, and him teaching moral philosophy in a college so he ought to know what's righteousness. There's thirty dollars difference in value, ain't there? Yes. Did Austin earn it? Or did Professor Kopen earn it? Looking at it cold in reason, you ask which? And reason says: 'Neither. It was a gift of Providence,' says reason. 'It was a gift of Providence to anybody that could get it.' You ask: 'Did Professor Kopen make that value by having strong and tender feelings, or did Austin make it by having the good judgment to ask that price?' 'Neither,' says reason. 'Looking at it right,' says reason, 'you see it's the gift of Providence, divided between Austin and Professor Kopen, according to the gifts of each.' Well — now — Jay Dee's calm, and he's pious, and he's got intellect. He says 'Here's a gift of Providence. Did Providence mean it all for Henry? Not if I get some of it,' he says, 'for I never

see the righteous forsaken,' he says, 'and a man that's got intellect, he's sinful to bury it in a napkin,' he says, 'for Providence sows blessings same as corn,' he says, 'but property,' he says, 'in a kernel of corn,' he says, 'belongs to the chick that swallows it,' he says, 'for that's reason.'"

"That, sir," said Professor Kopen, "is a most subtle, fallacious and immoral argument! A most extraordinary argument!"

"It is so, David," said Austin Buel. "I never see the nature of that sale before. I was accounting for it by the Professor's having so much moral philosophy. I was, for a fact! I see how it was now. Providence was in it. I'd ought to have called in the minister to sign the deed with his power of attorney. Well, if you asked me what was reason, I'd say that argument of yours wan't neither reason nor piety. I'd say Henry's feelings was Henry's improvements on the place. That's the point. If he's put in plumbing and paid for it, and Jay Dee raised his rent, 'twouldn't be reason nor piety."

"It would not!" said Professor Kopen.

"Is Henry's tender feelings any expense to him?" David retorted. "No! Was they planted in his nature? Yes! Then it ain't plumbing. It's Providence."

"You don't none of you hit the point," said Albion Dee, inflamed with earnestness. "It ain't like pastures nor like plumbing. The point is, Henry's feelings was holy and creditable, which he spoke out the best he could. He didn't have the gift of speech of a psalmist, but those feelings, I say, those feelings would have done credit to a bible psalmist. They would now! 'The billows go over my head,' says the psalmist, for he had the gift of speech. 'Selah!' he says, using that figure of speech. Now, suppose a nearby neighbor, that he'd always been friendly with, comes along, and he says: 'What do you fancy them billowy sorrows would cash in for?' he says, looking like Abraham lying in his own bosom. 'You ain't got no right

to say "Selah" without proving it,' he says, 'Maybe I've got a rope to pull ye out,' he says, 'but the price of rope rises,' he says, 'accordin' to the size of billows,' he says, 'and you oughtn't to have no such feelings, nor raise them billows in my ice pond, without paying extry rent for it,' he says. That's his argument. Maybe you call it pure intellect, but I call it profaneness. The point is: Was Henry's feelings holy and creditable? Nobody can say they wan't. Nobody! Then he ain't going to put up with Jay Dee's profaneness. No, Sir! Henry ain't going to put up with no profaneness."

Professor Kopen smote his hands together before him.

"You have it, sir!" he said. "You have the categorical moral instinct for essentials. This Jay Dee is a slimy old snake."

"Now, I argue against that!" said David McKinnon.

"He is a slimy old snake!" reiterated the Professor.

III

On his way home from the village Henry felt an inward uneasiness. He would not call them feelings yet, but they were the rudiments of feelings. He was nowhere near the point of giving them language, or telling in what direction they tended, whether or not in the direction of some resentment toward Jay Dee. As yet they were but the cloudy substance out of which feelings issue.

He left Ramoth village already stirring with discussion. Phrases from Jay Dee's letter passed there from mouth to mouth. There seemed to be something in the issue which roused everyone to state his point of view, to refine its differences, to prove its discrimination, to discover new sides to the question, new roads and sign boards, new doors opening into hidden chambers of casuistry. Charles Sebastien's horse stood unshod, while the blacksmith beat his anvil not in farriery but in argument. Wives and spinsters sat over seams and teacups, exclaiming, "Well, I think. . . " "If I was Jewel Roeback. . . "

Professor Kopen stood on the post office step in the flood tide of oratory.

"Let us guard the sanctuary of delicate feeling and domestic sensibility from the cor-r-r-roding invasion of commercial estimates!" he cried, "for what are we more than brutes, save for the ideal. In every man is the seed thereof, and the permanent possibility, of which he knows nothing. And yet, save for the burgeoning of that seed and in order to pass on that tender warmth from life to life, we have in this world no purpose, no end, no justification in reason. In your neighbor's heart and halting speech you see it glimmer. You say, 'It is a holy and creditable feeling.' Say you so? And I say: 'It is the banner under which we fight for humanity, his future and his soul maintaining. It is our pillar of cloud and fire, our beacon and starry watch tower! and in this commercial age and country, what duty has the social conscience, if it give not welcoming shelter, if it give not gladness to the sensibilities, wherever in the hearts of our fellow men they brighten and burn? if it rise not in majestic indignation and take vengeance on the man who spits his cynic venom on that sanctuary. Nay, if he have no heart, I say, let him be brute! Nay, let him be inorganic matter, and be damned to him! You come with me! I'll show this Jay Dee!"

Professor Kopen ran down the post office steps and strode meteorically northward on the road to Jay Dee's house and Henry Roeback's. Those around the post office followed, some with conservative murmurs, some with caustic reserves, some shamefaced with secret and strange thrills unknown before. The blacksmith in his leathern apron came from his shop and followed. The children, just dismissed from the school house below the hill, fell in and followed, rejoicing, in wonder, in hope. The crowd increased; the sound of its hurry and excitement grew louder; the conservative murmurs were drowned. Women stared from the windows. Some came

out and followed. Theodore Weeks, selectman and Judge of Probate, was mending a road. He left his team by the roadside and followed. Mrs. Austin Buel was in her garden. She came out with a red beet in each hand, and followed. In the van walked Professor Kopen, his face stern and absorbed, his hands clasped behind him.

IV

Jewel Roeback was in the kitchen, moving about, when Henry came in. He sat down and gradually described how David McKinnon had argued, and Austin Buel had disagreed, ending with Albion Dee's opinion on profaneness and Professor Kopen's agreement with Albion. Jewel made no comment.

"He's got back," she said at last.

"Who?"

"Jay Dee. I saw him drive by."

"Well," said Henry after a while, "somehow I don't hanker to go over. I don't know how it is. It ain't right to put up with profaneness to the feelings. I guess I won't go over just yet. I don't seem to have the right feelings for it."

Jewel went into the pantry. Henry sat still, turning his thoughts over, observing his rudimentary feelings, their dusky and unorganized condition. None of the thoughts seemed convenient and handy, or the feelings tending in any special direction. His eyes fell on the remaining quarter of the silver-wedding cake, standing on the kitchen table.

"Jay Dee took to that cake wonderful for an old man," he thought. "He likes cake with no nuts nor seeds in it, because he ain't got many teeth. I seen him keep busy and say nothing a whole afternoon on two pieces of cake, and that's a gift in a man. Jay Dee's got no conversation. To be sure, that's so. Sets and lets a man take his time. He don't jog in on a man the way David McKinnon jogs

in on a man. I couldn't get my mind round the idea of living next to David, nor yet Professor Kopen."

Jewel emerged from the pantry.

"Why, I got some inward feelings now," said Henry slowly. "I just got 'em this minute."

Jewel was wrapping a cloth about the cake, and said nothing.

"You wouldn't think 'em likely. You wouldn't believe 'em. I don't know as they're creditable. And yet there they be. What you going to do with that cake? I was thinking I'd have some."

"Well," said Jewel placidly, "I'm going to take the cake to Jay Dee, and you're going to make out that rent."

"That ain't what the neighbors expect from a man of feelings!" Henry remonstrated. "It ain't what they look for from a man of strong and tender feelings like me!"

"I don't see how Jay Dee never learned any different," said Jewel after a while. "It seems most too bad. How do you suppose he didn't?"

"Why that's a hard nut for the fancy," said Henry. "I don't know as I could get my mind around it."

When they came out and saw the crowd before the house, Jewel exclaimed, but Henry's mind was already occupied.

"Maybe it comes from Jay Dee's not eating enough solid victuals," he said.

Jay Dee was sitting on the veranda in a rocking chair.

"It has come to this, sir," thundered Professor Kopen, "that we have risen, the people of this community, that we have risen in common accord; that we have come forth in the name of the social conscience; that we have arrayed ourselves as one in defense of delicate feeling and domestic sensibility against the corr-rroding invasion of commercial estimate; that we say these things you shall not barter and trade, nor buy and sell, nor put scorn upon, nor ask rent thereof, but by silence or by speech you shall respect, sir! You shall respect!"

Jay Dee gazed at him vaguely, with dim pale eyes.

Henry and Jewel came up unobserved behind the gathering, and mounted the veranda in the sudden silence of the throng.

"Here's the rent," said Henry, holding out the check. His face was red and embarrassed. He kept his eyes away from the faces of his neighbors.

"I brought the rest of the cake," said Jewel.

They stood a moment silent, suffering under self-consciousness. The neighbors stood dumb and bewildered.

"My wife says so," said Henry at last awkwardly. "She ain't got strong feelings. I says, 'Well — it's practical. That's the practical way of looking at it!'"

"My God!" said Professor Kopen. "I shall go say my prayers!"

He ran down the steps and strode away, meteorically, southward toward Ramoth village. The men followed him straggling. The women went, after talking in low tones. Some of them laughed and whispered to Jewel, as they passed. The children lingered awhile in the road.

Jewel went back toward the house. Henry turned across the road, and went down to the swamp pasture after his cow. Jay Dee sat alone on the veranda. He held the check up close to his eyes, read it over carefully, folded and put it in his breast pocket. Then he fell to eating tiny fragments of Jewel Roeback's silver-wedding-cake. The long drive and the recent confusion had tired him. The check in his pocket gave him a warm and pleasant feeling over the heart. The late afternoon sunlight on the veranda was warm and pleasant. He grew drowsy. His head nodded. He went to sleep in his rocking chair on the veranda.

CRIMINOLOGY, OLD AND NEW

CRIME and its problems constitute a subject of perennial importance. It will perhaps be instructive to set in contrast the criminological reflection of to-day and that of two or three generations ago, using as an example of the earlier some characteristic utterances of Thomas Carlyle.

In *Latter Day Pamphlets* the old Chelsea prophet let himself go with violence against the incipient movement towards prison reform. His passion was fiercely stirred, and when, in this state, Carlyle has seized his pen, we may be sure that, if the thought is not very well-balanced, at least the wit will be diverting, the phrase will sparkle, and the epigrams will lacerate. Moreover he has simply put into forceful language what many of the public have believed, and still believe, regarding humanitarian methods in a jail. He made himself the apostle of the man in the street. As we read what he said abundant criticisms suggest themselves, but as these are now so generally admitted, it will be the purpose of this paper to call attention to the elements of neglected truth which that old pamphlet embodies.

I

Carlyle's gorge had been raised by a visit to Millbank Penitentiary. The luxury of its appointments disgusted him. Its staircases were broad, its fronts were of stately architecture, it had a complex system of sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, and working-rooms. The women were at laundry business, but suites of washing-houses, and drying-houses, and "all conceivable mechanical furtherances" prevented their labour from being too arduous. The men had no more tiresome burden than to pick oakum. Punishment by treadmill had been abolished to please senti-

mental visiting magistrates. Teachers were actually at work "instructing young thieves." To fit up in this style "a beautiful establishment for the accommodation of the scoundrel world, male and female," seemed to Carlyle positive blasphemy against the moral decrees of God. Strange to say, if one may judge by the frequency with which he returns to the point, his special objection to the place seems to have been directed against its hygiene, — against cleanliness, good order, ventilation. Again and again he complains that the prisoners are not subjected to the discipline of dirty surroundings. The rooms are clean, the promenade is both "clean and flagged," the court in which a Chartist agitator disports himself is "clean and high-walled," the Governor is a military or naval man, "by nature zealous for cleanliness," — what a pity to waste him on such duties! Then there is the methodic, orderly quiet which pervades the apartments — airy, with glass roofs, and a calm such as no dweller in "a mere house, with taxes and botherations" could ever secure; if Carlyle himself could only obtain such blessed conditions he would undertake to give the world a book such as it will never get so long as he lives in Cheyne Row. "No Duke in England is, for all rational purposes which a human being can or ought to aim at, lodged, fed, tended, taken care of, with such perfection."

Who foots the bill for all this? Patient taxpayers, very many of whom can obtain no such comforts for themselves. "All around," he exclaims, "lie continents of dingy, poor, and dirty dwellings." The occupants struggle to make by honest toil wages which philanthropists will straightway impound for the pampering of a scoundrel world. On what plea, demands Carlyle, is honesty thus robbed? The plea, forsooth, that laws are unjust, and temptations strong, and human nature weak, and the criminal really a person to be pitied! Let us grant it; but whatever the pressure towards crime may be, we are all subject to it alike, and one part of the public has kept its

feet, battling forward under the banner of God and Virtue, while the other has basely yielded, enlisting in "the Devil's Regiments of the Line." Is a rose path to be strewn for deserters, at the expense of the faithful? Perhaps you think you will *improve* such degenerates? You will win them back "by love" to uprightness and honesty? A better use might be found for your time, your talents, your wealth, and your love. Is there not abundance still to be done for God's sorely tried creatures who have so far stood the strain, and "have not yet definitely declared for the Devil?" Devote your social effort to those who have shown some element of worth. Put your investment of benevolence into a scheme which is not wholly unpromising. Wheat will not be obtained by plying your flail upon docks and ragweeds. Defy the long-eared philanthropists of Exeter Hall, and say boldly to this prison *canaille* —

> Away, you! Begone swiftly, *ye* Regiments of the Line; in the name of God and of His poor struggling servants, sore put to it to live in these bad days, I mean to rid myself of you with some degree of brevity. To feed you in palaces, to hire captains, and schoolmasters, and the choicest spiritual and material artificers to expend their industries on you — No, by the Eternal! I have quite other work for that class of artists. . . Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of you, collars round the necks of you, and will teach you after the example of the gods that this world is *not* your inheritance, or glad to see you in it.

Carlyle goes on to trace the perverted benevolence to a deep-seated misconception which had somehow become diffused. That misconception, he tells us, was nothing less than an immoral theory of the purpose of punishment. It was widely declared that all penalties should aim simply at reforming the offender, and deterring others from following his example. All idea of "revenge" must, forsooth, be piously excluded! And "not the least disgusting feature of this Gospel according to the Platform" was the fact that it appealed to Christianity for support. Did

Christianity then prescribe love of scoundrels? Surely it prescribed a hearty *hatred* of scoundrels. For Carlyle's own part he would pin his faith in this regard to the religion of Oliver Cromwell rather than to that of "the eloquent Mr. Hesperus Fiddlestring." Whence came this new-fangled notion that you have not a right to hang a man as the equitable wages of his sin, but that you have a right to hang him as a stroke of political expediency in order to frighten someone else? The moment you begin to talk like that the logic ceases to go with you and begins to go with the criminal. He tells you of his unfortunate circumstances, and makes out an unanswerable case for mercy on the part of those who have no higher rule than "the expedient" to guide them. Take your stand on the eternal principle of retribution, the earthly counterpart of God's inflexible justice, a law which you did not make and which is not yours to tamper with; if you forsake this, you will never justify the gallows as a mere instrument of social order. The benevolent doctrine about punishment was

> simply the mournfulest twaddle that human tongues could shake from them. . . I take the liberty of asserting that there is one valid reason and only one, for either punishing a man or rewarding him in this world; one reason which ancient piety could well define; that you may do the will and commandment of God with regard to him, that you may do justice to him.

What then of John Howard, whose name and praise had been on everyone's lips, ever since Burke panegyrised his "voyage of discovery, circumnavigation of charity, to collate distresses and to gauge wretchedness?" Carlyle, who once referred to George Washington as "no very immeasurable man," was not likely to bow before a popular idol. "My benevolent friend, I honour Howard very much, but it is on this side idolatry, a long way; not to an infinite, but to a decidedly finite extent." On the whole, it was something to have abated jail fever, though perhaps dearly bought at the price of creating "Benevolent-

Platform Fever." The dull, solid Howard deserved respect, comparatively speaking; for the time had come for jail fever to go, and heaven produced the man to combat it, by operating upon a Bedford sheriff, disgusting him with the grocery business, and driving him through rural *ennui* into his cruise abroad. Too much fuss had been made about his going at his own charges. Here and there a man was to be seen in the world who did more than he was paid for in hard cash. Milton got very little for *Paradise Lost* and Dante for the *Divine Comedy*. Could any fee make worth while the work of a cholera doctor? And did not "ragged losels" from the slums, when drilled a little and dressed in red, risk their lives for a shilling a day? Really the Destinies had not been so niggard in producing self-sacrifice that we need chant a rhapsody about John Howard.

In a word, the Chelsea prophet entreats us to stop talking about "difficulties" in the crime problem. There are no difficulties, except to shallow and sentimental and dishonest triflers. Justice is justice, and all men have its oracle in their hearts; beware lest the voice of that oracle be drowned by resonant platform balderdash. Stop forecasting the results of this policy and that; results are with a Higher Power. It is yours to follow with a single eye the Decrees of the Eternal, "to aim thitherward, and not elsewhither at all." There is no arithmetic by which we can balance against each other the rival outcomes of the right and the wrong. One thing we know, that if we follow the lodestar of Rhadamanthine justice, men everywhere will be benefited *beyond* calculation by the sight of so signal an integrity.

II

It is in *Model Prisons* that Carlyle makes use of that pungent phrase "preaching and perorating from the teeth outwards." The reader who is alive to the experience of the last twenty years in prison reform may be tempted

to apply these words wholesale to their author.[1] His advice sounds to us like a voice from a different and a long departed world. It is not only that we miss the characteristic phrases of our own day, "crime as disease," "diagnosis rather than detection," "cure rather than punishment." Many of us would not blame Carlyle for passing over rather summarily these particular watch-words of advanced thought. But he is equally contemptuous of principles which almost every intelligent critic looks upon as now firmly established. For example, he has nothing to suggest as to special treatment for juveniles, for first offenders, for the feeble-minded, for the recidivist. He gives no hint about the need to classify and to individualise. Towards all alike the sufficient formula for him appears to be, "Caitiff, we hate you." But just now I do not mean to dwell upon the great achievements which humanitarianism has effected. The concrete results are, happily, becoming more and more familiar. There are however certain basal principles in which, it seems to me, Carlyle was partly right although partly wrong.

It is a great advance that the practical legislator now aims simply to reform and to deter. The old retributive idea is seen to involve comparison between things that are really incommensurable. Theologians indeed are still at variance as to the account which must be given of the penal justice of God. But so far as *human* law is concerned, the idea of a criminal paying the price, expiating his crime etc. survives only in the sensational newspaper. The intelligent person sees in such phrases little more than an archæological importance. They recall to him

[1] Perhaps at the time of the Article Carlyle had more justification than appears. Dickens at least will not be suspected of callousness in this sphere, yet he has this passage in *Great Expectations:* "At that time jails were much neglected, and the period of exaggerated reaction consequent upon all public wrong-doing — and which is always the heaviest and longest punishment — was still far off. So felons were not lodged and fed better than soldiers (to say nothing of paupers)." (Chap. XXXII.)

the days of *Wergild* and the *lex talionis*. There is an historic interest in discovering the same conceptions so far apart as in the Roman practice of hanging a murderer in chains *ut sit solatio cognatis* (to gratify the feelings of the victim's family), and in the royal order issued in England as late as 1741 that a similar indignity should be inflicted "on petition of the relations of the deceased." But what possible meaning can we attach to-day to equivalence between the crime of arson and five years' penal servitude, or between a petty larceny and thirty days in jail? Would any two persons, relying on their intuition of comparative heinousness, arrange the sliding scale alike? Talk of this kind, resting as it mainly does upon the ambiguity of the word "owe," almost suggests that he who is willing to pay the price may permit himself the indulgence of the crime. The moment we try to apportion degrees of penalty, we realise the soundness of Bentham's position that the calculated consequences, both to the guilty man and to others, furnish our only guide. Bentham's mistake lay, not in forecasting results, but in supposing that the only results which mattered are definable as "pleasure" and "pain."

Carlyle's scorn for such phrases as "winning the offender through love," and the disgraceful jeers with which he profaned the memory of Howard, are not our only proof that his taste was for the religion of the Old Testament rather than that of the New. He is in emphatic sympathy with the ninety and nine that went not astray, and he is not curious to ask whether they were preserved by the austerity of their virtue or by the accident of circumstance. To deduce from Christian principles the essential immorality of forgiveness must surely require a daring exegesis of Gospel texts, even though the interpreter can fortify himself by the precedent of Cromwell. But, without pressing such Scriptural matters, one is at least astonished to hear that all mankind are subject to moral temptation in an equal degree, and that indis-

criminate rigour will enable you either to do the will of God concerning a criminal or to do justice to him. Carlyle himself sat somewhat light to this stern principle in the manifold extenuations which he has pled for the shortcomings of Robert Burns. It is not perhaps unfair to suggest that the sins he would have branded as scarlet in a commonplace partridge-shooting English peer, assumed at once a much milder hue when he found them in a man of genius, who had the advantage of being also a Scot and a peasant.

But he has recognised, and in his own lurid way depicted, the varying prison types. He was quite free from the common delusion that criminals are intelligent, that the gifts they turn to anti-social purposes are gifts of a high order. If he had thought this he might have been justified in calling for a ruthless hand. Such men might have been fitly shown that society is too strong for them, and that the way of transgressors is hard. But what Carlyle saw in the prison mob was *stupidity*, and different stupidities — ape-faces, dog-faces, heavy sullen ox-faces. Did it not occur to our prophet that for such varying mental crassness the unfortunate men were not wholly responsible, and that some variation might be called for in the treatment?

On the other hand Carlyle saw, what some of us in our benevolent enthusiasm tend to forget, that punishment has still a place. There are few present day writers whose insight is so sure on a matter of practical ethics as that of Dr. Hastings Rashdall; and his comment is very opportune, that many of those who bid us punish a criminal in order to reform him really mean that we should reform him *instead of* punishing him. They make this clear by their invariable objection to a painful element in prisons, to tedious work for example, and to any form of corporal punishment, no matter what the offence may have been. No doubt there are numerous cases where a punitive method is either wholly or partially inapplicable. But

we may easily do more harm than good if we fail to combine this recognition with stern insistence that it is often in place. To borrow the current medical metaphor, we should be like physicians who had discovered a new disease, but who had not the capacity to rearrange their old knowledge in the light of what they learned. They forthwith see the pathological novelty in every case which remotely suggests it. They gain less through occasional detection of the exceptional than they lose through confusion and bungling in their treatment of the ordinary. Can there be any doubt at all that the deliberate and judicious infliction of pain is at times effective to reform and to deter? We should of course prefer to obtain the same result differently. It would be better that a thief should stop stealing because he recognises the heinousness of theft than because he dislikes to pick oakum. But it is also better that society should be protected by force than that it should not be protected at all. And let us hope that no criminologist will ever so far bamboozle the common sense of the man in the street as to make him question whether thief A is not in some degree deterred from imitating thief B if B is caught every time and is somewhat disagreeably handled. Ever since Godwin wrote his *Political Justice* doctrinaires have repeated to us the aphorism that you cannot get morality by compulsion. But while this is, in one sense, a platitudinous truth, it is in all other senses about as vacuous as aphorisms commonly turn out. Valuable moral results are reached every day through compulsion. What we learned in early childhood to do or to abstain from doing through fear, we afterwards become able to estimate from a higher standpoint. But if the habit had not been first formed, the later reflection might never have had a chance. Moreover that principle which has been pushed to such a barbarous extreme in the system of solitary confinement is not without its merit when used in moderation. The criminal is in the dock, let us say, because he tried a short-cut to fortune by forg-

ing a cheque, or because he ruined scores of trustful folk by floating a bogus company, or because he gave the rein to his violent passions, thinking himself clever enough or rich enough to escape. In some form or other he planned to exploit for himself that mutual confidence which is the basis of social life. He knew what he was about, and he thought the risk was worth taking. He has to be shown that there were factors that he under-estimated, that the risk was not worth while; he needs a stimulus and a leisure for thought. He should be given a chance to turn it all over in his mind, till he sees that the rogue does *not* always win, and ceases to believe, as Carlyle himself inimitably put it, that "this world is Beelzebub's which the Supreme Quack shall inherit."

Again, punishment has an effect which extends beyond the criminal, and beyond even those who might be thought likely to imitate him. It is the method by which the State assists to form a social conscience. As Dr. Rashdall expresses it, the retributive view at least stands for the great Aristotelian truth that the State has a spiritual end. Carlyle, no doubt, put this view in such a way as to render it almost grotesque. One may ask what sort of specification he would himself have drawn up for a London Jail, in order to make it typify by its forbidding structure, within and without, the intensity of the Divine wrath. In a building to house twelve hundred souls he would, apparently, have had narrow staircases, dirty walls, defective ventilation, and the "captain in charge" a sort of cross between Bumble and Squeers. We may doubt whether, as a piece of theological symbolism, such an arrangement would have served its purpose. The prison pictures in *Amelia* and *Never too Late to Mend* suggest the opposite.

At the same time Carlyle had in mind a real truth. The penal code is a social educator. Average men are not much given to independent moral reflection. They are very willing to assume with the Chancery barrister in Grant Allen's *Tents of Shem* that what is "legal"

cannot be "unjust," especially when the assumption favours a relaxed personal standard. And still more pronounced is the public tendency to judge the relative heinousness of two offences by the degree of punishment which they respectively incur. Would for example that in our investigations of political graft we were blest with tribunals that would stop the sickening search for "mitigating circumstances," aim only to be as inexorable as Rhadamanthus, and try ten years in the penitentiary instead of a report about "indiscretion but no stain on personal honour!" Till we do this the social conscience will remain debauched.

It would be well, I think, for American reformers to ask themselves very seriously whether their zeal for one sort of excellence in criminological treatment has not led them to prejudice interests of another and a no less important kind. All honour to them for the humane progress at which all the world wonders! But surely we hear too much about crime as disease, about brain-storms, and unwritten laws. Surely some are being tempted to mistake for philanthropy what is just an easy-going indulgence towards crime that has not touched oneself. Mere *bonhomie* may masquerade as benevolence; we may become charitable at our neighbour's cost, and add a sweet consciousness of virtue to the luxury of compassion. A thin line divides pity for the criminal from callousness towards the victim whom he has wronged and may wrong again. Let us take heed how we play with what is not ours to stake. And let us make sure that the great services we can obtain from abnormal psychology are not so misused as to degenerate into burlesque. I trust, for example, that the day is far distant when a representative of psychophysics will sit as an Assessor on the Bench, with some hocus-pocus of experimental machinery applied to a witness's reflexes, undertaking by such means to estimate how far he is "suggestible," and to instruct the Court whether his word is to be believed.

THE BUSINESS OF GETTING MARRIED

SOME years ago I met an American gentleman who, after having lived for many years in Paris, had returned to the United States for the purpose of giving his daughters, then five and six years old, an American education. To indicate that the topic on which he had been discoursing for the previous hour and a half had not ceased to please, I inquired politely, "And what do you expect to make of your daughters?" His reply was prompt and decided,—"Trained nurses, both of them." My interest, hitherto somewhat somnolent, was stirred. The last thing I should have suspected of this man of the world was a desire for a serious profession for his daughters.

"Why trained nurses?" I asked with real curiosity. He bent with relish to my enlightenment.

"Of course the first thought of a father when he has a daughter born to him is that she should be happily married." I somewhat doubted whether the first thought of the ordinary American parent was of this nature, but I deferred to his experience, and bowed a civil assent.

"I have made a serious study of American society," he continued, "and I am amazed and chagrined at what I have observed. In the States society is almost exclusively feminine. One does not meet at receptions, teas, dinners, dances the best of the marriageable young men. It is not the thing for young men of ability to go into society. They work too hard, and are too tired and bored. When they wish company they go to their clubs. In the summer, they go off in the woods or on the water with other men. They never meet marriageable young women. But now," he was evidently waxing to his climax, "what happens to such a young man who is worth knowing and worth marrying, the young man who really amounts to something?"

I looked blank; I had not the vaguest idea; I had never met one.

He enlightened me: "He overworks; he breaks down; he is ill, and has a trained nurse. Then for the first time in his life he becomes intimately acquainted with an agreeable young woman. He has time to think about her, and to think about himself. In short, he falls in love. I know it for a fact," continued this designing papa triumphantly, "that any ordinarily attractive nurse has at least twelve offers of marriage a year. Therefore my daughters shall be trained nurses, for thus only in this country can they meet such men as I wish them to marry."

This summary of the American social situation may strike the unobserving as something of a joke, but few women will so regard it. As the young woman grows older, and learns more and more of men — and sees less and less of them, — she comes to appreciate the soundness of the thesis that "society" as at present organized does not promote matrimony.

The growing tendency of men to adopt an increasingly unsocial mode of existence is a menace to the welfare, not to say existence, of the race. But as a sometime Harvard professor used to say: "There is nothing sacred in a tendency," and even this masculine tendency towards the segregation of the sexes can perhaps be counteracted if sufficiently vigorous measures are adopted by the other sex.

Not that the men can be reformed directly. They are what they are, and they will be what they will be. But if approached indirectly and on their weakest side, they may prove capable of re-socialization.

Of course the fundamental difficulty is that there are too many women. Women are a drug on the market, and they are getting more and more so. Their value is steadily decreasing, through excess of supply. There are not nearly enough men to go around, and their value is correspondingly inflated. The situation after the Euro-

pean war is too appalling to contemplate. But it is not only the barbarities of war that disturb the balance of the sexes. Peace and civilization seem to make the world run to women. Look at England, with her superfluous millions — for many years a pathetic figure of enforced spinsterhood. New England is almost as bad, and is rapidly growing worse. And the worst of it is that the situation is so much more serious than the census figures indicate. What does it matter exactly how many thousands more women than men there are in Massachusetts, when we all know that the great majority of the men there are poor and ignorant and of foreign birth, and the majority of the women are the educated and refined products of the old native stock?

New York is supposed to be somewhat better off, but who knows? When a baby is born at all on Fifth Avenue or Beacon Street, it is almost always a girl. What is it to the thousands of excess women on the upper West Side that there are thousands of excess men among the immigrants on the lower East Side? "What's Hecuba to him, or he, to Hecuba?"

Alas, he is her boot-black or her laundryman!

Unfortunately it is the nature of man to care only for the rare and the difficult of acquisition. With half a dozen marriageable women to every eligible man, what wonder that he takes so little interest in the game? It has ceased to be a game. Or rather, he has become the game, no longer the hunter, but the hunted; and he is developing all the instincts for escape that belong to the pursued.

While it may be good for women to have to work hard to get their men (this is one of the new professions for women whose arduous character is not generally appreciated), it is very bad for the men. They are getting very vain and conceited, and are degenerating socially at an appalling rate. They have come to think that their mere physical presence at a social function is the con-

ferring of a favor beyond the deserts of mortal hostess, and they refrain from any further effort. They no longer converse, but if they emerge at all from the smoking room they sit silent, and graciously suffer some fair young thing to entertain them with her sprightly prattle on sport or other topics supposed to interest them.

The only salvation of these rapidly deteriorating bachelors is marriage, that marvellous agency for transmuting the untamed brute into the social, responsible, responsive human thing.

It would be a good idea for some philanthropist to finance a campaign of education to teach men the duty of marriage, and to teach woman that it is a privilege for a limited number, and not to be too grasping about it.

The other day I was talking with a man born and brought up in the Middle West, and further stultified by an early and a happy marriage. Apropos of I forget what, he said seriously, "Don't you think that people are coming more and more to recognize that marriage is a duty?" Doubtless many married people feel that way about it. Perhaps this is the reason why so many unmarried men avoid it. They seem to think it rather smart not to marry at all, or to marry late in life. And our Eastern man does not hesitate to go West and bring back his coals to Newcastle.

The only alternative would seem to be polygamy, which, although so well adapted to the needs of this generation and those to come, seems as yet to fail to please, and is at present strangely unpopular. One cannot help thinking that Joseph Smith was one of the prophets who came before his time. Never the time and the place and the prophet all together! If Smith had been born in this century instead of in the last, and had had the sense to dig up his tablets on Beacon Hill instead of in a remote part of New York State, how different might have been the future of New England spinsters!

But alas, this opportunity seems to have been permanently spoiled through having been taken up by the wrong people.

To be sure it is possible that the difficulties now experienced in getting a man to marry at all would be increased rather than decreased if he were expected to provide for two or more help-meets. Perhaps monogamy so generally regarded as the male concession to feminine prejudice or principle, or in its more elevated aspects, as the essential soil for the flower of the soul, and the inevitable accompaniment of the evolution of human liberty and spiritual culture, may be in reality the outcome of man's increasing unwillingness to assume disproportionate matrimonial burdens.

That a hankering after this solution of the human problem still lingers, however, in the modern mind, is evidenced by the tendency of so many popular writers to inspire their readers with a desire to have their heroes marry at least two of their heroines. The ruthless realists of today do not hesitate to create perfectly good subsidiary heroines with no visible means of mental support other than a matrimonial interest in their heroes, and then basely leave them in the lurch without even a consolation prize hovering on the horizon. In the good old days a heroine hesitated among many lovers; now it is the hero who hesitates. One can no longer take up a novel with the comforting assurance that there will be partners enough to go around, and even the villains satisfactorily mated.

But since the polygamic solution of our problem seems at present impracticable, and man must be saved from bachelorhood by one woman, or at least one at a time, and since he shows an increasing disinclination to save himself, woman must, as usual, rush to the front and effect the rescue. It is up to her to make marriage popular by inflating her now depreciated value in the matrimonial market.

Since it is the irreparable nature of man to care only for what is valuable, and since the nature of value is an economic law, there is nothing for it but to increase the demand by limiting the supply. Women must pool their interests and combine to form a matrimonial trust. Large numbers must withdraw altogether from the area of competition in order to insure a proper value to those who remain. The sex which, through long practice, has acquired the habit of self-sacrifice, must now unionize for this supreme act of self-abnegation. Only those should remain who are equipped for success by beauty or "that damned charm." Every girl knows by the time she has reached the age of consent, whether her consent will ever be solicited. She discovered at the first children's party she ever attended whether she was "the kind that boys like;" and the boy is the father of the man; he knows what he likes, and is unchangeable. If she is not of the chosen at her first dance, let her embrace some other career — teaching, for instance, where she can be guaranteed against meeting a man from one year's end to another.

This hitherto unrecognized field for the exercise of woman's favorite virtue of renunciation needs only to be pointed out to be crowded with aspirants for the martyr's palm. Let the young woman who feels a call to immolate herself for the benefit of her sisters take this vow: "I will attend no more dances, lest I diminish the names on other girls' cards. I will go to no more picnics or dinners, lest another girl should have to stay at home. I will ask no man to call on me, lest I consume precious time that might be given to another. I will flirt with no man, lest he think himself a favorite with women, and become puffed up with conceit. I will marry no man, lest some other woman need a husband more than I." This sort of thing would meet very well the needs of a girl at the stage of her development when she would otherwise take to charity or religion. If the idea were properly presented, so many would enter the sisterhood

as to reduce materially the present cut-throat competition for the "attention" of young men.

These vows need not necessarily be irrevocable. They relate chiefly to the activities of a campaign of attraction. They need not prevent a girl from taking that passive part which is conventionally assigned to the woman in the matrimonial game. They modify only the aggressive policy that must ordinarily be adopted if success is to crown her efforts. If a woman is sought by a man, let her be won by him; but let her cease from being the seeker and the winner, unless she is one of those remaining in the business as a professional. All women know, but few acknowledge, how little of men's society they would get if they did not work hard for it. Let them be relieved of this irksome necessity, now considered the duty of all, but soon to be regarded as the duty of only the predestined few. Thus may Art counteract Nature's profligate over-production of her favorites.

There remains to be considered the important problem of how to secure increased efficiency in the marketing of the reduced product. Those who remain in the matrimonial market should perform their duties in a much more intelligent and professional manner. In this country the business of getting married is still carried on in an amateurish way, which may have answered well enough in more primitive times, when women were not too numerous, and men actually liked to marry, and took the initiative in courtship. But today necessity demands greater inventiveness, better technique, the adoption of suitable standards of efficiency.

The mothers of the present day are especially lacking in enterprise. They are almost as indifferent as their prospective sons-in-law. They seem to consider their rôle that of the "sleeping partner" in the business, furnishing funds for the stock in trade, but leaving the marketing of the wares to chance and their daughters. They

complacently bring out their girls in New York and Boston, where a "coming out" is a matter of millinery rather than men. Of course, the proper place to bring out a marriageable girl is a mining camp in Nevada or a military station in the Philippines. A recent newspaper advertisement of a steamship company's trips to Panama assures the public of its "affording opportunity of visiting the Canal under most favorable auspices." Just what these "most favorable auspices" may be is sufficiently indicated by an alluring cut representing a young lady leaning on a steamer railing between two extremely "attentive" young men. I understand that during the summer months, when the excursionists are fewer and the men travelling on business more numerous, a passable young woman taking the trip to Panama is sure of receiving offers of marriage en route, the exact number depending only on the extent to which she is "on deck." It takes private enterprise, however, to give publicity to these opportunities. Our man-ridden government not only ignores, but apparently seeks to minimize them. Throughout New England, a national department has had the effrontery to placard the billboards with enchanting reproductions of tropic scenes inhabited only by handsome and smartly caparisoned males, and bearing the legend: "Young men wanted for the U. S. army." As if New England had any young men to spare! And how about the young women before whose fascinated gaze this forbidden fruit is so temptingly dangled? Can her country find no place for Circe in this pictured land of lotus eaters?

Since the onset of the European war these alluring scenes have been replaced by representations of fully accoutered artillery prancing over rocky mountains, or dashing infantry apparently advancing at "double quick" upon the fascinated spectator, who, if a love lorn maid, might readily imagine herself about to be "caught and kissed" by the oncoming horde of eager youths. Have

these strenuous patriots no hours for dalliance and repose and the "setting-up exercises" of love? Is there no train service to the painted deserts where these eligible young men so numerously and so tantalizingly disport themselves?

Unfortunately, most women lack the initiative and the means to follow the vagrant sex to the ends of the earth. Instead they stand helpless, poor lambs, ready and waiting, "waiting at the church" for their sacrifice to the unknown and absent god. Has he lost his sense of smell, or does the wind of the wilderness tickle his nostrils more agreeably than the incense from the matrimonial altar? Is the sound of the cataract more musical in his ears than the crackling of the hymeneal flame? How entice him back? How trace and track the elusive male? This is the practical problem that presents itself.

If poverty or other hindrances prevent family excursions to those remote corners of the earth, to which single men so readily secure free transportation, a diligent search might disclose happy hunting grounds nearer home. I remember once hearing a lady of European experience and point of view advising a scandalized New York mother of daughters on this subject: "My dear, why don't you go to live in Schenectady? I hear there are scores of perfectly delightful young engineers there; and then there is the college too. The opportunities for girls are really quite unusual."

Girls are very carelessly educated from the point of view of their matrimonial prospects. Parents seem to pay no regard to the tastes of young men. They frequently put their daughters through courses of domestic science, dress-making, and all sorts of so-called "practical" matters. Such pursuits make girls quiet and sensible, and, as young men do not like quiet sensible girls, their chances are greatly jeopardized. Any course of study that teaches a girl to be a wife and mother and

to keep a house should be deferred until after her engagement is announced, and in doubtful cases until after the wedding. There is a famous old recipe for rabbit pie that begins, "First catch your rabbit."

A superficial person might think that the training of the nurse, so highly recommended for matrimonial aspirants, might have an undesirable effect, and of course it would if the nurse played the game fairly. But all is fair in love, and a nurse is to be forgiven for hitting a man when he is down, and for the other unfair advantage that she has in enforced propinquity. In these cases the victim is usually the patient, who is *non compos* for the time being, or else the doctor, who is so used to sick women that his resistance to a healthy one is abnormally weakened. The nurse is merely "the exception that proves the rule"* that serious interests are not to be encouraged in the marriageable young lady. One would think that a mere reading of the daily papers would teach parents that courses in singing, dancing and acting would be more profitable than domestic or any other science. This is one of the great moral lessons of the stage that does not seem to have got over the footlights.

It is not merely qualities of the mind that must be kept in their place, but also qualities of the heart. What is called a "beautiful character" is a possession of doubtful practical value. All Europe stands aghast at what it is pleased to consider the selfishness of American women. Who could have dreamed that women anywhere in the world would presume to lay violent hands on this prerogative of man? It is indeed monstrous! A dire fate has been threatened these unnatural creatures — and European men have flocked to marry them.

Married men are always complaining of the vanity and extravagance of women, but no serious attention should be paid to them. Since that is the kind of woman

*We never could quite feel sure how that's done. The nearest we can get to it is that admitting a fact to be an exception, admits a rule to exist. *Ed.*

they have married, they are simply proving that that is the kind of woman they liked before they were married, and of course it does not matter what kind they like afterward. Any one who looks below the surface realizes that these qualities are examples of sexual selection, sedulously cultivated by women who desire to please. The vain, extravagant women are all married, or else trying to choose among many suitors. Old maids are generally modest and economical.

A college education is, of course, a risky thing to subject a girl to, for it is likely to make her intelligent, though it should be said, in fairness to the colleges, that with increasing years and experience, they are doing less and less damage of this sort. The previous generation proved that girls were as capable as boys of benefiting by a college education. It remained for this generation to prove that they could go through it equally unscathed.

Of course intelligent men seldom care for intelligent women, and the ordinary woman likes to marry her equal or superior. If, however, her education is pursued to such lengths that the girl becomes really intellectual, there is greater hope for her; for at that point she becomes attractive to and is attracted by men who are looked down upon by ordinary women.

As intellectual men usually prefer silly women, so intellectual women have a strong taste for stupid men. This is one of Nature's beneficent provisions for keeping things properly balanced. Mr. Shaw, who tries so hard to make women understand themselves, and to make men misunderstand them, in his earlier and saner years, wrote a wonderfully illuminating novel about the infatuation of a highly cultivated college-bred heiress and a prize fighter. Every educated woman who has ever read that book has a secret passion for that prize fighter. There was another adorable man in the book, a footman, also in love with the heiress, whom Stevenson, with the

sure feminine touch of the artist, has immortalized in his inspired letter to Mr. Archer.

Few realize how completely fascinating to the woman of culture are common soldiers, policemen, firemen, chauffeurs and acrobats. Unhappily women seldom have the courage of their tastes. For a hundred men who marry cooks and chorus girls, only one woman ventures to elope with her coachman or her riding master. The only way that the intellectual woman dares to gratify her taste for her natural affinity, the strong, simple, silent, stupid man, is to find a gentleman of that description in her own social station, whereas she might, if properly encouraged, relieve the overcrowding of the more fashionable sections of the matrimonial market by seeking the man of her real choice in the mine, the lumber camp, or the circus, on the ranch, the race-track, or the professional baseball field.

I recently met at my club an old college friend who had just returned from a visit to another friend, a young woman who, after publishing a brilliant thesis in philosophy in connection with her doctor's degree, had refused the offer of a college professorship to marry a man unknown in the circle where she had hitherto lived and moved and had her being. Inspired with curiosity as to the outcome of the match, I greeted our common friend with "Well, how's Margaret and her Billie?" "They're well and happy," she responded, "especially happy." "Let's see," I continued, "what is he, a mason or a carpenter or something?"

"Something like that," my friend contributed, "I never understood just what he did. He may be a hod carrier for all I know. He never talks shop — or anything else."

"What's he like?" I pursued.

"Well, that's hard to say. He looks nice, and he has an adorable smile, but he never says anything. Margaret does all the talking as usual." "Is he stupid or just

quiet?" I persisted. "I'm inclined to think he's both. But what does it matter? Margaret likes him. She says he rests her."

I have another friend who, after completing an advanced course in economics, accepted an official position which involved the visitation of institutions in more or less remote parts of her State. I once asked her whether she did not find it very dull to travel about in this way.

"Dull!" she said in apparent surprise, "Why, it's anything but dull!" And then she added with a twinkle in her eye, "There are always the commercial travellers, you know."

"Horrors!" I exclaimed, "You don't talk to them, do you?"

"Talk to them!" she replied. "Well, I should think I did! I dote on them! They offer me chewing gum and tell me they think thirty-five is the most attractive age for a woman. Or they talk to me as man to man, beginning their sentences with 'Well, sir,' and slapping their knees. And they tell me the story of their life. Oh, they're sweet things!"

"It's a crying shame and a public scandal," I declared, "for the likes of you to be at large — fleecing these innocents and playing your confidence game on them."

My friend paid no attention to my righteous indignation. She just repeated with a reminiscent smile, "They're sweet things." And I have expected to hear ever since that one of them had so irresistibly appealed to her sense of humor or her maternal instinct, or whatever chord in her complicated nature they struck most importunately that she had acquired the "sweet thing" for her life's entertainment.

It is possible that one of the problems of the present matrimonial situation might be solved if large numbers of young women could be educated to the grade of doctors of philosophy, when whole new vistas of possible men would be opened up to them, and it might become

as popular for women as for men to "marry beneath them." This wisdom comes to almost every woman at forty. She realizes then that what a woman loves is man, and what a man loves is woman, and that the particular individual selected does not so enormously matter. She has discovered that the one man in the world for her is any one of a million or so. But by that time all but a few have been taken by other women, and the few that are left prefer sweet sixteen. This may account for that vice known as "cradle-snatching" so frequently exhibited by the middle-aged.

Marrying beneath one's station in life is perhaps the key that will open the door of matrimony to many thousands of women now deprived of its benefits. Let all women marry beneath them, the timid souls climbing down just one rung in the social ladder, and the bolder spirits leaping from top to bottom. In this way we might absorb and amalgamate those thousands of excess immigrant men who now so tantalizingly remain outside the native market, and cause the statistics of the relative number of men and women so outrageously to lie.

TASTE AND TRADITION

ARE there any canons of taste? If they exist, how shall they be determined, and what is the extent of their authority? These are ancient questions and they have been often answered, notably by Mr. Brownell in his brilliant essay on *Standards*. If I have undertaken to discuss them anew, it is because they have been forced upon my attention by private circumstances.

The fact is that several gentlemen of the press have recently been paying me their respects in no uncertain voice, and by holding me up as a mischievous example of the results of judging literature by avowed standards of taste have compelled me to reconsider the general grounds of criticism and my own position. One of these gentlemen took the occasion of a couple of books by John Cowper Powys to make comparisons that, to speak mildly, were not meant to be agreeable. "Mr. Powys," he observed, "is what is currently termed a subjective critic. Only, perhaps, in America are there people left who object to that sort of criticism and seek for some cosmic foot-rule with which to measure works of art." In contrast with the true subjective critic I am then named as a specimen of the "arid" sort who think they have a cosmic foot-rule in their pocket. Another gentleman, in *A Note on Criticism* contributed to a New York review, has been even more contemptuous. It is the hide-bound critic, he thinks, who ought to be reminded of the true meaning of culture, and not "the avid child who can digest green apples where later he won't be able to stand the delicate monstrosities of Katherine Fullerton Gerould." And then the reviewer adds, like Jove scattering his bolts upon the just and the unjust, "'Wholesome' boys are spanked every day for reading detective stories which delight" — strange fellowship in joy — Elihu Root and Charles E. Hughes and myself. Whether Mr. Root and Mr. Hughes

indulge in the secret vice of reading detective stories I do not know; it is awful to contemplate such depravity. As for my poor self, I might have suspected that, by coupling my name so unexpectedly with two distinguished statesmen, the reviewer intended a compliment, had he not held me up elsewhere in the article as a deplorable case of the madness that comes from rejecting "the irresponsibility of temperament" and searching for "a true criterion of criticism."

These gentlemen of the press need not be named, and their attacks on me or on any one else would be negligible, were it not that they are the flying voices of a wide-spread and dogmatic theory. Even scholars like Mr. Spingarn, with the inverted sort of pedantry common to-day among the learned, are teaching a ready public that art is only expression, and criticism is only impression, and that no one need bother to hunt for standards of taste, which are not and never were.

Well, in the first place, all this denunciation of the Absolute by souls enamoured of æsthetic adventure is very pretty if taken as rhetoric, but has no connection with facts. Has there ever been a sane critic who thought he had a cosmic foot-rule in his pocket, or believed he could measure the value of a work of art by some infallible standard? Sane critic, I say, for I do remember an article by an eminent psychologist which undertook to set up an absolute scale for measuring the merits of style. With the audacity of an experimenter used to laboratory methods he gave a series of quotations, ranging from college exercises up to acknowledged masterpieces, and marked them by percentages, as if he had been correcting a paper in mathematics. He then proceeded to show how, with these specimens as a testing scale, any one could take a paragraph of English and designate it as so many per cent. good or bad, without fear of contradiction. The results were excruciatingly funny; but the fellow, as I said, was a laboratory psychologist, and a psychologist of that school

has been described as a student who investigates the mind, having first acknowledged that he has no mind to investigate. And I remember another scholar, not a psychologist but a professor of English in a large university, who promulgated a somewhat similar scheme for establishing literary values of a more complicated sort. He had discovered that the effect of a piece of literature depended on its possession of ten qualities — such as pathos, humor, sublimity, and the like. To each of these qualities he allowed ten points or less, so that a perfect piece of writing, having all the qualities in the highest degree, by a simple process of addition would be graded 100 per cent., and so on down the scale. The scheme possessed the ease and infallibility of a problem in arithmetic; it was a veritable foot-rule, and the troubles of the critic were forever ended. The only difficulty was in the application of the rule. As I recollect the measurements actually made by the learned inventor, in a long list of tested books *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* stood at the top as the greatest work of literature ever produced, while *Hamlet* was far down towards the bottom. And so of the students of this distinguished pedagogue I fear it might be said:

> The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
> But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
> Besides what the grim wolf—

this academic wolf being no other than those so-called utilitarian pursuits that ever stand ready to draw off the ill-fed students of the humanities.

If the foes of standards have in mind such freaks of criticism as these, let us bid them God speed. No sane critic believes that questions of taste can be settled by an absolute rule like problems in arithmetic.

Luther once likened our human nature to a drunkard on horseback: prop him up on one side, and over he topples on the other. The simile is apt, and applies to taste as well as to morals. As soon as we are convinced that no

absolute standard exists, forthwith we flop to the other extreme and swear that there are no standards at all; so hard is it to keep the middle path of common sense. Yet to prove that all men judge by standards you need go no further than the writings of those who declaim most loudly against them. This is the curious fact: just so surely as you meet with one of these relativistic philosophers who think that every man's taste is his own, you will find him pretty soon uttering the most savage and exemplary judgments against those who disagree with him. This Mr. Powys, for instance, who is regarded as a model of adventurous and irresponsible sympathy, can slash about when he pleases with a cutting assurance which hints at a bowie-knife in his pocket, however he may eschew cosmic foot-rules. But the really test case is the great Anatole France, the flowing philosopher *par excellence*, from whom so many of our late-emancipated youth have borrowed their literary creed, to the effect that criticism is a continual adventure of the soul, a kind of freebooting romance for the curious and enlightened. Well, one day, in the course of his Vie Littéraire, Anatole France felt obliged to write about a novel, *La Terre*, which no amount of adventurous sympathy could make him like, which, in fact, he heartily disliked; and this is how he sums up his condemnation of the author: "He [M. Zola] has no taste, and I have come to believe that the want of taste is that mysterious sin spoken of by the Scripture, the greatest of sins, which alone will never be pardoned."

In other words, when Anatole France lays aside his theory and speaks his real mind, he can judge as incisively as M. Brunetière or any other avowed doctrinaire, and admits that he judges from a central principle of his nature, which he calls taste. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Every man likes certain things and dislikes certain other things; more than that, every man likes a certain class of things and dislikes a certain other class of things, and praises or dispraises by a standard,

whether he names it taste or refuses to acknowledge that it has a name. The question at issue is not whether there are absolute standards or no standards, but what those approximate standards are by which men have been accustomed to form their taste, and why the relativistic philosophers and their followers of the press exhibit such a fury at the sound of the word.

As for the nature of these standards, the matter has been summed up admirably by one who, as the first of romantic critics in English, can be open to no objection on the score of absolutism. "As it was my constant reply," Coleridge says in his *Biographia Literaria*, "to authorities brought against me from later poets of great name, that no authority could avail in opposition to TRUTH, NATURE, LOGIC, and the LAWS OF UNIVERSAL GRAMMAR; actuated too by my former passion for metaphysical investigations; I labored at a solid foundation, on which permanently to ground my opinions, in the component faculties of the human mind itself, and their comparative dignity and importance. According to the faculty or source, from which the pleasure given by any poem or passage was derived, I estimated the merit of such poem or passage. As the result of all my reading and meditation, I abstracted two critical aphorisms; . . . first, that not the poem which we have *read*, but that to which we *return*, with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power, and claims the name of *essential poetry*. . . Be it however observed, that I excluded from the list of worthy feelings, the pleasure derived from mere novelty in the reader, and the desire of exciting wonderment at his powers in the author." Coleridge is verbose and wanders as usual, but his "solid foundation" resolves itself clearly enough into these four rules: —

First: That the value of a work of art is not determined primarily by authority, but is a question of truth and nature.

Secondly: That our sense of truth and nature in a work

of art is the pleasure we derive from it. To this notion, that the aim of art is to give pleasure, Coleridge returns frequently in the course of his rambling treatise; it is a principle to which the most extreme individualist will assent.

Thirdly: Coleridge asserts that pleasures vary in value and importance by a standard of permanence. For instance, other things being equal, we place a higher value on a poem which continues to interest us on a second or third perusal than on one which interested us a first time but bores us a second time.

Fourthly: He asserts that pleasures vary also in value and importance by a standard of quality, that is, in accordance with the faculty of the mind which is concerned. These third and fourth principles, as you will see, are the crux of the question. You will divine, too, that they suggest certain inferences which may give trouble to the theoretical opponent of standards.

Now, to consider Coleridge's third principle first, the criterion of permanence indicates one cause, perhaps the main cause, of hostility between those who profess to judge by standards and those who fight for the irresponsibility of the individual. To a certain point they agree. Take two pictures which at a first view give a man equal pleasure, surely he would prefer to possess the one which affords the same pleasure on repeated inspection and does not lose its attraction. And so with a book of poetry: he would prefer to own the book to which he could return the oftenest with interest. But at this point a difference of theory, and to some degree of practice, intrudes. Those who acknowledge standards are wont to maintain that this permanence of pleasure extends from the individual to the race, whereas the other group either deny that any ascertainable tradition of taste exists, or else, granting the existence of such a tradition, deny that it has any relation to permanence of taste in the living individual.

Let us look more closely into these alternative views. And first, as to the opinion that there is no ascertainable tradition of taste. This is the very kernel of the question, and must be faced squarely. The relativists are fond of pointing to the mistakes of criticism in the past, and particularly to its failure to recognize great works of original genius on their first appearance. They take a ghoulish glee in quoting the sentences of Jeffrey and Gifford and the other anti-romanticists of the early nineteenth century. And what, they ask, shall we expect of "official" criticism which says that *The Excursion* will never do, tells a certain young surgeon's apprentice named Keats to go back to his gallipots, and has no better description of Shelley's poems than "convulsive caperings of Pegasus laboring under colic pains"? Well, those much-maligned maligners are like the devil in one respect at least: they are not so black as they are painted. There were idiots among them, no doubt; and our own idiots are not all in asylums. But if those who take most delight in decrying Jeffrey, for instance, would condescend to read what they abuse, they would find that his taste was generally good, and that most, not all, of the things he condemned were worthy of condemnation. They might learn, too, that the despised Gifford's chief work, in *The Baviad* and *The Mæviad*, was to bring contempt upon the "namby-pamby madrigals" and "splay-foot doggrel," the "motley fustian, neither verse nor prose," of a horde of much-lauded poets now well forgotten. As Scott said, he "squabashed the Della Cruscans at one blow." I suspect that one of the things we most need in our own day is just a *Baviad* to pillory some of the lawless men who are trampling down the wild thyme of Parnassus.

I am far from saying that Gifford and his tribe were always judicious or generous. I do say, however, that where they failed it was precisely because they were not in the tradition, but pronounced sentence from the narrow and ephemeral point of view of the pseudo-classic, not the

classic, school. Those who scold these errant critics as an illustration of the complete relativity of taste, forget that they do so by virtue of the validity of a larger tradition. It is with tradition as it is with standards: because tradition is not absolute and infallible, men are prone to cry out that there is no tradition. That is an error deep-rooted in human nature, hard to eradicate. No sane man supposes that tradition is a scale fixed once and forever in all its *nuances* of valuation; but it is a simple matter of history, nevertheless, that a long tradition of taste does exist, wavering and obscure on its outskirts, growing steadier and more immutable as we approach its centre. Let us take a poet who stands in this central tradition and follow, briefly by necessity, his fortunes in general estimation. We shall see, I think, that the law of taste is the least changeable fact of human nature, less changeable than religious creeds, far less changeable than scientific theories. The advent of Christianity has left it untouched, and the waning of faith does not trouble it. The hypotheses of science — elemental spirits, antiphlogiston, corpuscular and undulatory explanations of light, atoms and ions and the continuum, catastrophism and natural selection — come and pass and come again, while the central tradition of taste is still the same. Wars and revolutions alter everything, but not this. It is like the sea:

> Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
> Stops with the shore.

If anything in history seems to be settled it is the position of Homer among the Greeks. To him they turned for the source of literature, the mirror of conduct, the fountain-head of all right thinking and all right speaking. He was the guide of the young, the philosopher of the middle-aged, the friend of the old. Not that his acceptance was absolute. Plato, though he could write of Homer in terms of adoration, also censured him harshly for his familiar treatment of the gods; and there was a crabbed gram-

marian named Zoilus, who won the epithet *Homeromastix*, scourge of Homer, for his systematic abuse of the poet. But these exceptions only prove that a solid fact need not be an absolute fact. And what Homer was to the Greeks, he continued to be to the Romans until the old civilization passed away.

With the coming of the Dark Ages — significant name — there is a change. The Greek language was almost forgotten in the West, and as an inevitable consequence the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were little read. Nevertheless, the tradition was not lost, nor even totally eclipsed, and with the survival of learning it emerges once more, never again, let us hope, to be darkened. There were, however, several curious and, in part, contradictory currents in Renaissance criticism which for a while prevented the complete acknowledgment of Homer's literary supremacy. For one thing, owing to the language of the *Æneid* and to the ease with which Christian ideas could be read into various passages, Virgil had supplanted Homer through the Middle Ages as the master poet; and the scholars of the Renaissance, despite their pose of general rebellion, were too deeply involved in the spirit of the immediate past to escape its æsthetical restrictions without a long struggle. And the theory of the new criticism, with its insistence on the authority of reason and on the authority of age, tended to uphold the superiority of the Latin epic. These two principles of authority were clearly and definitively formulated by Scaliger in his *Poetics*, published in 1561, and were applied to the tradition of taste with childlike confidence. "Homer's genius," he says (*Poetice* V, ii), "was the greatest; his art was of such a character that he seems rather to have happened on it than to have cultivated it. Wherefore there is no reason for surprise if I find in him a certain Idea of nature, but not art. . . Then Virgil, having received art from Homer in this rude state, raised it by his selective study of nature and his judgment to the highest point of perfection. . . As in

the very circle of our life there are many things, yet few give pleasure, and still fewer raise admiration; so many things would insinuate themselves into the breast of the poet, but not all are to be admitted. He who follows the example of Virgil prefers therefore to exclude an occasional good thing which might give pleasure, rather than admit anything which can offer even the suspicion of offense."

Here you will see how Scaliger applies to Homer and Virgil the false notion of reason as a faculty superior to, and in a sense hostile to, the creative imagination, — the notion underlying pseudo-classic art and pseudo-classic criticism, which, strange as it may sound, is still confused with the true classic by some of our belated scholars. It is easy to understand how such a theory worked against the full and frank recognition of Homer as an artist.

The other principle formulated by Scaliger was oddly inconsistent in its operation. Like the Renaissance scholars in general he was imbued with respect for authority as a power synonymous with age. Now, in accordance with this law the *Iliad* as the older poem ought to be the better, and this undoubtedly would have been Scaliger's avowed opinion were it not that he stood committed to the greater regularity and art of Virgil. Instead, therefore, of comparing Homer with Virgil on the basis of authority by virtue of age, he switches aside and makes his comparison between the *Iliad* and the *Hero and Leander* of Musæus, really a late production of the sixth century after Christ, but by a confusion of its author with the mythical Musæus held to be a work of the remote pre-Homeric age. Scaliger was too sound a critic at heart not to see that the actual matter of the *Hero and Leander* was relatively slight and insignificant; but, like a true philologian he had his hypothesis ready. He imagined that this poem was a mere *parergon* of the mighty bard of antiquity, and that the serious works of Musæus and Orpheus and their coevals had been lost. "If Musæus," he says, "had written those things which Homer wrote, we may suppose that he would

have written them far better." And as it is, "the style," if not the substance, "of Musæus is far more polished and elegant than Homer's."

Now this triple judgment of Scaliger on Homer and Virgil and Musæus bears closely on the true nature of tradition. It shows, I think, that in his heart of hearts he was quite awake to the surpassing genius and art of Homer, but was seduced by current theories to express opinions not entirely in accord with his actual taste as determined by the criterion of pleasure. And one can follow this deflection of expressed opinion right through the reign of pseudo-classicism. Let me illustrate what I mean by two familiar examples taken from English literature. You cannot read Pope's *Preface to the Iliad* without feeling his enthusiastic preference of the poet he was translating; yet so deeply ingrained in his mind was the Renaissance notion of the opposition between reason and inventive genius that he could not omit a formal comparison of the two ancient epics on the basis of this contrast. "No author or man," he says, "ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we think that Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it; each of these authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work." And so on. For our other illustration we may take the absurd wrangle that was the occasion of Swift's *Battle of the Books*. Does any one suppose that Sir William Temple and Boyle or any other champion of the *Epistles of Phalaris* got more pleasure out of reading those frigid exercises in rhetoric than from the genuine masterpieces of Greek prose? Certainly they did not; yet because they believed these *Epistles* to be from the hand of the Sicilian

tyrant, and so endowed with the authority of primitive age, they did not hesitate to cross lances for them with the terrible Bentley himself. At least one of the false theories of pseudo-classicism, the sheer authority of age, was so damaged in that battle that it has had little force since then to deflect the straight line of tradition.

Homer was to come to his own with the revival of Romanticism, though here again the mischievous inheritance of the Renaissance can be seen at work. The romanticists were, and are, quite as convinced as any pseudo-classicist of the inherent hostility between reason and imagination, between judgment and genius; only they take the opposite side, and bestow all their praises on genius. Hence you will find a succession of scholars in the nineteenth century, particularly in Germany, who make much of the spontaneity and naïveté of the *Iliad*, likening it to the untutored ballads of the people, and comparing it in this respect favorably with the *Æneid*, which they were wont to belittle as a product of reflective judgment and conscious art. On the whole I am inclined to believe that the justice of tradition has come nearer to suffering a real perversion from these romantic sentimentalists than from the rationalists of the now despised pseudo-classical school.

But withal the tradition still abides, and promises to abide. There are, of course, men to-day, like our professional endower of libraries, who affect to look down on the *Iliad* as the work of a barbarous age. But if you investigate their opinion, you will find that it is warped by some extraneous theory, such as a crude pacifism which thinks it uncivic to enjoy a tale of fighting, or an equally crude evolutionism which measures excellence unflinchingly by the criterion of newness. And you will commonly find moreover that these faddists have not read the poem in the original, that is, properly speaking, have not read it at all, and so ought to be put out of court. The verdict of those who have a right to judge is almost without ex-

ception that in Homer we have pure poetry, and that everything since is in a way derivative and secondary.

At any rate, I do not see how one can study the history of taste honestly without acknowledging this fact of the enduring permanence of the Homeric tradition. His place, you will observe, has not been absolutely fixed; it has deflected a little to this side and to that in accordance with the changing theories of criticism, but it has always moved close to a central point — like the North Star, which moves about at a slight distance from the axis of the sky. As we depart further and further from this core of tradition, our literary judgments become less certain, and the probability of variation grows greater; but the central truth is not affected. Those who deny the validity of tradition are like watchers of the heavens who should set their eyes on the wandering planets of the ecliptic, and from these alone should infer that there was no possibility of a Polar Star.

The simple truth is that our relativists, who dwell with such satisfaction on the errors of criticism in the past, are not so much concerned with disproving the existence of tradition as they are with establishing their own right to independence of tradition. What is it to me, they would say, that a thousand generations of men have united in acclaiming the merits of a certain work of art; is that any reason why I should admire the same thing? How does tradition create standards to which I am bound to submit? Well, tradition does not *create* standards; to suppose that it did would be to fall into the pseudo-classical error of identifying age with authority. But tradition may be evidence that certain works of art *embody* standards which very much concern us. If there are different kinds of pleasure to be derived from art, as Coleridge maintained, and as the most rebellious admit, is it not possible that in failing to conform to tradition the rebels are thereby missing the greater pleasure? One element of comparison between two pleasures is in their relative degree of per-

manence; other things being equal, we all choose the pleasure that endures the longer, preferring, for instance, the book to which we can return more than once. Is there not, on the face of it, a strong probability that the book which has been read with interest by a hundred generations of men, while other books have been read and forgotten, is the one which will maintain its interest for the individual reader, if he will give it a fair chance? At least the burden of proof rests upon those who would deny such an analogy.

Let me ask for indulgence if I speak from my personal experience. It was my custom for a number of years, while I enjoyed the schoolman's privilege of leisurely vacations, to pass my summers on the coast of Maine, and there each season, within sight or sound of Homer's eternal sea, to read through the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* alternatively, not indeed shedding tears like the captive of Calypso, who

> Day after day, from beach and rocky caves,
> Looked out upon the waste of untamed waves,—

but filled with "the sober certainty of waking bliss," such as no other reading has ever afforded me. I do not give this experience as in any way peculiar to myself. On the contrary, Homer has kept his place in tradition just because he has offered this uncloying pleasure to all who are prepared to take it. Possibly some book written to-day might have the same power, but, considering the actual destinies of literature past and present, the chances are a million to one against it — *habent sua fata libelli.*

Tradition, it is well to repeat, is not itself a standard of excellence, but merely evidence of excellence; and the question is still to be answered, why these poets — Homer and Virgil and Dante and Shakespeare and Milton and the other genuine classics — have attained their preëminence, and why they are able to afford us a permanence of delight such as we cannot get from ephemeral productions.

First of all they have this power, I think, because they appeal to what is universal in human nature, rather than to what is temporary and accidental. But this quality of universality needs to be defined, since it is of a double source, and in one of its aspects is the aim of a sort of art which can be called anything but classical. Men lose their differences and show the common ground of humanity when they rise to the height of their being, and when they sink to its lowest substratum. There is a striking passage at the opening of the ninth book of *The Republic* in which Plato tells of the lawless desires that lurk in the breast of every man, even the most virtuous, silent by day when the man's will is awake, but sometimes in his sleep going forth to accomplish their filthy ends. Yes, the beast is in all of us, and it is possible to attain a kind of universality by rousing it, and feeding it with suggestions, until it dominates the soul. This is the truth that the naturalists have learned. There is in fact a whole school of writers in Russia and Austria and Germany and Scandinavia who are trading on it systematically; and recently the same theory of art has begun to hold up its head in England and America. We have among us pithecoid creatures, such as Theodore Dreiser, belated trailers after a movement which was long ago repudiated in France where it started, who know enough of art to understand that its appeal should be to the universal in human nature, but are not sufficiently educated to perceive that the true universal of art is of quite another order than the bestial. These naturalists forget that permanence of pleasure is the first requisite of good art, or, remembering it, are blind to the fact that the pleasure derived from the inverted order of universality is of all kinds the quickest to cloy. This is not a matter of theory but of experience. Take Zola's *La Terre*, or any other of his novels in which the principle of naturalism was first worked out systematically, is it possible to imagine any normal man returning to such a book year after year, with ever heightened enjoyment? Naturalism

may conceivably fascinate by the shock of surprise, or may conceivably interest for a while by the intensity of the emotions it excites, but surprise and intensity are the least stable factors of pleasure, and, if they appeal to the animal within us, they pass quickly to satiety and from satiety to disgust. As Shakespeare's Friar Lawrence said, in words that might be applied to naturalism long before Anatole France reviewed *La Terre*, it is but "the unreasonable fury of a beast":

> These violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die.

The universality of true art is of quite another order than this, and leads to the second of our criteria. It will be remembered that Coleridge, besides grading pleasures by the standard of permanence, distinguished them "according to the faculty or source" from which they were derived. Man, he would say, is not simple in his being, but dual; there is in all men the lurking beast, but there is also in all men a faculty of control, whether you call this higher element reason or the divine or the supernatural. The error of the naturalist is to regard men as simple, or as natural in the sense of having no other nature than animal instincts. He seeks the universal there where, according to his imperfect psychology, it can alone be found, and the puppet world of his vision is like Cassio's: "I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial." The true artist, on the contrary, is aware indeed of the bestial in man, but sees also something else, and in that something else looks for the meaning of life.

I do not say that the artist, by this law of our double being, is restricted in his representation of nature to what is pure and innocent; very far from that. Homer and Shakespeare and Tourgenieff, all the poets and dramatists and novelists in the great tradition, have not blenched before a world shaken, as the world we know is shaken,

by passionate ambition and furious desire. Nor is the true artist one who takes upon himself the office of preacher, to rail unseasonably against the shortcomings and vices of the life he is portraying; very far from that. Rather he is one who, by the subtle insinuating power of the imagination, by just appreciation of the higher emotions as well as the lower, by the revelation of a sad sincerity, shall I call it? in his own soul, gives us always to feel that the universal in human nature, the faculty by which man is a being different from the beast, is that part of him that is "noble in reason," the master and not the slave of passion. True art is thus humanistic rather than naturalistic; and its gift of high and permanent pleasure is the response of our own breast to the artist's delicately revealed sense of that divine control, moving like the spirit of God upon the face of the waters.

So far I seem to see my way clear. If you should ask me by what rhetorical devices and by what instrument of representation one poem or one work of art appeals more successfully than another to the higher faculty within us, how, for instance, Milton's *Paradise Lost* accomplishes this end better than Blackmore's *King Arthur*, though both poems were written with equally good intentions, I would reply frankly that the solution of this problem of the imagination may be beyond my powers of critical analysis. And, fortunately, I am not here concerned with artistic means but with artistic results. I could at least say to the questioner, with a good deal of assurance, that, if he would read honestly both *Paradise Lost* and *King Arthur*, however he might feel towards Milton's epic, he would find his pleasure in Blackmore's epic less in kind and quality. No power on earth, not even the desire to rout an adversary, could make him read Blackmore a second time.

Now, to go back to our starting point, by standards of taste we mean simply that the aim of art is to give pleasure, and that the pleasure derived from one kind of art

is preferable to that derived from another kind, by reason of its greater permanence and elevation. Permanence is a quantitative standard; elevation — the word is unsatisfactory, but I can think of no better — is qualitative, and distinguishes the kind of pleasure in accordance with the part of our nature affected. A metaphysical psychologist might argue that, in the last analysis, permanence and elevation, so applied, are only different names for one and the same thing; and probably he would be right. At least it is a matter of experience, as we have seen, that the two standards are inseparably united. And they are universal. That is not to say that universality is itself a standard, for there is a form of universality which goes with the opposite of permanence and elevation; but only that these standards are also universal, in the sense that they are potentially the same in all men, as proved by the stability of tradition.

Why then, if these standards are universal, are they not universally acknowledged? Why, in particular, are the relativists, as they call themselves, so opposed to the evidence of tradition that they are ready to deny the existence of any standards whatsoever? "I know," we can hear one of these gentlemen say, "that past generations of men pretended to find their fullest artistic satisfaction in Homer and Shakespeare and Milton and others of the illustrious dead; but I do not. I won't say much about Homer, since he is Greek to me; but Bernard Shaw gets more pleasure from his own plays than from Sophocles and Shakespeare and Racine rolled together, and so do I. And as for your Milton, I have heard college professors declare that no one now reads *Paradise Lost* except under compulsion, and I know that I and my friends are vastly more entertained by the *Spoon River Anthology* than by all the formal epics ever composed. The past was in leading-strings, but we have suddenly grown alive and, I may add, honest."

Well, our sceptical friend is certainly honest, and he

seems to be pretty wide awake; but is he educated? Now education embraces many things: it does not despise the most humble and utilitarian pursuits; it is largely occupied with the bare acquisition of knowledge; it aims to strengthen the muscles of the body and to tighten the fibres of the brain; but, above all, it is, or should be, a discipline of the soul in the appreciation of pleasure and pain. Do not suppose that such a discipline is a light or unimportant matter. If you will read the ninth book of Plato's *Republic* and the introductory books of the *Laws*, you will see how, to the eye of that keenly observant philosopher, the whole of human conduct, whether for good or for evil, is dependent on the right appreciation of pleasure and pain, and how deeply the welfare of the State is concerned with the education of youth in just this field. Teach a boy to take pleasure in things that are fine and pure and strong and of good repute, and you have prepared him for a life wholesome and happy in itself and useful to the community. Certainly, at least, the standards of taste are involved in this discipline. That faculty of the soul which responds to the higher and more permanent pleasures of art is, no doubt, present in all men, and is thus potentially universal; but it may be, and commonly is, dormant until awakened by external stimulus. For the reason that its activity means a steady choice among our natural inclinations and impulses, demanding self-control and, in a way, self-abnegation, it comes to full fruition only by exercise that at first may be painful and repellent to the natural man. By nature men are prone to grasp at the nearest and easiest pleasure, and to shirk the labor necessary for the higher and more permanent pleasure. They are even inclined to question the reality of the higher and more permanent pleasure, until it has been forced upon their recognition by the experience of others. And just here is the function of tradition. The very essence of education is not to confirm the young mind in its natural temperament, in its tendency to pursue the present and

easier pleasure, but to set before it the stirring example of those who have found their joy and consolation in the higher things, forcing it by a tender compulsion, painful perhaps at the moment but leading gradually to the liberty of endless delight, to taste of these things for itself, and to acquire the right to judge of them whether they be indeed full of pleasantness for the awakened soul. Education is the ability to judge. The educated man is he who has the right to pronounce on the standards of taste, because he has had experience of both the higher and the lower pleasures. I am not upholding any priggish or superhuman ideal. The educated man will not have lost his appreciation of the commoner things at their time and in their degree. He will enjoy the wholesome books that are of the moment and make no pretension to permanence or elevation; you will remember that our relativistic friends have even charged Mr. Root and Mr. Hughes, whether for honor or for dishonor, with finding a secret satisfaction in detective stories and penny-dreadfuls. But the educated man is one who has also been trained to know that highest and most enduring pleasure which is derived from the few great books selected and approved by the verdict of tradition. And in that power of enjoyment he will feel himself set free from his own petty limitations, and made an humble companion of those who share the heritage of time.

I suspect that these sticklers for the liberty of taste against the judgments of mankind are in the main simply uneducated; being untrained to feel the higher and more permanent pleasures of art, they grasp at any ephemeral work that offers an easy flattery of the lower elements of their nature, and swear there is nothing else. It may sound a bit paradoxical to reduce the rebellion against standards to so simple a matter as imperfect education, and, indeed, that phrase does not tell the whole story. The merely uneducated man is likely to be indifferent to standards rather than actively hostile, or he may be a

modest fellow who knows what he has missed, and would never think of raising his ignorance into a "cosmic foot-rule." There is a cause, a trait of character, behind the belligerence of ignorance. The belligerents themselves call it "irresponsibility of temperament" or the "spirit of romantic adventure," or may dignify it as a "philosophy of relativism"; but it has another name, which I rather hesitate to mention. In fact, I should not have courage to pronounce the invidious word at all, had it not been pronounced long ago by those whose insight into human nature gave them the right to speak. Even Matthew Arnold, when he came to explain the common hostility to academic standards, thought it safer to take refuge behind a venerated authority, and quoted Spinoza's maxim that "the two great banes of humanity are self-conceit and the laziness coming from self-conceit"; and he might have appealed to a more ancient philosopher than Spinoza — to none other than Buddha, who also traced the origin of all evil, moral and æsthetic, to this source. That, then, the spirit of indolence and conceit, is the animating cause behind the bitterness of those who proclaim against standards. It is the indolence that revolts from the discipline which would enable a man to judge between the higher and the lower pleasure; it is the conceit that makes him cling tenaciously to his native temperament as a better guide than the voice of tradition. Standards of taste there are, and all men judge by them; but there is a vast difference between the standards of education and those of a self-satisfied ignorance. Unfortunately, there is a theory abroad to-day, formulated and preached by a preposterous body of pædagogues of whom Mr. Abraham Flexner is the most complacent spokesman, which professes to have found in indolence and conceit the very corner stone of education.

PICNICKERS IN ACADEME

AS soon as the pomp and ceremony of Commencement have subsided, with that shocking abruptness which makes the day after seem to the left-overs a vacuum, the University is released from its immediate responsibilities to the great body of "regular" students. Ended is the academic year, and its re-beginning is distant by three months of comfortable quiet. The proper tenants of Academe have scattered, and the stir of multitudinous life about the many porches of the grove of learning is dead.

But presently the silence will be broken. Presently the many porches will teem again. The masters of the park will open the gates, now, to the swarm of picnickers, those who come to recreate themselves in the cool shadows and the sunny places of Academe. The Summer Session of six swift but abundant weeks offers its smiling, uncritical hospitality to the many. From all quarters they throng, and from all conditions — from prisons and palaces (almost literally), from arid wastes and rich demesnes of life. Some are tattered and down-at-heel (intellectually and spiritually if not materially). Others rival the birds and the flowers in gorgeousness and fantasticness of attire. Some must walk miles to save carfare, others roll up in limousines. But the price of admission is the same for all, and it is prohibitive to few. One must be reasonably "mature" and have "good moral character," and must pay his small fee at the ticket-window. That is the total requirement. Abandon misgivings, all ye who enter. Be unembarrassed by poverty, ignorance or age. Disport yourselves as ye will. The gardens are yours.

Clearly the welcome of the Summer Session makes for a more liberal democracy than the regular session with all its "but's" and "if's," its autocratic checks of stipulation and prerequisite, its general adherence to the dignities

of the traditional curricula. Perhaps you are a modest housewife of forty years (twenty of them devoted to kitchen and nursery), and wish merely to visit the course in "Household Management," where one hears about "efficiency tests applied to the home," about "labor-saving devices," "space relations in house arrangement," and such means to the general end of greater comfort and less expense at No. — Domestic Street. Good! You are welcome.

Or perhaps you are a girl of twenty, and expect to be married next fall. Subtly you feel that the best way of clinching John's devotion (for though he denies it, you know precious well that he believes woman's place to be the home, and his salary just now — well, it isn't what it will be a year or two later, of course) — the best way to make sure of John is to attend the classes in "Dietetics" and "Quantitative Experimental Cookery." There are indeed, prerequisites for admission to these courses. No tyro in the truly profound Science of Household Economics could begin to understand the chemical polysyllabics used by the teachers. But you are of the initiated since last summer, when you earned three units of perfectly good university credit in "Elementary Cooking."

Or perhaps your developed sense of the practical looks abroad. You are so thoroughly modern that you appreciate the larger obligations of the individual to society. How then could you do better, you a young woman of boundless energy, free will, and (if you do say it yourself) exceptional mental grasp, than to study "Problems of Labor and Social Organization" and "Problems of Crime"? Or your talents may lie in the direction of kindergartening, or the public playground, or the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls ("Theory of Scouting" and "Theory of the Camp Fire"). Here is your ideal training school. It is not mere books and theories that you will be offered. The principle of the laboratory obtains in everything, and you will have all imaginable opportunity to display and to

exercise that special tact and fitness which, as you have confidentially told your closest friends, has been inertly cooped up in you so long.

But no — heaven forbid that *you* should be of the practical kind, one of the busybodies whose heavy-footed efficiency tramples all the delightful romantic irresponsibility and individual vagary out of life. *You* will study "Greek for Beginners," and attend the lectures by the distinguished visitor from abroad on "The Glory of Greece." Greek has been your dream ever since you saw Miss Anglin as Medea, and came home from the performance with a violent emotional headache.

Or you will learn to swim! — now, at last, after all these years of shame and peril. And not merely how to keep afloat, but how to dive "in good form," as the Announcement of Courses promises.

Or perhaps it is "Sight Singing," or "Short-Story Writing," or "Weaving and Embroidery," or "Journalism," or "Æsthetic Dancing," or "Dramatic Interpretation" — or "Kinesiology" (that title is quite too fascinating!), which seems to have to do with anatomy and gymnastics, very *vital* things. Or it may be "Advanced Typewriting," or — yes, there it is in the Announcement — "Poultry Husbandry." One may undertake such a course as either of these last with an eye to pecuniary gain, to be sure. But why not as a lark, an adventure? This may be school, but it can be play as well. And one isn't compelled to enroll *for credit.* Avocational training is quite as legitimate as vocational, educational pleasure as permissible as educational business. And one is encouraged by some of the greatest authorities nowadays to experiment with his whims and notions.

Much more various than these, too, are the motives that bring them, the picnickers. Out of some remote high school, perhaps many miles from the railway, comes a rugged principal, a live coal of ambition and another of intellectual curiosity glowing in his soul, eager to learn the

latest theories as to the "Psychology and Training of Adolescents." There are teachers not so eager to sharpen their wits and to increase their scope as to strengthen their reputation with the agencies and with the querulously critical members of school boards. There are half-scornful, half-friendly undergraduates who need "units," and care not whether they be in Anthropology or in Browning. There are graduate devotees of the sciences who immure themselves in isolated laboratories and toil with proud aloofness at the researches leading to the doctor's degree. There are crack-brained unclassifiables who sit before the professors of philosophy, brooding solemnly if hazily over problems of knowing and doing and being. There are nondescript dilettantes that flit about from class to class, looking for thrills and throbs, inspirations and ecstasies — that is, for "live" subjects and "interesting" lecturers. There are fools certainly, and perhaps not a few knaves. And certainly there are true men and women who are enamoured of knowledge and willing to follow its devious arduous ways. Cordial democratic welcome is given to them all, and there are no such aristocratic siftings as cause heads and hearts to ache in the "regular" session. It is a complex and many-headed assemblage that strews itself with ample freedom about the hospitable academic courts and lawns.

What is the philosophy, the justification by principle, that underlies this wide opening of the gates? How may one rationally generalize concerning these very miscellaneous picnickers? What right have they to do their picnicking here, in Academe? What right haven't they? Are they a huge joke, to be taken lightly, like the books that crafty publishers considerately describe as "summer reading"? Or do they, like half-wits, slum children, Filipinos, and idle rich, demand that serious study be made of them? Are they a menace, an evil, or a hope, a joy? Do they deserve pity, praise, patronage or pardon?

In the main hallway of the University Library is an exhibition of miniature models illustrating the "evolution of the stove" — conveniently placed beneath the bland countenances of busts of Plato, Bacon, Gœthe and the like. A professor of ancient languages (compelled by financial stringency, perhaps, to teach in the Summer Session, but not unwilling, since thus he may have another chance to plead the dear cause of the *literæ humaniores*) asks in a dudgeon, "What has this to do with education?" And a waggish colleague answers, "Perhaps it has more to do with education than academic concerns."

At the conclusion of a lecture a frail little woman, made almost formidable by thick eye-glasses and a voice that chips like a cold-chisel, comes up to the lecturer and says: "Professor, you spoke about '*modes* of approach' to the subject we are considering [Note the "we"]. Why '*modes*'?" To which the professor, perhaps temperamentally a bit irritable, and now the more so through the heat of two o'clock and of abstruse exposition, replies, "Why not?"

Concerning the evolution of the stove, then, "Why not?" There is a familiar point of view from which it is at least quite as important for the permanent welfare of society that an intelligent individual should know how and when to use a hot-water bottle, as that he should have some acquaintance with the history of the Elizabethan tragedy of revenge. Then suppose you make it possible — nay more, easy and pleasant — for this individual to dip into both these subjects on the same day and in the same general locality. I do not know with what systematized profundity the hot-water bottle is specifically treated in lecture and laboratory, but I am given to understand that all items under the general caption of "First Aid" are treated with the highest order of thoroughness. And so far as I am aware, there are no conflicts in scheduled hours to prevent a person from "taking" "First Aid" and also "visiting" my own scantily attended but devotedly

conducted course in "Elizabethan Drama." Then why not?

It must be remembered that the whole day (with brief interruptions), from eight in the morning until ten or later at night, may be spent by the physically competent and sufficiently curious in passive receptivity, if not in active participation, with the offerings of the Summer Session. He — or she, and it is mostly she among the picnickers — may have, for instance, "Household Art," at eight, "Business English" at nine, "German Conversation" at ten, "Shakespeare" at eleven, "Contemporary Philosophical Problems" at one, "Landscape Gardening" at two, "Principles of Tone Production" at three, "Basketball" (or Boxing, Wrestling, Fencing, etc.) at four, "Sewing" at five, and in the evening, perhaps dancing in the Gymnasium or a popular lecture on "Hindu Poetry" or on "Alcibiades." And the next day, and the next, and so on almost indefinitely, totally different programs may be followed. That is to say: if one has paid his fee as an "auditor" or "visitor" or "regular", and is reasonably mature, and of sound moral character.

Why not? Why shouldn't these persons of voracious and omnivorous appetite be fed? If they become surfeited and suffer miseries of mental indigestion, it is their own fault. The University is under no *obligation* to teach them *anything* — at least beyond First Aid in cases of intellectual drowning, poisoning or fracturing. And for all the harm that may be done to the ninety and nine, there is the compensating good that may be wrought for the precious one. The housewife or the high school principal may on Monday morning be utterly empty and desolate. But by Monday evening — to paraphrase a wise ancient, as quoted in one of my Elizabethan dramatists — "Quem dies vidit veniens jacentem, hunc dies vidit fugiens superbum." Is it not worth while, in spite of all the obloquy that the true-blue academic carpers would put upon the picnickers and their genial hosts, that this

good should be done? Think of the larger vision, the higher courage, the sturdier will, the readier aptitude — and all the other fine, deeply desirable things that are annually and so eloquently mentioned in Commencement addresses. Superficial and ephemeral, the teaching and the inspiration? The little light more perilous than Egyptian darkness? Even so, the initiation into *methods* and *ideals* (which, one may suppose from what the university presidents are always saying, define the primary ends of education) — this initiation that the "likely" individual will receive may be theoretically computed as a saving offset for the harm done to the "unlikely" many.

Mr. Chesterton has an interesting way of contrasting the British people of the Restoration with those of the Renaissance: the former are expert at killing time, the latter at making time live. These two general classes of persons with regard to time abound in the regular session at the University, and there is no disputing that between them are divided the more heterogeneous but essentially similar human beings who constitute the membership of the Summer School. The curious housewife may be as much of a time-killer or fighter against ennui as the dilettante who wings her light-headed way from class to class with the perfect irresponsibility of any vagrant insect. But in another edition she may be as plausibly a soul jealous of every fugitive hour, one even who must rob Peter to pay Paul by omitting the baking at home in order that she may learn at the University how to do it. And what is so obviously true in the case of the housekeeper, may be correspondently true of the school-teacher, of the unclassifiable intellectual nomad, or even of the undergraduate who, coerced into attendance by the need of mere "units," suddenly finds himself afflicted with the moral obligation to acknowledge within his being the stir of a new enthusiasm. Whatever his habits or his inhibitions may be, the bona fide member of the Summer Session is not likely to have

been immunized against the possibility of learning how to make time live.

In this connection one must take special account of the immense importance that attaches to the missionary work of the imported celebrities, the "big men" from other and usually more famous universities, the academic magicians, prophets, and deputy deities. There is always sure to be one celebrity at least who is wealthily endowed with the "goodly ornature of well-apparelled speech." He is likely to have a mellow, richly modulated voice, and he will almost surely have memorable eyes — large, brown, benevolent ones, or sparkling, subtly smiling ones. If he be a bachelor, and have social distinction — well, it is, I believe, a demonstrable fact that in such case the number of limousines on the campus is greater than otherwise (though of course the implied relationship may be wholly adventitious). It does not matter what the popular lecturer's subject may be. Shakespeare's Heroines, Beauty in Modern Art, or The Spell of Hellas will obviously do equally well. And to protest querulously that popular lecturing upon such themes is unacademic or cheap or even sometimes ludicrous, is not only ungenerous, it is unreasonable.

The professor who is pained by the visible story of the evolution of the stove in the Library recalls the Platonic dialogue in which young Hippocrates comes thumping and shouting to Socrates' door at break of day, exploding with the news that Protagoras, the great teacher, is in town. The professor reminds us of Socrates' amused calm, and of the discomfiture that the sage brings later to the glib and vulnerable Protagoras. But can the Protagorases do the Hippocrateses nothing but harm, and are there enough Socrateses in the faculty to go round? The popular lecturer is generally expected to have in his power most of the galvanizing tricks that make time live. If for some of his auditors he merely kills time, at any rate he keeps them temporarily out of mischief.

There is, certainly, some justice in the criticism that the popular lecturer, and perhaps not a few of his less conspicuous associates in the faculty of the Summer Session, have a tendency somewhat to sentimentalize their share of the general educational enterprise. They provide for some students the easiest and pleasantest means to what may be called the sentimental escape. From one point of view it is correct to look upon all the activities of the Session, the gravest and the most frolicsome, as forms of escape. The summer student is running away from something, in every case — from idleness, or tiresome people, or an irksome routine, or rustiness of mind, or a taste that he knows to be crude but knows not how to cultivate, or limitations in technical knowledge that prevent him from clambering out of his present station in life to a higher social as well as pecuniary level. The sentimental escape is effected by means of courses in literature, the fine arts, and subjects pertaining to home-making, and by means of the various social unions and collisions incident to the Session.

But there is also the rational escape, equally significant with the sentimental. Many of the courses are described in the Announcement as being concerned with "problems." These may be problems in the teaching of grammar or in the use of the phonograph or in politics or in metaphysics. The whole campus hums with problems and their solutions, real or conjectural, historical or theoretical. Just as in the regular session, there are courses in which the student labors under no ruthless tyranny that requires him to think. But there are others in which he does enjoy the luxury of being allowed to think, or suffer the calamity of being compelled. In such case he does, willy nilly, find the rational escape from the inconveniences or embarrassments of an existence troubled by question and obfuscation, or from the existence of the intellectual pauper.

Thus is everyone given the opportunity to arrive, even in six swift weeks, at something like a more conscious and less inchoate philosophy of life than he has had. If he elects one of the introductory courses offered by the department of philosophy, he will probably learn that the primary "modes" of approach to a philosophy of life are four: the logical, the religious or æsthetic, the epistemological, the ethical or social. Very good, then. He may task his mind with the articulation of cause and effect, of premises and conclusion, of instances and generalization. He may aerate his imagination and exercise his rationalized emotions with questions of what he feels, and why and how, in the presence of the good, the true, the beautiful. What do I know and how do I know it? — this he may ponder, with all the intellectual apparatus at his command, and with the new toys and engines of metaphysical enquiry that are set out for his mind's delight. Or he may lose himself in the community, or the community in himself, and variously vicarious, seek thus to wrest truth from falsity.

How exciting! How adventurous! Scoff not, you who learned these elementary calisthenics of the mind long ago, and have since learned something of their seriocomic futility. Scoff not, you who never could see reason for such vanities, when the practical world remains to be conquered. Scoff not, you who are jealous brahmins in the world of academic thought. Here are rainbow colors for one whose spiritual eyes ache from long acquaintance with nothing but dun walls, dun books, dun faces. Here is a way out for one who has been groping and stifling in a cave of doubt and ignorance. This is the most glorious kind of picnicking. This is to recreate oneself in a mead fed by celestial streams.

Here too is mind-surprising amusement for the young, the unspoiled, the undisturbed. "Oh, it's simply fine," [Observe the innocent "simply"] says a pretty sophomore, "dressed to kill" in the most modish "sport suit," as she

comes briskly from a lecture on Royce's Idealism. "Philosophy's just splendid — and it's lots funnier than I ever dreamed." It was to put several extra "units" into her savings-bank towards a successful graduation that she elected this Summer School course in philosophy — and because the professor had been described as "good" by some of the seniors in her "sorority." But she is finding a mode of approach to a philosophy of life. And the man with the noticeably misshapen and totally bald head that comes from the same lecture, is presumably making a similar discovery, as is the grandmotherly-looking woman who placidly brings her "tatting" to the lecture room. And no one of these persons is an entirely negligible member of the community. Whether they are pragmatists or loyalists or intuitionists or something else — does it not matter somewhat in the moulding of the future?

Besides, the Session has something to offer by way of negative or non-operant philosophy. There are many notebooks that will have in them none of the addenda and corrigenda with which some are inkily crammed. They belong to the picnickers who are on a moral and metaphysical holiday, to visitors who will speculate neither on conduct nor on the absolute. They come to look and listen, but whether they see or hear is a matter of perfect inconsequence. For them the Session is a happy period of complete intellectual and spiritual indolence — of blessed rest.

Why not? Does the Summer Session make anything less than a thoroughgoing experiment in democracy — and democracy in one of the very strongholds of aristocracy, the groves of Academe? And if it is a serious effort towards efficiency — individual efficiency and community welfare, — is it not also a midsummer frolic? It will end presently, without pomp and ceremony, extinguished of a sudden, like any grotesque Chinese fireworks. It is an experiment and a game and an evangelistic meeting and a social benefit party all at once. And where can you find any positively maleficent results?

An inconspicuous instructor in the Session may be pardoned for making a final allusion to his course in the Elizabethan Drama. In the class is a young woman — young, but beyond college age — who comes as an "auditor," not as a student hopeful of the reward of "units." She usually enters the room tardily, distracting all eyes by the elegance of her dress and the arrestingness of her person. Frequently she wears an orchid — always some magnificent flower. And alas, she chews gum (but furtively). Only once in the Session does she address the instructor. She says: "This makes me see some of the things I have missed. I partly understand now what the University means." In that plaintive and sincere avowal is there no recompense for all the effort and all the letting down of bars?

In the same class is a cheerful, bright-eyed young woman, fashionably, almost rakishly dressed, who smiles blandly as the lecturer discourses on the "tragedy of blood." At the conclusion of the hour, as she is passing the desk on her way out, she smiles over her shoulder at the perspiring teacher, and remarks with sweet intimacy and superb irrelevance: "Learned the back stroke yesterday." What stimulating friendliness! What just and admirable pride! She reads Marlowe and learns to swim — cons the mighty line and masters the back stroke! Is this not taking a step towards a wholesome philosophy of life?

POLITICAL FORMULAS

"CAUSES," as anti-slavery, democracy, etc., said Josiah Royce, "dwindle when realized in their sordid particulars. Abstractions will touch us when we are callous to the concrete instances in which they are imbedded." Abstractions, indeed have spurred on every great popular propaganda and revolution. It was the political concept that ship money violated the rights of Englishmen, that braced Hampden's resistance. It was the political concept, no taxation without representation, that gave volume to the refusal to pay the petty stamp tax. It was not mere economic interests that bred our Homeric Civil War. The concepts of freedom and the Union stirred the North. The concept of state sovereignty stirred the South. Discontent with concrete evils, is the dynamite which loosens popular inertia, but popular demands stated in epigrams, set whole continents in action. Such slogans, later enshrined in stubborn and affectionate memories, tied to the dangers and realities of the past, constitute one of the "bulwarks of our liberty." England and France are to-day highly inspired by abstractions about their historic liberty and democracy. In our own country those who would arouse us to our duty, almost necessarily appeal to us in the slogans of our mighty past.

Political concepts, in short, fulfil one of the great purposes which William James admitted for concepts in philosophy. They act as inspirers of multitudes.

But they are also valuable as summaries of experience. They fulfil the second purpose which James admitted for concepts in philosophy. They make our world orderly and usable. They are great time-savers in the rapid decisions of life. They "provide a vast map of relations among the elements of things."

Our political concepts, however, which well fulfil one or both of these two purposes, tend to develop from mere mental aids, short cuts for our thinking machinery, into inexorable final formulas, by apriori deduction from which all our later questions are to be determined. Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, the aphorisms of Jefferson and Lincoln and the fathers, all are looked on to-day, less as mere statements of democratic demands or conclusions from special experience, than as eternal truths.

The tendency so to regard them is natural enough. Many of our old war cries, of course, were framed as formulas, as based on those ideas of natural rights and social compact, which as Morley says, "have from age to age evoked spontaneous thrills in the hearts of toiling, and suffering and hopeful men." It is also easy enough for us to harden those concepts that arose as summaries of special experience into summaries of all experience, to conceive of conclusions that arose out of facts, as superior to facts, existing irrespective of them. Karl Marx began his work by insisting that ideas were only the products of facts. Yet his own conclusions from his facts soon became petrified, sacrosanct, and were applied by his followers in England and America, rigidly, without qualifications under utterly alien conditions. Generalizations, from being servants of our minds, become masters; from being mere representations of past and present facts, they become inexorable molds in which all future facts must be cast.

It is perhaps ungracious to cite so beautiful an appeal to our generosity, as that of Miss Antin, in her plea for free immigration, in *They Who Knock at our Gates*, and yet I think it is a striking case of thinking by formula and not by facts. "The Declaration of Independence," she says, "accords to all men a share in the inherent rights of humanity. When we go contrary to that principle, we

are not acting as Americans; for by definition an American is one who lives by the principles of the Declaration of Independence. . . . And surely we violate the Declaration of Independence when we attempt to exclude aliens on account of race, nationality, or economic status. . . . The Declaration of Independence must be taken literally and applied universally." And she objects that in a matter involving our faith as Americans, we have "ceased to consult our fundamental law, and have suffered ourselves to be guided by the conflicting reports of commissions, and consulting anthropologists, and statisticians, policy mongers, calamity howlers, and self-announced prophets."

So by the literal application of the phrases of the Declaration of Independence as to the inalienable natural rights of man, the Japanese and Chinese must be admitted by the million to our country, without considering whether the result would not be to produce such century-persisting racial prejudices as to make a happy democracy absolutely impossible.

The Declaration of Independence is also used to decide our present day problems of political machinery. "Only those who are false to the principles of the Declaration of Independence will seek to prevent actual as well as theoretical rule of the people, by the people, and for the people," by the initiative and referendum, declared a strenuous magazine editorial a few years ago. Again it argued, "The initiative and referendum simply put the power of legislating in the hands of the people where it belongs in a government by the people." A famous and life-long political agitator, quoting a statement that no man "could oppose direct legislation unless he is at heart opposed to popular government," adds, "This is bed-rock. To deny the initiative and referendum is to deny self-government and democracy and to affirm self-government and democracy is to affirm the initiative and referendum, and the whole literature of the subject focusses upon this fun-

damental fact." In the same vein, a woman of national reputation easily sanctions the initiative and referendum, as "merely measures for increasing democracy." "What is a law worth," she adds, "that is not written in the hearts of the people?" Mr. Bryan puts it thus: "The doctrines of Jefferson are marching on. Anything that makes the government more democratic, more popular in form, anything that gives the people more control over the government, will win. . . . You may help it, you may retard it, you may defeat it, but one of the things that is coming, that is Jeffersonian, that is democratic, is the initiative and referendum for the control of the government. No man will make an argument against the referendum who is not prepared to deny the capacity of the people for self-government."

By a similar method of attack, a zealous but very intelligent advocate of the recall of judges replied to protests that the scheme would work ill, "Trust the people." An advocate of the direct primary replied to an argument for the short state ballot, by declaring that it was not democratic. The short state ballot, said Senator Brackett in the New York Constitutional Convention, "came from a heart that in its inmost core hates self-government, and that seeks for an opportunity to limit and curtail it." The first anti-short ballot man quoted above favors home-rule for cities because it is democratic. It is notorious that civil service reform was delayed for years by the dictum that it was undemocratic. An ardent friend of the direct primary thus states his faith, "How can any Democrat who has used the slogan, 'Let the people rule,' dare to utter a word against a primary law for the nomination of the lowest to the highest offices of the nation?"

All this is based on a single formula, "Let the people rule." It is a popularization of the dogma that popular sovereignty was guaranteed to the people by the social compact. That dogma was started in a simple society

as a lever for the overthrow of prescriptive royal absolutism. It is now used in a complex society, not to prove that a people ought to be free, but that everything they do is holy. It is used to test every piece of political machinery. When the people had not power, the whole question centered on obtaining power. Now that they have it, the question is altogether a technical one, of the best means of putting the power into action. Even our fathers, who freely used the phrases of popular sovereignty, did not think that all action by the people was feasible or desirable. But to-day we are told that because the direct primary, direct legislation, the recall, the recall of decisions, are all action by the people, to question them is to deny democracy.

By the same token, the people should elect the street sweepers, the engineer who constructs the Panama Canal, the fire inspectors, make all their own laws, and even — why not — do all their own work directly.

And to deny that the people can do everything is not to deny democracy. There will come a time when it will not avail to reply to those who say that but a small minority of the people care enough about the initiative and referendum to vote under it, that the people are sovereign. It will not be conclusive to say that a law is of no worth unless it is written in the hearts of the people, if the people at each referendum election pass forty referendum laws, totalling several hundred pages, all presumably "written in the hearts of the people." Men may say that there is no particular advantage in having forty pages of a drainage statute written in the hearts of the people. Nor may it then avail to say that we must have the direct primary because it is democratic, if under the direct primary the boss learns to control as completely as under the convention system. It will not avail to say that the short ballot is undemocratic, after the long ballot has generally led to undemocratic bossism.

But the other side is equally guilty. It too argues by the simulacra of "far-off, unhappy things," instead of going for its solutions to the caldron of to-day. "The initiative and referendum are a complete negative of the representative system established by the Puritan and Pilgrim" is the answer by one of the most prominent men of the country to the challenge of the innovators. That "the initiative and referendum are opposed to representative government," completely satisfied an old teacher of civil government. In 1912, I listened to a long argument against direct legislation by a distinguished Middle Western lawyer who denounced it as government by the mob, as destructive of the sacred principle of the separation of powers, and as socialistic, the last because the Socialistic Party had declared for it. In addition he made no less than twenty-three quotations from the fathers. But neither he nor his colleagues in argument previously quoted, considered the two great questions of fact on which the whole answer hinges — the actual working of the representative system, and of direct legislation, in our states to-day. To the innovators, stimulated by pretty crying evils to demand change in the name of popular sovereignty, they answered with nothing but formulas hardened from the political generalizations of other times.

The formula that direct legislation, the direct primary, the recall of decisions are government by the mob, is also the product of past generalization. It has its source in certain vagaries of the people of Greece and Rome, and has some historical basis in the illiteracy and instability of our own people at the time of the Revolution. But it is not deserved by a people unusually literate, tested in great crises, and by well over a hundred years' sober experience in self-government. Nor was the direct action by the people, of which our fathers spoke, the direct action to which their statements are illegitimately applied to-day. The direct action, the mob action which they had in mind, was the direct action of the assemblies of Greece

and Rome. They did not think that all direct action was mob action: for they had their own town meetings, and provided for direct action in the adoption of constitutional amendments. Nor did they know anything of our initiative and referendum.

If the men who talk of the people as a mob, really mean that all action by the people is mob action, they must condemn, not only direct legislation, direct primaries, the recall, the recall of decisions, but also direct election of our presidents and senators, manhood suffrage and our democracy itself. The fact is that the question of the capacity of the people for a particular governmental task is a question of fact, based on conditions to-day. Direct legislation is not mob action if in practice the people use direct legislation soberly, and are imbued by it with a new communal spirit. The conservatives quoted above could have found modern evidence on the subject, had they taken the trouble to look for it. They preferred comfortable axioms. But the question of direct legislation is to be settled neither by the axiom that the people are sovereign, nor by the axiom that they are a mob.

In the past few years there has been an intense campaign for the eight-hour day for women workers. An immense array of facts has been presented in its behalf. But the opposition has generally ignored the facts, and replied by formulas. Vice President Marshall said that such a law might do very well in a monarchy, but that in America we had to sacrifice some things to liberty.

In the famous, if somewhat threadworn, case *In re Jacobs*, the New York Court of Appeals declared unconstitutional a statute which forbade the manufacture of cigars in tenements, because it deprived the manufacturer of his liberty "by forcing him from his home and its beneficent associations and hallowed influences, to ply his trade elsewhere." It is a pathetic instance of words over-riding facts.

In West Virginia the Supreme Court overthrew a statute forbidding the payment of employees in token money good only at company stores, because "theoretically there is no inferior class," and because the rights of personal liberty and freedom of contract "constitute the essential distinction between slavery and freedom, between oppression and liberty."

A few years ago, Judge Baldwin of Connecticut, in the Hoxie case, held invalid the provision in the Federal employers' liability act, declaring void all contracts limiting liability under other sections of the act because "it denied them one and all that liberty of contract which the laws of the United States secure to every person within its jurisdiction."

The opposition to economic reform is also based on a generalization, hardened into a formula, the formula of *laissez faire*. This started as the valid summarizing phrase of a concrete argument, buttressed by facts, against governmental restrictions on the mobility of trade and labor. It was soon applied to *all* governmental interference with industry. So generalizations broaden. But very early many men saw that exceptions should be made in favor of women and children. Others who still profess faith in the dogma, admit that it should not apply to men who are not reasonably free economically, or well enough educated to protect themselves. New problems must constantly force new exceptions. The old simple dogma does not greatly help those who are sensitive to modern facts. Yet in the hands of doctrinaires and untrained thinkers, it is a weapon of terrorism. Made absolute, without qualifications, it is used to-day in a society with few governmental restrictions on industry, but many private ones, to oppose any governmental action to prevent such private oppression. Old experience, concealed in a formula, is used to judge our new experience. "That nation is best governed that is least governed," we are

told. But the prevention of payment in token money, the eight-hour day, are attempts to govern more than the least, — to restrict the free action enjoyed by our fathers who gave us our wisdom: and so, "Away with them!" And with them, to be consistent, compulsory sanitation and education, and a host of necessary activities that have arisen since *laissez faire* was promulgated.

Similarly with the dogmas of fear of the executive, worked out as generalizations from experience when the executive was a ruler by divine right and swollen prerogative. Men use them now, when the executive is often the elected comrade of the people's hopes, to palsy many a proposal for short ballot and responsible party government.

I think it is not unfair to say that the majority of our common political arguments are based on this formulistic method. It is true that many men use facts along with formulas, but often they use them grudgingly, and to prove their formulas. They do not place their dependence on the facts. Indeed, one brilliant Middle Western politician has reduced the whole political world to five great formulas, "growing out of and based upon the fundamentals of human nature and the essentials of human conduct." To President Wilson's charge that the Republican Party had not had a new idea in thirty years, he replied: "In one sense new ideas are not necessary to progress, for the constant application of well-defined principles that are as old as the race will enable this country to solve all of its problems." To tell the truth I believe he has his figure too high: the average reformer really needs but two formulas to settle all his problems. They are, "Equal rights for all and special privileges for none," and "Let the people rule." The first will settle all economic problems without any disturbing study, and the second will settle all political questions, as well as some of the economic ones. On the other hand, every difficulty of modern standpattism can be settled by three fundamental proposi-

tions. They are, "The people are a mob"; "The separation of powers is the bulwark of our liberty," and "That nation is best governed that is least governed," or one of its many substitutes, such as "You can't make men moral by law," or "The world is governed too much."

But perhaps we should not be too hard on the inconsistencies of formula users. Those who think by formulas cannot fail to be inconsistent. The root of the trouble is not in the misprisions of individuals. It is not so much in the phrasings of our formulas as the belief that they are formulas. It is in the whole philosophy of "abstract political rights and pretentious political truths," from which as Morley said, "all our action is drawn."

Most of us would probably be willing to admit that political truth is not likely to emerge from the slogans of campaigns, the phrasings of desire by which we animate our wills. Though they spring out of experience and have much of reality in them, they are not even accurate summaries of the experience of their own times.

The crudities, inconsistencies, and mistakes of argument quoted in this article, are therefore, no accident. They are the inevitable result of the system. Our formula users do not yet see this. But they do vaguely realize that their formulas are too rigid for our expanding facts. Some are enlarging their formulas, blowing them into phrases loose enough to cover all cases. Others are making exceptions to their formulas. Either course is certain to weaken the formulistic system. The looser a formula gets, the easier it is for facts to control. On the other hand, a formula full of exceptions has lost the authority and easy currency that make it a formula.

But neither course will suffice. The looser a formula gets, the more treacherous it is when it is really followed. Nor is it desirable that we keep our old formulas as scaffolding or skeleton work for our house of qualifications and exceptions. They are too false, too tainted by their

past. They are rotten timbers. We cannot merely patch up our politics. It has got to be stated over again, just as Justice Holmes said thirty years ago, "Our law has got to be stated over again." In that re-statement, to change the figure we must not try to move earthward from our heavenly formulas. We must build from the ground up, inductively from our experience. We must replace our few absolutes with many particulars. These particulars we can synthetize into greater concepts for the purpose of making our world orderly and simple. But the more general they get, the further away from facts, the more they should be used as lanterns by a traveler, rather than as rails by a train.

The particulars themselves will be useful as time-savers, as rough and ready aids to quick decision. We can use them tentatively as principles. But it is never safe for us in serious political decisions to rely wholly on any concept, no matter how particular and freshly derived from experience it may be. Our political thinking is not confined to trained thinkers, nor directed by trained judges. It is the privilege of idlers in clubs, barber shops and country stores, of hasty headline readers, of men of limited outlooks, who find their concepts in the emotional products of campaigns, the telling obiter dicta of busy and not disinterested statesmen, the distortions and condensations of the conclusions of able thinkers. We have no supreme court in politics to winnow and test their concepts, determine which are true and when they apply.

In many questions moreover the facts do not yet lend themselves even to tentative generalization. They cannot be treated even by a modest deductive method. We must then always insist that concepts are mere conveniences and not final arbiters. In all cases ultimately, in some cases immediately, our test must be in the facts, in the results, in the way things work or may be expected to work to-day.

The overthrow of our philosophy of formulas for a philosophy of results, will not lead to the rejection of everything stable, any more than the overthrow of the theory of static biological conditions by the theory of evolution, and of verbal inspiration by the higher criticism, led to the rejection of religion. We shall try many things in our political world which were formerly sheltered from scrutiny by formulas. But we shall try them by the results not of to-day only, but of the past also. We shall not repeal the past. We shall cleave to that of it which is good. We shall cleave to a majority of things, not because they are based on alleged eternal truth but because they do actually work in our Twentieth Century.

But it will not be as easy in the future as it has been in the past for some maundering phrasemaker to chill our progress or to lure us to disaster by the magic of formulas.

THE PASSING OF DON LUIS

I

NOT long since, in the hotel "Paso del Norte" on the Rio Grande, the writer saw a gray little man, courteous and unobtrusive, plainly a "gentleman," and as plainly not at home in El Paso.

Three years ago and more, Don Luis ruled without question over a tract larger than our smaller states, stretching from the mountains down toward the sea, fifty miles across — or it may be sixty, for Don Luis never measured it and he does not stand on trifles. On this enormous holding were thousands of people, his servants and employees. They were devoted to the Don, and worked for him patiently after their fashion at a few — a very few — *centavos* a day. They bought their food and clothes at the *hacienda* store, and their debts amounted to more than their wages. Among these people the inheritance passed on from father to son was a heritage of indebtedness only, swelling from generation to generation, and never to be lifted. Citizens of a republic in name, they were slaves in fact under a social system inherited from mediæval Spain, older than any existing republic. On the great rancho they lived in squalor and ignorance. No schools were provided, and their religious teachers felt it unsafe for them to think for themselves. Strong drink tended to stupefy them, and a scanty diet garnished with red pepper, cigarets and black coffee does not stimulate efficiency. Besides, efficiency had never been among their racial ideals. Also to leave the rancho was impossible; as it was the height of social discourtesy for one landowner to employ the servants of another. Thus to step out of his place made the peon once for all an outlaw. The mountains around have long swarmed with fugitives, "bandits," "brigands," "patriots," "*caballeros*," in the changing terminology of the times.

Justice lay in the hands of Don Luis alone. It was for him to pardon or to punish. Men without ambition, living only in the present hour, are easily tempted to steal. A thief is a nuisance; a rifle ball therefore and no questions asked. Don Luis was *alcalde* and there was no other court of appeal.

Those who know that region say that the hospitable Don Luis represents "the very best element in the nation." This we may well believe. He looks the part, and his manly sons and accomplished daughters bear out the idea. Two of his sons-in-law, by the way, ruled each over a territory almost as large as his own. And some say, too, that a million high-minded and cultured men and women of Spanish descent cannot fairly be controlled by fourteen millions of Indians and half-breeds, illiterate, superstitious, violent and impecunious.

Nevertheless this is what the Revolution means. It has most outrageously treated Don Luis and one of his sons, victims of the lawlessness incident to the passing of restraint by fear. It is a movement against mediæval conditions bearable no longer, here nor anywhere else. A revolt of some sort was due; once begun it cannot go backward. Neither can it be kept within bounds of law or courtesy. Don Luis, temporarily banished, brutally handled by those who once trembled at his nod, can never again regain his hacienda, his life and death control over thousands of mind-starved peons. He may get back his money, we hope that he may. It is better for his nation that he should. But he can never regain his former status. And if he and his like are to survive in their land, they must turn their eyes to the future. The day of great estates and mighty concessions, for natives as well as for foreigners, is over. Men of culture must lend a hand to build up the state. They must take their part in the new free schools springing up everywhere as the war spirit subsides, even as fresh grass follows a prairie fire. They must meet taxation and even expropriation in the interest

of the common good: for the huge half-occupied feudal estates must necessarily be turned over to groups of small farmers. They must be content to see pass the régime of Porfirio Diaz, with its semblance of order, resting on force, affection, chicane and the interwoven interests of foreign capitalists. They must find their place in the coming republic, crude, unsteady, pleasure-loving, bloody at times, but having within itself the germs of real democracy.

Is there hope in military intervention? No, a thousand times no! We would not, we could not restore the mediæval past, with its reckless concessions to foreigners, its arbitrary control at home, its persistent maintenance of ignorance, poverty, superstition and disease. Intervention has a very different meaning to different people. To Don Luis, as to many — not all — of the foreign concessionnaires, Intervention means simply the last chance. To the exploiters, native and foreign, and especially to the noisy swarm of agents along the Rio Grande, Intervention means easy money. To the devoted friends of civilization in Mexico, those on whom its future must depend, Intervention means conquest, annexation, the loss of national existence, with a legacy of undying hate.

II

Revolution is the historic means by which the serf in Europe has gained his freedom. The present conditions in Mexico are a survival of the mediæval system of old Spain. In the first Revolution, the Mexicans freed themselves politically but not socially. By freedom, we mean the right to make the most of one's body and brain, and to direct the process himself. For the differences between the "cientifico" and the peon, between educated and illiterate in Mexico as in mediæval Europe, are not a matter of blood or brains. They are largely questions of "nurture" rather than "nature." When equality of opportunity comes to be, present differences will largely

disappear. With education, however, still greater ones will arise, corresponding, not as now, to hereditary caste, but to fundamental qualities of mind and character. Under more favorable conditions, a crude, ignorant, bloody and forceful Villa might become a real leader of men. No one can guess the human possibilities buried beneath the illiteracy of Mexico.

Revolution is never a pleasant thing. It is unjust, undiscriminating. We have been taught to look on its excesses with horror — while the vastly more terrible incidents of war — of any kind of war — are invested in our minds with a sort of dignity. This is a part of the age-long superstition which justifies killing when performed on a large scale with the sanction of the state and the blessing of the church.

In the year 1791, James Mackintosh, having in view the bloody atrocities of the French Revolution, used these words:

"The massacres of war, and the murders committed by the sword of Justice, are disguised by the solemnities which invest them. But the wild justice of the people has a naked and undisguised horror. Its slightest assertion awakens all our indignation while murder and rapine, if arrayed in the gorgeous disguise of acts of state, may with impunity stalk abroad." (*Defence of the French Revolution*, page 88.)

One may not like the methods of the Revolution, and can imagine much better ways of reaching the desired results. But armed intervention is not a good way. To bring security and order does not demand more killing, nor the restoration by force of former conditions. It is not for us to hand back to Don Luis his lost hacienda. "Too long," says Professor Otto Seeck of Münster, "have historians looked on the rich and noble as marking the fate of the world." Neither is it our duty to restore to the religious orders, either "Charitable" or "Contemplative" the lands and privileges forfeited to the state under Benito

Juarez's "Law of Reform." The *clericos* as well as the *cientificos* must take their chances in the revolt for which their own blindness is largely responsible. We cannot assume that the sweeping concessions held in New York and London, secured from Porfirio Diaz in his senile days, and virtually covering all that was left of national property, are valid titles to be sealed with the blood of our young men.

III

The American public in general regards as all of one piece, the Revolution against the unbearable conditions, the anarchy which the Revolution brought on (and which it has thus far failed to subdue), and the ignorance, poverty and injustice for which the Revolution sought a remedy. Revolution by force is never law-abiding. In its appeal to higher law it lifts the lid from society. Whenever traditional or conventional restraints are dissolved injustice and robbery are likely to find place. But once under way it must go forward. No backward movement by whomsoever led or supported could endure. For this reason the administration of General Huerta, avowedly reactionary and virtually supported by British oil interests, was not and could not properly be recognized by the United States. It gave no promise of permanence or peace. The era of Porfirio Diaz has gone forever. The nation could no more return to it than France to the régime of Napoleon III. The Mexican people will find peace only by deserving it, and to this end military force, their own or any other, can contribute very little. Bandit violence, however mischievous, is a feature of transition. It is not the revolution itself, but a temporary, though hideous, excrescence upon it.

A well-known mine owner, Mr. John E. Milholland of New York, writes me (July 7, 1916):

> No province of the old Roman Empire was ever looted by corrupt proconsuls more shamelessly than Mexico has been by

the grabbers of all nations, among whom those of the United States stand *facile princeps*. I am not sure that the rich mines in which I am interested are not part of an ancient steal under the flimsy disguise of a Diaz concession. Whether they are or not, I will see them all in northeast Hades before I will ever give voice or vote for this government to make war on the unfortunate victims of greed in its most shameless form, and of the most arrant tyranny that has disgraced the American continent since the days of Cortez.

In like vein writes Col. Daniel M. Burns of the San Dimas mines, for thirty years an investor in Mexico (*San Francisco Bulletin*, August 5, 1916):

Various groups of foreign interests which have exploited Mexico and have fattened in the process, now desire Intervention. But their point of view is not mine. I do not wish to see Mexico blotted out in blood by this nation because it is the stronger, or to have tens of thousands of my fellow-countrymen slaughtered because I chance to have some dollars invested there.

At the moment of this writing the Revolution is split into three discordant currents. Carranza, a Spanish landholder, a "Cientifico" by birth and breeding, stands for traditional law and order. What with the overwhelming and dreaded power of the United States on the one hand and wealthy concessionnaires much averse to taxpaying on the other, with groups of subordinates, moreover, not to be trusted out of sight, his is a most perplexing task. Villa, impulsive, energetic, careless of human life, is the idol of the people of Chihuahua. A patriot at heart to all appearance, he ignores the limits of humanity in dealing with those he regards as foes of his people. Carranza turns his acquisitions over to the state; Villa divides among his supporters. Villa's friends assert that only an Indian can understand the Mexican masses. The two great Presidents, Juarez and Diaz, were both Indians.

As Villa dominates Chihuahua, so Zapata, likewise an Indian, rules Morelos, from which state he has expelled or

extirpated all capitalists. Meanwhile reaction keeps a scant military hold with the ill-starred Feliz Diaz in Oaxaca. At the same time, in the states undisturbed by military operations, notably in Yucatan, Michoacan, Jalisco, Queretaro, Puebla and Vera Cruz, the civil authorities are buying up lands, dividing them into farms, building schools, expelling the local boss (the *Jefe politico*), cancelling the debts of the peon, closing the drink resorts and in a hundred ways promoting the ways of civilization. A great wound heals from within, Mexico will be saved by the leaders in the individual states.

One of my Mexican friends complains with reason that our northern newspapers give more space to a chance hold-up below the line than to the building of a thousand free schools. He observes, "The American people naturally desire that the Mexican social reconstruction shall complete itself rapidly. But it should not escape their comprehension that the solution of the complicated problems of Mexico cannot be attained through simple desire, nor from the outside. The phenomena manifested in Mexico are in obedience to social laws whose action cannot be hurried."

IV

We of the United States have two serious counts against Mexico, the raids of border outlaws and the murder of law-abiding American citizens. Both these grievances spring from the social upheaval incident to the Revolution, and in no case has either had the sanction of legally constituted authority. The border raids have been practically confined to the wide-extended and scantily peopled state of Chihuahua and to the operations of Francisco Villa and his brigand lieutenant, Jose Salazar. The chief of these was the vicious or perhaps vindictive attack (March 9, 1916) on the village of Columbus, New Mexico, three days after the "holocaust" [1] in El Paso, when

[1] The story of the "holocaust" is this. On March 6, eighteen Mexican immigrant laborers were admitted from Juarez, across the river, to El Paso.

eighteen Mexican immigrant workmen were burned alive in the jail through somebody's carelessness. Whatever the motive of the Columbus raid, Villa's friends now affirm that he bitterly repented the act, for a few days later found him severely wounded and completely "down and out." However, the persistence of American troops near his mountain fastness enabled him, with health partly regained, to appeal to the "patriotism" of the peon folk. His amazing skill and power over his own kind have apparently enabled the "enchanted captain" to "come back," after complete defeat.

It must be remembered that our Southern border stretches for 1756 miles, from Brazos Santiago on the Gulf of Mexico, to Tia Juana in Lower California, a distance quite as great for Mexico as for us. Greater, in fact, for on the South side there are neither roads nor railroads, parallel with the border. Mexican soldiers can therefore be transported from place to place only by trains of the Southern Pacific. It must be remembered too, that the lawlessness is about as great on our side as on the other. Huerta, Madero, Villa and probably Carranza money has been freely spent on the American side, and American money still more freely for ulterior ends in Mexico. Human vultures fly up and down the Rio Grande from El Paso to Brownsville. Shooting scrapes, "cattle rustling" and petty thievery have been too frequent on both sides, since disturbances began. Three large Texas counties

They and their clothing were given a bath in gasolene, to kill lice, which are the chief carriers of typhus fever. After this bath a vagrant threw a lighted cigaret into the gasolene tank. When the bodies were brought back to Juarez, the story went among the people that they had been given a bath in burning oil. It was called in El Paso "a regrettable incident." The press barely noticed it as a "fire in a jail." It has been claimed that three days before the holocaust, Villa had gone to the neighborhood of Columbus with the intention of crossing to the United States and giving himself up to be interned, but that the story of the holocaust led him to swear that he would make a torch of every American he could get hold of, and hence the Columbus raid. The evidence as to this is not conclusive. Shortly before, the United States, rightly I think, had decided to recognize Carranza. Villa's friends say that he was half crazed with drink and blood. Certain personal reasons for his acts have been indicated. In any event, Villa gave three days' warning before the attack in which he was not personally present.

along the Rio Grande, Hidalgo, Zapata and Starr, have scarcely an American inhabitant; meanwhile El Paso with 40,000 Mexicans in a population of 80,000 has been the center of active schemes and intrigues for intervention and conquest. When the Revolution is over and order reigns in Mexico there will be no unusual need of boundary police.

We hear most about the troubles along the border because it is nearer, and the limelight has played over the National Guard. But a far more serious ground of complaint exists in the isolated murders and robberies for which no recognized authority is responsible, and from which Americans have suffered grievously. The outlaw patriots have apparently seen the folly of such crimes, and few atrocities have taken place since the crowning horror at Santa Isabel. But as yet, we have found no remedy except to await in patience the strengthening of the central authority. Forcible reprisal at present would serve no useful purpose. With the passing of the efforts for war, we see El Paso again quiet, and in the absence of "war hawks" on our side, the border outrages have practically ceased.

In International Law, the remedy for unfair treatment lies in channels of diplomacy and arbitration. During revolution these channels may for a time be closed. In awaiting their reopening, let us err on the side of patience.

Moreover, let us remember that in 1849 we signed with Mexico a treaty of arbitration, whereby both nations agreed to submit to an arbitral tribunal any disputes that might arise. Under this treaty the chief ground of international difference before 1912, that arising from the seizure by President Santa Ana, of the "Pious Fund" which supported the California Missions, was amicably adjusted at The Hague. The verdict was adverse to Mexico, and the sum awarded was promptly paid. We must still respect our obligation. While there is any possibility of Mexico's living up to this agreement, valid

on both sides for nearly seventy years, let us not make a "scrap of paper" of it.

The best intervention is the intervention of making friends. This will not be easy, for the Mexican people do not like our ideals of personal and industrial efficiency. Their contact with the "Colosseo del Norte" along the border of the Rio Grande has not been reassuring to them nor creditable to us. They have found our exploiters contemptuous and grasping, our journalists contemptuous and careless. Even our kindness and tolerance, always with a touch of condescension, is resented as our domination is feared. With the best of intentions we must move slowly and tactfully. The people of the United States have the worst manners and the best hearts of any of the great nations. Forms mean little to us; we are impatient with ceremony; we want to get at the pith of things, and instantly.

But there are others to whom manner is quite as important as matter. They are cut to the core when their rights or their self-esteem seem belittled. If ever an official does waive a point in the interest of conciliation, he is likely to lose caste and influence with his associates. Traditions like these, a heritage from the Spanish Hidalgo, we must learn to respect when dealing with Latin America.

Putting ourselves in his place we can easily understand how the First Chief could not sign a paper legalizing the indefinite stay — or any stay — of foreign troops on the soil of his country. He might pretend not to notice; he might even welcome them — but to consent would be political suicide. "To save one's face" is the first public duty in most governments. Our "shirtsleeves diplomacy" may not make a point of this, but we should not be needlessly rude in dealing with those that do.

The Mexican people are in sore need of land reform, financial stability, education and sanitation. Land reform they will secure for themselves. Already great tracts have been bought by individual states — notably Yu-

catan and in small holdings, are sold to peons who must work them or forfeit their titles. Financial stability will come when the holders of concessions, native and foreign, can be induced to pay taxes. For no region on earth of its size is potentially richer than Mexico.

In the matter of education, Mexico needs our help and will soon receive it in large measure. An American school of the type of Robert College of Constantinople is already planned, and will be endowed. From the beginning special stress will be laid on Education, Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. It shall above all train the teachers for the public schools. Within three years, over 1500 free schools have been built in the single state of Yucatan, as against 350 existing in 1914. Arrangements are being made for the exchange of University students, and for the transfer of Spanish-speaking teachers, from the United States. The sanitation of Mexico, its salvation from her three most wide-spread infectious diseases, typhus, smallpox and typhoid fever, has long been an aim of American Medical Research.

Meanwhile let the rest of us, fortunate citizens of a more advanced republic, be patient, tolerant and sympathetic, and above all let us not be hasty to join in the cry for conquest, either as a painful duty or as a golden opportunity.

THE UNIONS AND THE LABOR PROBLEM

THE common business proverb that things won't stay still: if they don't go forward they'll go backward, hardly needed the confirmation given it by the Bergsonian philosophy. Not only is it true of success and failure in all human institutions, but it is true of the very constitution of the institutions themselves: they evolve into materially changed organizations, or they decay. Which of these courses is the impending experience of trade-unionism is a question whose interest is deep and wide. Its achievements in England and the United States have been real, but the unions have not yet become established means towards social justice to the degree that was expected. They have retained a revolutionary character which prevents them from becoming a part of the normal social mechanism of a peaceful community. So far, they are a sort of standing army, maintained on a war footing throughout the times of peace: their purpose and function is war. Their leaders, like the officers of a Great General Staff, think primarily in militaristic terms. Their toast is — "The Day."

By many this policy of aggression is dissembled or ignored. The union is represented as part of the normal economic mechanism, a necessary means to the collective wage bargain, whose functions are really peaceful, and never otherwise than peaceful, except for the injustice and obstinacy of employers. Such was the expectation of the early sympathizers. Industrial warfare was to be the exception, the temporary means; industrial democracy, the permanent result. After a century of modern unionism in England, and somewhat more than half a century of organized unionism in the United States, we may fairly conclude that industrial warfare is the normal result of union organization. Mr. Gompers has candidly

said: "It is a fight." It would be invidious to place the blame exclusively upon union leaders or upon employers. The intemperate arrogance of many labor leaders has been matched by the stubborn self-sufficiency of many employers. Whether the blame is greater on one side than the other is of little moment at the present juncture. Incidents are fast crowding in upon us which show clearly that the time has come for some new method of meeting the difficulties that arise between the employers and their workmen. Things must be done which require at least a partial emancipation from the old beliefs.

When unionism was new, excesses and violence could be condoned because the organization was relatively weak and ill-fitted to deal with employers on equal terms at the conference table. The hope was cherished that as soon as a union should be organized on a basis broad enough to give equality of power, peaceful negotiation would become the rule. The broad union has come, but the only objective result is greater bitterness between the unions and the employers, more calamitous strikes, and more sinister threats of impending tie-ups. With such an array of facts, constructive social thinking can scarcely escape the conclusion that unionism must be transformed or supplanted by an essentially different organization.

The defects of present day methods are serious. The attitude of unions to non-union men is inconsistent with the principles of law and justice to which they must themselves appeal. Their demand to share in the material benefits of industrial progress becomes a demand for a constantly appreciating wage, measured more by the utmost concession that can be forced from the employer than by any clearly conceived standard, whether abstract or empirical. These aspects of unionism are damaging enough to the abstract ideals of social justice to which all unionists appeal. But the inconsistencies need not be fatal to the achievement of a peaceful form of unionism.

The methods by which the unions prepare to negotiate

with the employers constitute a serious obstacle; and the more elaborately the union is organized, the more serious this difficulty becomes. The demands of a union constitute an ultimatum. The union leader is a delegate provided with such clearly defined instructions that no significant exercise of discretion is possible.

The foundation of unionism in law, and as a matter of justice, is the right to combine to raise wages. Except in a society dominated by ideals of rigid status, this principle cannot be challenged, and in a period of notable development in industrial technique, such a right is of the utmost significance. But this right to combine, like all legal rights, has specific limits. There is a right to do certain things, and by clear implication a specific obligation to refrain from doing certain other things. By no principle of law or justice can a group of men *compel others* to combine with them in an attempt to raise wages. It may be that unionism cannot be made effective unless rights are conferred similar to the rights formerly granted the gilds, authorizing the exclusion from practice of the craft of all who are not members of the organization. If such powers were granted, the unions would at once become privileged corporations, which could be justified only by appeal to a principle widely different from the industrial democracy represented as the unionist ideal. The right to combine to raise wages does not carry with it the right to impose the closed shop upon any employer, nor the right to exclude the "scab" from the job deserted by men on strike. That these extra-legal acts have been so widely committed without legal penalty is noteworthy proof of the leniency with which the law has been enforced. And unfortunately, this leniency obscures the real limits of the rights of unions.

The endeavor of the unions to secure exclusive power over their respective trades is hardly evidence of wilful disposition to exceed their legal rights, but their acts

certainly involve them in much palpable hypocrisy. They allege the closed shop to be an incidental means to assure collective bargaining, as included in the right to combine to raise wages, because the closed shop is necessary to make such combinations entirely effective. They are loath to admit that the closed shop involves essentially distinct rights and privileges.

Nothing could command more general assent than the bare abstract principle that the wage-earners should share in the material benefits of industrial advance. Nothing presents a more serious practical issue. In the century since the wage problem assumed its modern form, no general principle has been discovered that adequately replaces the ideal of a living wage that had prevailed for centuries. The old ideal assumed a stationary industrial technique and a society dominated by notions of status. This theory passed into eclipse during the industrial revolution. There has been some tendency to assume that the rate of wages is and should be regulated by the free interplay of supply and demand. There is much talk of a market rate of wages. The phrase is a misnomer. In scarcely any industry do rates of wages fluctuate up and down with any freedom. There is some downward movement in a few industries, but for the most part any depression of wages results in such extreme dissatisfaction that adjustment to hard times is most usually made by curtailment of working hours. In most industries conditions are tending to produce a constantly appreciating rate of wages. From the standpoint of social justice, this advance in wages should be proportioned to increased social efficiency: in practice it has been determined by the strength of labor organizations and the skill of the leaders in choosing moments of strategic importance. It is perhaps true that the unions have discharged useful functions in establishing the principle of the appreciating wage, but it is none the less true that the permanent

negotiation of wage increases by means of the strike or threats of strike, has subjected the community to a degree of discontent and unrest unfortunate in the extreme. Certainly no mitigation of industrial friction can be anticipated in the near future, if the present unionist methods in connection with collective bargaining are to prevail. Significant elements are misrepresented in the unionist description of the wage problem; and if no limit can be assigned to the increase of wages, it is hardly wise public policy to leave both capitalists and consumers at the mercy of powerful unions.

None of us are wise enough to suggest broad constructive schemes with reference to the measurement of this appreciation of wages, but it would seem that the events of recent years point to the need of a keen realization of the limitations of unionist methods. Whatever the achievements of the past, the future holds forth little hope of a significant contribution to social development. If increases in wages are to be adjusted to industrial progress, it would seem that greater success might be achieved by means which take careful account of the conditions of business; and although a significant increase in public regulation would be implied, it would probably be more satisfactory than the persistent unrest that of late has characterized the industrial world. The militant attitude of the union leaders is a direct outcome of their conviction that the collective wage bargain is the primary function of the union. Administrative supervision, designed to make the wage-bargain a judgment of facts rather than a reckless struggle for strategic advantages, would remove the chief causes of aggressiveness. It would relieve much strain in each wage controversy, if there were some means of guaranteeing to both employers and employees a fair judgment on the facts unprejudiced by threat of strike or lock-out. The wages question cannot be adequately settled by the primitive methods of self-help. This conflict, like so many others, must ultimately be

settled by appeal to law, and the regular procedure of legal methods.

Although unionists have given much prominence to the wage question, it is not a problem that is distinctly new, nor can it be regarded as the most fundamental aspect of the modern labor problem. The wage-earning class is much older than the industrial revolution, and in its early history the wages problem was insistent. Strikes for higher wages were not uncommon in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and many of these strikes were as bitterly contested as any of recent date. The changes wrought by the industrial revolution created a new problem, — the factory and its rigid discipline. The constraint imposed upon the workman, when work at home was supplanted by work in a factory, was highly distasteful. In England, the earlier factory development was confined to the processes within the compass of women and children, simply because they could be induced to accept the new conditions. Factory managers frequently recruited their labor force from the poor-houses, taking the children as apprentices, and thus securing complete docility. Such work as lay beyond the compass of women and children was long given out to men who worked at home. In the textile trades, the hand-loom weavers clung to their looms even when better wages were to be had in the factories. New hands were introduced into the craft to take the places created by the establishment of hand looms in the factories, and the craft was soon seriously overcrowded. The distress of the hand-loom weavers about 1840 was largely the result of this partial duplication of weavers, and in reality an outcome of the unwillingness of the weavers to accept the constraint and discipline of the factory. The preference of the workers, when there was a choice between cottage and factory, was never for a moment in doubt. The gradual restriction of home work left the better

grades of workmen less and less choice, and they were at length obliged to accept the factory.

This new industrial system conferred upon the employer powers which many were hardly fit to exercise, and even when these powers were discreetly exercised, there were many new sources of friction between employer and employee. Much of the industrial discontent that has persisted throughout the nineteenth century can be traced to the autocratic power placed in the hands of the employer by the growth of the factory system. Many employers have been arrogant and tyrannical, some have been benevolent despots; but in all cases there has been a notable assertion of authority. The essence of the situation is contained in the meaning attached to the words "my business." Is it not true that in most cases "my business" means minute regulation of the conduct of the employee for the whole of the nine, ten, or eleven working hours? Now in reality, these matters are no less a concern of the employee than of the employer. There can be no clear grounds for assuming that the wage contract involves so complete a surrender of personal rights. Furthermore, the growth in the scale of industrial establishments has carried problems of discipline far beyond the scope of effective control by autocratic methods. The employer is represented more and more by foremen and bosses who are too close to the men to exercise large powers without creating ill will or committing acts of wilful or unintentional injustice. A sense of antagonism develops, and petty grievances, which never get to the ears of the management, smoulder until they become a serious menace in the hands of some insinuating agitator.

The effective union leader utilizes all the latent discontent of the men to set on foot some large project with reference to wages or hours. The support of individuals is won by attentive nursing of their special grievances. The program of the union is thus only in part what it purports to be, because it is underlain by so much vague

desire to "get even" with the firm. The unionist methods thus weld a great mass of petty troubles into a general program, which has little direct connection with any of the minor difficulties, so that all the sources of friction would still remain, even if the demands were granted. The program, moreover, is presented as if it were an ultimatum, and farther trouble is almost sure to result if the ultimatum is not granted in all particulars. There is little opportunity for give and take between the management and the men, and the presentation of the union demands is hardly more than a formality preliminary to the declaration of a strike. Nearly every detail of the process makes for industrial warfare rather than for industrial peace. If disputes are to be settled, it is wiser to take up each matter separately. If a conference is to be held, it is better to leave the delegates freedom of judgment.

The railroad brotherhoods in this country and the amalgamated society of railwaymen in England have afforded explicit illustrations of the hopelessness of securing peace by the presentation of an ultimatum. Nothing could express the attitude of the unions more clearly than the words of the heads of the brotherhoods prior to the conferences with the President: "There is nothing to arbitrate," they said, and it was true. The various conferences and votes had resulted in the formulation of a program which sooner or later was to be forced on the railroads. Why should any leader submit to arbitration when there was no intention of accepting any award as a finality? The uselessness of any such settlement is shown by the troubles on the English Railways. The threatened strike of 1907 was averted by the introduction of a conciliation scheme providing for regular conferences between the companies and their men, and for the arbitration of any matters that could not be settled by joint agreement. The scheme merely postponed the crisis.

Nothing was settled by joint conference, because the conferences were attended by the men with the deliberate purpose of securing all the demands of the National All Grades Program of 1906. Everything was ultimately submitted to arbitration, and as the preliminary procedure was intricate, the delays were long. The men lost patience, asserted that the scheme was a failure, and in 1911 a new crisis was precipitated. The threatened strike was actually declared. By energetic measures and severe pressure on both sides, the Government brought the strike to an end, and appointed a committee to investigate the working of the conciliation scheme, and report amendments. It was only with great difficulty that the Companies could be induced to make concessions that would make the scheme even moderately acceptable to the men, and pressure was necessary to secure acceptance of the scheme when thus amended. The full power of the British Government was needed to break the deadlock between the Companies and the men. Neither the union leaders nor the managers of the Companies can be held personally responsible for this ugly uncompromising attitude. It is an inevitable outcome of the unionist method of dealing with the labor problem, and for precisely that reason a significant indication of the possibilities of the prevailing methods of unionism. If peaceful results are to be achieved, other methods must be employed.

Industrial peace can be secured only by creating mechanism to deal with difficulties separately as they arise. The more promptly a remedy can be found for each particular grievance, the greater the likelihood of substantial success. The adoption of such a method would require significant departures in principle, though in practice the break with present day methods need not be serious. The employers must recognize that the employees have rights, and that foremen, superintendents, and managers

can all make mistakes. The business must be regarded as a mutual interest rather than an exclusively personal interest. In the most general point of view, this would mean the establishment of a real industrial democracy: — a concession of actual representative government to the members of each industrial community, or at least so considerable a qualification of the autocratic power of the employer as to make him a constitutional monarch instead of an absolute despot. To the employer long accustomed to regard the whole establishment as "his business," the mere suggestion of a qualification of that arbitrary authority may seem revolutionary and quixotic. To the workman dominated by the commonplaces of unionism, it may seem foolhardy to trust the employer and look to him in a measure as a leader. But despite all the dismal episodes in recent years, there are many incidents which reveal a change in the attitude of many employers and workmen. There is more mutual regard and more real leadership by the employers.

The actual definition of the relations between the employers and their men must be related to the specific problems of each industrial community. Great variety of form is to be expected, and is, indeed, foreshadowed in existing industrial establishments. The Coöperative Association at Filene's department store in Boston represents the extreme of democratic organization. The employees have a substantial share in the responsibilities of making store rules, maintaining store discipline, and providing for the general welfare by rest rooms, restaurant, and library facilities. In this case democracy has worked well, and the atmosphere of the store is indicative of the passing of the old-time spirit of distrust and antagonism. But on the other hand, the Conciliation Boards of the English and Canadian Railways, in their latest form, are notable because they represent a less democratic system, founded in large measure upon unionist organization.

The English conciliation scheme provides for the crea-

tion of Conciliation Boards for each important group of men on each Railway. The exact details of organization vary according to the circumstances of each road, but in general locomotive men, train men, men engaged in construction and maintenance, and station men would each be represented on special boards. Each board consists of equal numbers of representatives of the company and of the men. These representatives are organized as two independent voting groups, and each "side" of the board has a chairman and secretary. The men may choose union officials as secretaries even if the union officer is not in the employ of that particular railway company. The men's side of the board may thus have a definitely unionist character. These boards meet regularly at frequent intervals, and special meetings may be called. The boards sit as joint conferences, assent of both sides being essential to the settlement of any matter under discussion. If the board fails to reach an agreement, the meeting may be adjourned for an interval, and discussion resumed in the presence of the permanent Chairman for all the boards of that road. This Chairman is an impartial outsider: a man not in the railroad business and without property interests in railroads. The Secretary of the Board of Trade draws up a panel of persons qualified to act as Chairmen. Each road then elects, by vote of its conciliation boards, a permanent Chairman who sits on all the boards of that road. This Chairman usually endeavors to bring the sides of the board to an agreement; but if this proves to be impossible, he has power to make a binding award, either at the meeting or within a brief interval.

These boards thus provide for the settlement of specific troubles as they arise, and no contingency can arise for which there is not provision for a peaceful decision. As they stand, the boards are organs of representative government only in a qualified sense, but it would only be necessary to change the method of voting to make them

definitely democratic bodies. If the members voted individually instead of by sides, majority rule would at once be operative. For the present, the conference form of organization is doubtless more expedient, but it is certainly significant that the present arrangement has great possibilities of growth, and that an easy transition to distinctly new things in industrial organization is actually in sight. It is possible to pass from the old unionism with its sharp antagonisms, to an industrial democracy based upon representative government and a new unionism.

The conciliation scheme worked out by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in consultation with Dr. Mackenzie King, former Canadian Minister of Labor, was largely inspired by the English and Canadian Railway schemes, but the unions are not recognized, so the union leaders are jealous and critical. The unions are disposed to work against the scheme, instead of adopting its mechanism as a means to their ends. This factor may create difficulties, but it is possible at any time to alter many features of any system of joint conferences. These differences of detail merely show that such a method of approach to the labor problem is not a rigid utopian dream, but a highly plastic social device capable of growth and adaptation.

Unionism has undoubtedly played a part in preparing the ground for these new departures in industrial organization, by insistently forcing the problems upon the attention of employers and statesmen. It may be that the larger minded union leaders can play a significant rôle in shaping the new forms, for there is much in the union idea that is socially valuable when certain features of present methods are eliminated. But it must be evident that the time has come for constructive measures designed to secure industrial peace. The uncompromising antagonism that has been nursed throughout the last century must give way to a consciousness of mutual interest.

EARTH'S SUPREME MOMENT

A Speculation on the Determination of Sex

WHEN the Deutschland returned to Germany after its first voyage, and every inch of space was worth as the Irishman would say, "its weight in gold," it was reported that the most treasured article on board was a book; just a book, but one containing the secret of determining sex. The author may have congratulated himself too soon on his success but if he has made the discovery, there is no doubt but that he will be hailed as a benefactor.

But why?

At present more boy infants are born than girls, but boys being frailer about the same number reach maturity. This is Nature's way, and suits us well enough; but life without electric lights once seemed well enough too. Nature can be improved on, and the desire among us evidently is for one sex to predominate numerically.

But which?

A family already blessed with several sons once desired a daughter, prayed for her, and at last the prayer was granted; but the girl was the youngest child, and while she was still small her brothers married, and to them too were vouchsafed girls. Daughters and ever more daughters! At last the grandmother herself felt that the Lord was laughing at them.

There is no profit in girls except to white slavers, and nobody is trying to determine sex to gratify them!

What the world wants is men. Of women there has always been a superfluity. That is why girl babies were once put to death in China, and old women were cremated — somewhat prematurely — in Europe and New England, with witchcraft as a pretext.

This seems like a rash assertion regarding the witches, but there is nothing essentially feminine about magic: men

might have dabbled in it, or, if it was possible, practical, and advantageous might have sold themselves to the devil. Men are not squeamish about money matters. The reason women were charged with the crime instead is because nobody wanted them around, and society needs its men.

A man can do nearly anything a woman can except bear and suckle children, and one woman, if relieved of all other burdens, can be made to give birth to a numerous progeny. Many have borne twenty, nursing and rearing them as well, and doing most of the housework, which is unnecessary. Men can do that.

A tyro in economics can see that one woman with twenty sons is better than twenty with a son apiece, and it is sadly to be doubted if twenty sons will be found to every twenty adult women.

Already men are in charge of laundries and restaurants, and while women make good cheap cooks, big establishments and connoisseurs prefer men even for that; as janitors and Pullman porters they prove what good chambermaids they would make, and they are excellent trained nurses for hospitals and ideal dry ones for little boys.

The little fellows have an inborn interest for all a man does; will look on fascinated while he washes the car, trot behind him while he mows the grass, get out their little tools and help him mend the fence, and when they need an airing he can please both himself and them by taking them hunting, fishing or to a ball game. A woman has to amuse them in ways foreign to their nature and hers, whereas he can control them better than she can and care for them as tenderly. I have seen the experiment tried.

Women do all such work now, since, being here, they must make themselves useful, but they regard it as drudgery. Men make a business of it, an art or profession, which is one reason the world prefers them. Women themselves join in the clamor crying,

"Give us men!"

For women love men but men do not love women.

If men had no capacity for affection their lack of fondness for the weaker sex would reflect on themselves, but they love their sons almost as dearly as their own lives, are capable of the greatest devotion to a religious, political, or military leader who stirs their enthusiasm; and it is generally held that their friendship for each other is warm and loyal.

But they do not love women!

They frequently become enamored of women, but admit it is a kind of madness and not their normal state; and at the height of their passion they are willing to ruin the object of it. A man never marries a girl for love unless he is unable, because of her character or position, to obtain her in any other way.

Once married, he may treat his wife tenderly and protect her, but — he will do as much for his boil!

In fiction we read of his love for women; in history of his devotion to men.

He never feels an unselfish attachment for a woman unless it has been instilled into him as a duty. His mother he esteems because of her love for him. No one ever cares for him as she does and — he knows it. Chinamen love their mothers. Many, many mothers have cherished cold ungrateful sons, but who ever heard of a son cherishing a callous unresponsive mother? What he loves is her love for him.

Neither do men love their daughters.

When the little Chinese woman-child was put to death, it was by her father's orders, and it was at his command that she was crippled. For some reason Chinamen prefer crippled wives, and how can they ask the other chap to maim his daughter, without reciprocating?

In Turkey at twelve years of age a girl is condemned to imprisonment for life — for being a girl; in India it was formerly customary to burn the widow at the husband's funeral. The widow was frequently a little child, but there

is no evidence that the father ever intervened. If the fathers had objected, the practice could not have existed; it was they, acting not as fathers but as men and husbands, who instituted it, and since they could not save their daughters without also saving their wives they — let both burn!

That is how men love women!

"But," the unreflecting will object, "they are not Christians."

Exactly, so loving their daughters has never been instilled into them as a duty.

Besides was it not Christianity, or men's conception of it, that caused those old women in Europe and New England to be burnt? Did not clergymen take a leading part in the tortures and trials? And it was not a matter of sect either but of sex! Martin Luther was enthusiastic about it; Wesley would as soon have given up his Bible as the privilege; in Protestant Scotland it was a favorite pastime, and one Roman Catholic bishop had eight hundred witches put to the torch in one diocese!

Catholics, Protestants, Pagans! All are for lessening the number of women, and sex determination is the most painless method.

Again the unreflecting object: "But times have changed. Men don't burn women now, but treat them fairly; love them."

Do they indeed? Write an article derogatory to men, and it will never be published. There is no demand for it. Publish a diatribe against women, and the paper containing it will go like hot cakes. Advertise that a sermon is to be delivered against the fair sex, and the church will be filled. Then — but this is not an argument for equal rights.

No! Even to-day men do not love women! Yet neither do women love women — much!

Any landlady will tell you that she objects to them as boarders, and watch any grown woman of your acquaintance who has to live in the house with another adult

female. Just watch her! Why, a mother and her own married daughter are happier under different roofs! Then women's friendships for each other are noted not for their loyalty, but for the spiteful remarks that they cover with a smile. Those "little digs" are the best jokes the comic weeklies have to offer.

A babe in arms will go to a strange man in preference to a strange woman. So will a dog! Nobody loves a woman. She is more unpopular than a fat man. She does not think much of herself.

This is not to say that she is lacking in conceit as an individual, but only as a sex. She may flatter herself that she is charming, but knows she is just a woman notwithstanding, and is not proud of it. Most women had rather be men — which, under the new dispensation will be possible. The average wife thinks more highly of her husband's judgment than of her own, and cares more for his and her children's welfare than for her own.

A woman seems to be the only creature in existence with no sense of self-preservation worth mentioning. If she had a normal amount — normal for a man — she would never bear children willingly. True, child-bearing has been rendered almost as safe as appendicitis operations, but — Anyway, a woman's instinct seems to be for self-sacrifice.

Cato the pagan said: "If the world were only free of women, men would not be without converse of the gods."

The church considers them "the source of all evil" and "the gate of hell."

The male sex is the only one ever endorsed by all religions; the female the only one ever disapproved of by any.

To free the world of women seems to be a civic and religious duty, as well as an instinct, and they themselves would regard their diminishing as a blessing. Hence it is easy to see which sex will dwindle when the secret of determining it is found: for while men do not love women, women do love men.

They have no hard feelings even for old and helpless men, and are genuinely fond of their little boys. The combination of baby dependence and manliness appeals to a mother.

A few eccentric parents may desire daughters now — or we should say a daughter — but at present daughters seem to be inevitable, and to that we can usually resign ourselves. Smallpox was endured as the will of God, till inoculation was discovered, but it is unusual now among the enlightened. In time daughters may be as rare.

A few will be needed to perpetuate the race, but everybody will want somebody else to furnish them; and as Nature is behind the tendency to produce more boys than girls, more of them being born even now, women will become more and more gloriously scarce!

Few daughters will be perpetrated with malice aforethought; but to forestall the possible temptation, and because girls growing scanty would increase in value, no mother careless or unpatriotic enough to give one birth would be entrusted by a paternal government with her upbringing; but would be compelled to exchange infants with one who has borne only sons — a good mother.

This may seem to cut both ways, hurting the parent forced to give up her son, as much as the one losing her daughter, but the man-child will be lost anyway as soon as he is weaned, while the daughter will be hers for life.

Removing them so early seems severe on the baby boys, but what good will it do to abate the women, if the future citizens are to be feminized in childhood? They will be just as well off with a man-nurse, and the mother's time and strength must not be frittered away on them. Besides, as the average man will never see a woman after infancy, it will be better for him to know as little about them as possible.

Everything in reason, though, will be done to keep Rachel from grieving for her children, and when a little son is banished from her arms special pains will be taken to divert her: — new and pretty clothes, brilliant company, driving, bridge, dancing, the drama, lectures, music, and art may tempt her to forget.

Being far too few to go around, women would become the property of the government and kept within certain boundaries. They would be tenderly watched, trained, and strengthened; every want would be supplied, and they would be swathed in luxury, with Science herself for a handmaid. No trouble or expense would be spared to keep them strong, healthy, youthful, and happy: for such women could have fine and numerous sons. Even their husbands would be selected by the State.

We do not mean to assert that they will have no choice at all in taking their consorts, but only that they will have to choose from a picked crowd of the handsomest, strongest, bravest, and noblest of the land. This will be a hardship: for the ladies prefer mere "onery" men, but if they see only the best, they may be resigned.

And they will see only the best; only the nearest perfect of those who can pass a military examination.

In every nation there will be feminine districts, fortified and guarded as the country's very heart, where the women will be confined in a perfect, if restricted, liberty, being allowed to do anything not injurious to life, limb, or property, save to stray out into the broader world, which at last will be truly Man's.

Into these feminine districts all that is most prized and beautiful will be collected; artists will vie with each other to embellish every nook and corner, and here only the most exceptional men will be allowed to visit.

Even these will not be forced to dance attendance on a woman's whim eternally; but when they grow ill, feeble

or old, their wives will be required in the interests of eugenics to divorce them and marry younger men.

At present women vote in only a few places, but being scattered about so promiscuously and associated with men of all sorts and classes so closely, they are bound to influence life in many indirect ways; but under the new dispensation, the average man will know of them only by hearsay — much as we do of ghosts: for the only ordinary men admitted into Woman's Realm will be the eunuchs who act as servants. Thus woman's influence will be circumscribed so completely that it will be practically obliterated from life in general.

This, at first, glance seems hard on the everyday sort of man; but the world being virtually free of women, he will, according to Cato, be holding converse with the gods; or, as we should say, with the angels!

What is a woman, anyway, except — as Saint Chrysostom said — "a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill?"

Under the new order, life will be almost as near perfection as if she did not exist; so cut off will she be. Sin will be confined, "the source of evil" stemmed, and closed "the gate of hell!" Earth will be a second Eden — a wise Eden, with its doors fast barred against the readmission of Pandora Eve.

Both she and Adam will be happy. To him life will be a collarless shirt-sleeved paradise — a cross between a fishing expedition and a training camp, with ball games, stag suppers, poker, and horse races on the side; while to her it will be a perfectly gorgeous pink tea.

Men, who do not care for women will not be bored by their presence — save of course those best fitted to survive; while women, who love men, will have no dearth of masculine society.

Everything will be ideal, but the suspicion will intrude:

Do men wish to free the world of women merely to hold converse with the angels? Are they only trying to make life nobler and sweeter?

London Answers says in an article on the birth rate:

> Britain will have many grave problems to face with the coming of peace, but none graver than her population; for, if we are to hold our place among the nations of the earth, it is essential that our numbers increase at least as fast as theirs.

Now, how will it help England, or any other country, to have as large a population if half those born are girls, while the enemy nation produces only boys? If one land goes all to boys, so must they all. Every girl will be a weak link in the line of defense.

It has been poetically said that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male"; but among us the male seems to be both better able and more willing to wage war. That is why we want men. To fight!

Think of the good human material now being wasted in non-fighters!

Alas!

Yet surely a better, happier day is dawning, when life will be more as we want it! That "one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves" may not be as distant as it seems. We may be getting warm! The supreme moment "toward which all creation travaileth" may be at hand. That moment when earth will be purified, when only the fit survive, when no more women will be born, and the men — will all kill each other!

RECOLLECTIONS OF JUDGE EDMONDS' DAUGHTER

LAST summer we happened to be visiting an old friend who turned out to have been a student in the office of Judge Edmonds, the noted "spiritualist" of the third quarter of the last century. We had read some of the judge's books, and been satisfied that his trance visions of another life were reproductions of the imagery of the religious literature of his time. Yet he accepted them as visions of an actual stage of existence outside of our experience. The alleged communications of Swedenborg and Bacon through the judge's friend Dexter are largely echoes of his and the judge's minds; and although we have glanced again at Judge Edmonds' *Spiritualism*, and find there the impression, often expressed by later students, that the utterances of the controls are much colored by the minds of the mediums, nevertheless our opinion of his judgment when not *in banc*, was so far in abeyance that we were glad to get that of our friend who had known him well. We were doubly glad because our friend's opinions are peculiarly reliable, he being a man whose name would be recognized by every reader of these lines, and his judgment accepted with confidence. He told us that Judge Edmonds' standing in the community was as high as a man's could be, and that he was as well entitled as any man of his time to be considered the leader of the New York bar. Certainly his portrait is that of a king of men — a fit sharer of the profound interest in psychical research felt by Lincoln and Gladstone.[1]

The testimony of our friend stimulated our interest in a set of reminiscences among our heterogeneous collection of

[1] This opinion is based on a photograph sent us by his daughter. It would hardly have been suggested by the engraved portrait in the Australian edition of his *Spiritualism*.

unprinted contributions on psychic subjects, which were dictated at our instance some time ago by Judge Edmonds' daughter, the venerable Mrs. Laura Gilmore, of Glens Falls, N. Y., now well past her eightieth year. Her mind is still clear, and she is waiting patiently and hopefully for the change to the wider life into which she thinks she has had glimpses from her youth till now, and where she believes most of those she has loved are awaiting her.

Some forty years ago, Mrs. Gilmore was living in New Haven, and we were taken to see her by a hard-headed professor in the Yale Law School who was profoundly interested in the studies for which she contributed so much valuable material, and who had absolute confidence in her integrity. She told us many things which have faded from memory, but which did much to establish our interest in Psychical Research. Some of the memoranda, which we print below, are confirmed in her father's books. They are brief unvarnished statements of fact, and we could well wish they had the more elaborate telling and the charm of personality which accompanied her relations of forty years ago.

We intrude a few comments suggested by some of the investigations that have been going on since the foundation of the S. P. R. in 1882.

I

When sixteen years old I had a prophetic vision which was literally fulfilled.

I was sitting on the veranda at our country home one quiet afternoon, gazing at the beautiful view. Suddenly I saw before me an angel form who showed me a peculiar scene.

I seemed to see two paths; one was a lovely woodland where flowers were blooming, birds singing, and children playing, and all seemed a happy domestic life full of peace and beauty. The other path was wide and long, crowded with busy people and events, and there I saw my Father walking quite alone; my Mother was nowhere in sight, and he seemed looking for a helping hand.

Then the angel said to me, "These two paths are before you;

one full of domestic happiness and quiet; the other with your Father through varied and exciting scenes full of care and turmoil." "Where is my Mother?" I asked. "She will have gone on," was the reply. "Choose which path you will take." I chose the one with my Father; and then the angel said: "It will last twenty-three years, and you will never regret the choice."

Just then I felt a touch on my shoulder, and my Mother stood beside me and said: "What was the matter with you; I called you to come in out of the chill air and could get no response. You seemed to be in a deep sleep." I told her of my vision, and she said in a solemn earnest tone, "Don't forget the vision, my child; it means much."

A few days later I returned to the Convent school. Shortly afterward I had a letter from my Father saying that he had taken rooms in New York and that he and Mother would spend the winter there. That night I had a vision. I saw my Mother dying, and in my distress I called to the nun who was near, and begged her to pray for me, that my Mother was dying. Madam said: "That was only a dream, my child." That morning I was called home. My Mother was dying, could not live till evening. I arrived a half hour before she left us. Later I took up life with my Father literally as the vision portrayed it, and it lasted just twenty-three years.

Like her father's visions, this one was in the seer's customary symbolism. Visions generally have that character, and the winged messenger has been a prominent feature of mythologies in general, notwithstanding the consideration advanced by a clever boy in Boston that an adult human figure to work a pair of wings would need a breastbone protruding eighteen inches. The alleged postcarnate characters which appear through the sensitives almost always describe their surroundings as those they were most interested in while incarnate: instance Mrs. Piper's George Eliot [1] and A. P. Martin.[2] Assuming that there are provisions in Nature for the conveyance of truth by visions — an assumption that seems rapidly gaining in probability, and that already

[1] Reported in Holt, *On the Cosmic Relations*.
[2] The principal subject of Robbins's *Both Sides of the Veil*.

is accepted as certainty by many reasonable people — such visions would of course have to be of surroundings which the seer could comprehend through some sort of similarity with impressions familiar from experience or imagination. Therefore to the mind most skeptical regarding the existence of "angels," the appearance of one in a vision does not logically force the rest of that vision away from the skeptic's consideration.

During this period my Father was a keen investigator of Spirit manifestations, and three years later I found that I possessed psychic powers unsought, undesired. Raps, noises and curious manifestations occurred that were witnessed by members of our household; then I saw forms and faces clearly enough to describe, and seemed to hear words and sentences.

Telekinetic manifestations are the rule with those who produce telepsychic ones. But there are many exceptions, the most prominent being Mrs. Piper.

When I found that I possessed these various phases of power, I desired to use them for the investigation that my Father and others were pursuing. I was willing to be subjected to the severest tests in order to reach the truth. This lasted ten years, not in the least interfering with my many household duties, nor with the studies that I pursued after leaving school to take up my life with my Father. I was determined if possible, to find the cause of many curious manifestations, how far the sub-conscious mind was in them, where telepathy came in, what conditions helped the manifestations, and what deterred them. I will relate various experiences.

A strange lady came to see me. I described a person I saw. She failed to recognize the person, and left dissatisfied. Upon returning home, she told her husband of her visit, and its results, saying it was all absurd. He replied: "It is not: for I know the face and form she pictured, one you never saw, and as I did not know of your visit, it means much."

A month later a party of gentlemen called. Beside one of them I saw the same person I had described to the lady. He then related the facts above stated. He had purposely waited a month.

One day a knock on the door caused me to open it. Before me stood a man I had not seen for years. I spoke to him and he suddenly vanished. Where? That evening I was told that in the morning he had fallen and was killed.

I was sitting with my Father one day, when I suddenly saw a steamship wrecked at sea, and among the passengers drowned was a friend of ours whom we did not know was on board the *Arctic*. As best I can remember he stood before me and said he was lost in the *Arctic*. It is long since, hence my indefiniteness. My Father wrote out the vision as I saw it and spoke of it. Two days later the news of the loss of the *Arctic* was in all the papers, and among the lost was the name of our friend P.

I gave four days in the week to sittings for whomever chose to call upon me, and never sought the name of the visitor, nor asked a fee. I could see forms and they were identified. Once a month we held receptions and various people called.

One evening among them was a gentleman who I supposed was French. I saw Greek letters around him, and in a few moments spoke to him in Greek,[1] telling him of the death of his child in Athens, and he conversed with me in his own language which I did not understand in the least. He later learned of his child's death.

Whenever a caller came and gave a false name, I knew at once the person was untrue, and declined to see him.

When a particular spirit came with a special message, there was a peculiar thrill running down my right arm.

I was awakened one night by this signal. I asked what was wanted, and the answer was, "We wish to write." I arose and my hand was moved and I wrote to a man out of town begging him not to despair and not rashly take his life. The handwriting was not mine. I mailed the message. He soon after came to see me and said I had saved him; and he showed me an old letter of his deceased wife's. The writing, especially the signature, was the same. She had only recently died.

An Irish woman came to me and said in the strongest brogue: "Father D. sent me to ye and wants ye to come with me to the Chapel." "What is the matter?" I said. "Sure, when I

[1] To this Mrs. Gilmore adds in a letter: "I was in a sub-conscious condition, and spoke in Greek but did not understand what I was saying." There are several similar cases on record.

go to bed the devil trots over me stomach and the blessed Virgin stands at the foot of me bed."

I went with her. There were four priests in the room. The woman went into a trance and spoke perfect English with not the least brogue or accent. I asked the spirit why he obsessed this woman, giving her trouble in her home and taking the time of the priests to whom she came daily. He said he was investigating the phenomena as he had when in this life, and had picked out an ignorant woman who was a sensitive, and he did not realize what trouble he might cause. A Priest said in Latin: "Oh, unhappy Spirit, I bid thee in the name of God to depart." Instantly the reply came, "In the name of God I will depart." I told the Fathers that they too had made a mistake; they had unwittingly fed the woman's self-love. Among her Irish friends she was quite honored because the Fathers saw her every day; that she needed a doctor, and I would take her to one and when cured I would get her work to do.

II

I found that I was sensitive to clairvoyance, mind reading also, and had various experiences in that line.

A woman came pretending great interest in spiritualism. I told her she had in her pocket a Catholic relic given her by her Bishop, and that she believed that no manifestation could go on with that thing in her possession. She was mistaken; for she had given to her a message that she could not deny as truthful.

I was in Florida intending to spend the winter there. My sister who lived in New York was well when I left home. One night I seemed to be in another world. I was with a group of my relatives who were greeting my sister, and I said: "Oh, we are all together now forever." "No," came a reply from my Father, "you have to return to Earth and live much longer there. Your sister is with us now." So impressed was I with the scene that I started for New York, travelling night and day. Upon my arrival, I found my sister dying in a hospital. The Doctor said: "I don't know what has kept her alive three days." She turned to me saying, "You know. I wanted a few words with you before I left." Then she passed on.

Last winter I had a letter from a Cousin saying, "I am anxious to go to see you, but I am a very busy man and can't

get away from here." The next week he appeared to me in spirit saying: "Here I am at last, I am glad to say," and then vanished. Two days later I learned that he had died that week.

I had a nephew in South Carolina whom, in a vision, I suddenly saw very ill and calling the names of his mother and sister whom he had never seen, and saying he was glad to meet them. A few days later his wife wrote me that he had died calling the names of his mother and sister, which seemed strange to her.

There called one day, a sad-eyed refined woman. She said: "I've come to you for help; but before I go any farther I wish to tell you who I am, and maybe you will not want to see me." She then told me she was a noted courtesan of New York. "You are just the one I want to see," I replied. She then related these facts.

Lately there had been all sorts of strange spirit manifestations, raps, moving of furniture, etc. which frightened and drove away the men who came there, and finally there came wonderful tests and messages to the young women in her house, and it aroused in her a sense of wrongdoing and a desire to reform and uplift those about her and save them.

She came from a good family, and was tempted to her downfall by a bright prominent man. Her people turned her from home and ignored her, and in her desperation she turned to an immoral life for her livelihood. No one had ever tried to help her. Now she saw a hope of a better life here, and of a life beyond full of Divine Love, and she stretched out her hand to be led to it. She had amassed quite a fortune, and now intended to use it to save the women about her, and she needed advice how to go to work.

I stated the case to my Father, and he gave legal advice, and she came often to me for encouragement. She carried out her plans successfully, and then died. She said: "A man can go astray and still be accepted in society; a woman is kicked into the ditch and never recognized by her set, where the man is still entertained."

With a young student I went Sunday evenings to churches of various denominations. We sat up in front generally, and one evening after the services were over, the Parson came down to me and said: "What did you think of my sermon?" He was a stranger to me. I said: "Come and see me to-morrow

and I'll tell you." He came, and I asked him why he sought my opinion. He replied: "I had determined to quit the ministry. I was played out. I saw you looking at me, and I thought: 'I'll get an honest answer.'" I said, "You are right. You had better go down in the coal and oil region and see human nature and souls as they are." He went, and after two years among the miners, he returned to the ministry, a far truer preacher of Christ's teachings.

Another night we went to hear a prominent preacher. Years before, I had met him in Boston. When the services were over he came to me and said: "I wish you would come to my office to-morrow." I did so. All around the rooms there were portraits hanging. He said, "Which of these did you see while I was conducting the services?" I pointed to one. It was the picture of his only son, who had lately died, and for whom his Father was mourning and wondering if he could come to him and bring him comfort. He received a message, and was uplifted thereby and renewed in his faith.

III

During the ten years which I devoted to the subject, I made a close study of the phenomena, and I ascertained many facts:

I. In no way could I produce or induce a manifestation, but there were times when I could prevent it.[1]

II. I found if I clothed myself in silk I was impervious, apparently checking the electric forces in me that were of use to the spiritual side.

III. When approaching the entrancement, my rings caused a pricking sensation, and my watch ceased to work; anything metallic had to be removed from my person.

IV. If I was to have a special sitting and I fasted, the manifestation came with less fatigue to myself.

Then I found that I was telepathic. I could read minds and knew what occurred at a distance; for instance:

While in Boston visiting, my Father, unknown to me, hired a furnished house and left his boarding house. I saw him busy fitting up one of the rooms for my use, and I wrote him that I liked that room furnished in green. I liked our new home.

Friends in Boston formed a circle with a medium in a certain house at a certain hour. The medium was to visit our house, teleptically, and tell what she saw. They were always to meet

[1] At least one of Mrs. Piper's sitters records that he could easily will her away from a topic he did not wish her to continue.

in that room and allow no outsider to join them. My Father and I were to sit at the same hour, and I was to tell what occurred at the Boston circle.

On one sitting I went, teleptically, to their house, but they were not there. I searched and travelled through distance in vain, it seemed; but finally I found them in a house at Jamaica Plains, and another man had joined them. I described the room and its furnishing in every particular, then started for home. I saw my body lying inanimate on the sofa, and not until my Father laid his hand on my heart was I able to come back to life. The effect on me was serious, and for days I was quite exhausted. Then we stopped the experiment. When I went to Boston later, one of the Circle drove me out to Jamaica Plains, and asked me to show him the house where they met. I did so, and when we entered it I showed him the room also.

This could be accounted for by telepathy from her companion.

IV

Some have supposed that blondes only were good subjects. I have seen a man, dark haired and coarse in body and mind, a good medium; also a child of seven, able to move a table and have it climb the stairs ahead of her. I have seen a strong willed intelligent army officer completely under the control of spirit influence; and no greater contrast could have been, than was between this officer and the dark brown ignoramus, and yet the result was the same.

I found that much that is called spiritual, is simply a subconscious condition, and the unconscious activity of the person in the body.

Many good mediums have come to a state of exhaustion, and have resorted to stimulants and been greatly harmed thereby; and being under the influence of spirits at these times, were often subject to remarkable messages and blamed therefor. It is well to try the spirits and see if they be of God, because there are all sorts hovering around.

Many times when people believing in the existence of evil spirits have ostensibly communicated after death, they have professed to find themselves mistaken.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Voice from the Past

HERE's another good letter that we don't agree with. We gave one in No. 12. We like to get them.

I have to thank you for the sample copy of THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW sent me some time ago in the largesse of a generous heart seeking support from presumably thoughtful people; and to thank you doubly for the confiding invitation to give you my impressions of it "provided the task will not be uncongenial."

It is never uncongenial for me to write, and since you are the only editor that ever invited me to write to him, this evidence of your superiority to others of your craft gives me such high opinion of your personal and editorial worth, that I feel confident it will not be uncongenial to you to read what I am going to write.

In some important respects your contributors do not live up to your daringly announced ideal. They are not "unpopular." On the contrary they show irritating manifestations of a desire to be popular in one of the most popular of ways.

The sample copy sent me is No. 12, Vol. 6. In it are such populace phrases as these:

Page 223: "You pays your money and you takes your choice."
" " "You never know where you are at."
" 224: "Should be slow to tie up to."
" " "His criticism of Mr. Wilson's foresight in the light of his own hindsight."
" " "This is proved by his monkeying with the nomination in New York."
" 232: The quotation: "If we got right up on our honkeys and howled all of us for a real education, we'd get it by next Saturday night. But we don't care a damn."

Waiving the objection that in the "don't care" phrase, the word dam is misunderstood and misspelled, for the proverbial tinker's dam has nothing to do with damnation in either this life or the next, it suffices to point out that such phrases are

popular in both the highways and the byways, are pleasing alike to patrons of vaudeville and skimmers of best sellers; and form the spice that makes popular the screeds of a Sunday supplement and the sermons of a Sunday superfluity. They are in fact among the worst of those urban inurbanities that make the language of Atlantic Coast people so distressing to those whose tastes and tempers have been formed on the coast of the Pacific; and unfortunately in these days of syndicated newspapers, traveling tourists, itinerant professors and vagabond road show artists, we are continually exposed to them even in the best regulated communities.

Such offenses against the excellence of right words do not end in themselves, but lead inevitably to the sin of flippancy in dealing with serious topics; and your contributors write of academic themes in the free and flippant slang of a cabaret monologue. In my sample copy, are two papers dealing with *The Problem of Poverty*. One purports to be by a "Platonist," the other by an "Aristotelian." The Platonist writes of "squirming with delight" over George Eliot and Thackeray. The Aristotelian writes of "monkeying with economics."

Has any popular weekly or monthly ever been more vernacularly alluring to the slangsters of the multitude?

If much of this sample copy were illustrated with photogravures, or delivered as a monologue it would please the public by the familiar phrases that would flatter them into a belief they had "got the idea."

There is no demand in America for an UNPOPULAR REVIEW. There is only a need for one. You have the fairest and highest ideal of any editor now living, but you must not put your apples of gold in pitchers of earthen ware. You must teach your contributors that the skylark that heralds the dawn does not chirp like a guttersnipe. You must not permit them to "monkey" with any topic that comes under your review, for academic aspirations cannot be expressed in simian similitudes; and he that would avoid the guile of popularity must be careful to avoid also the style.

The responsibility for quoting (from Mr. Poole) the last phrase cited by our correspondent, and for the fact (?) alleged by him that "the word dam is misunderstood and misspelled, for the proverbial tinker's dam has nothing to do with damnation in either this life or the next" rests, as announced in Number 13, with no less a master than

Mr. Paul Elmer More. For all the other phrases objected to the editorial shoulders have to bear the responsibility.

As to Mr. Poole having written, and Mr. More having quoted "dam" where a little newspaper scholarship might suggest that a "tinker's dam" was meant, the implication is one than which, we fear, "the force of cheapness could no farther go." Our correspondent insists that his newspaper scholarship was shared by Mr. Poole's undergraduate, when Mr. Poole's spelling says it was not.

We are glad that our correspondent unintentionally reminds us to congratulate Mr. More on his most exact and happy phrase "squirming with delight:" it would be hard to do better. And we are not sorry to be reminded that it was our humble selves who said: "monkeying with economics," in a day when so many men act like monkeys in dealing with economic questions.

We confess that we are less surprised to find that our purist does not indicate by "single quotes" the quotation marks in which we enclosed "You pays your money and takes your choice," and the "at" in the next line, than we would have been if they had been omitted by a more "liberal" writer. A stickler for trifles is not always equally *exigeant* regarding more serious things.

As to the other editorial phrases quoted, we really feel a little "stuck up:" we didn't realize that we had used so many good ones in the space.

This letter goes down to a fundamental point in our policy. That fact may excuse our quoting from a *Nation* review of something of ours:

> The author detests shams of speech. With William James he casts them all aside, and writes as he thinks. Some readers will be repelled by his independence of literary convention and free use of colloquial language; others will welcome it as another sign of a dawn of a new era in style.

The same authority wrote elsewhere (Pr. S. P. R. Part LXXII, Vol. XXIX, November, 1916, pp. 180–181):

His detestation of pretence . . . sometimes carries him farther than all readers will follow him with pleasure. He seems to include in it the customary forms of our literary dialect and writes "colloquial American" much as William James used to do, not scrupling to use a slang word or to coin a new one in order the better to express his thought. But let those who would take offense beware; possibly Mr. Holt and his fellow-rebels are the precursors of a change in the canons of style.

It ought not to be necessary to repeat that language, like everything else — even religion — grows from the ground up: the slang of yesterday is often the strongest phrase of today. We lately wrote one of our advisers:

Enclosed opinion . . . relates to a paper whose style is too "popular" for the UNPOP. True, I let in colloquialisms, slang and even profanity, but I flatter myself that that sort of thing is admitted only when it is plain that the author "knows better," but doesn't care to do better for the purpose in hand.

We are grieved to learn that "the language of Atlantic Coast people" is "distressing to those whose taste and tempers have been formed on the Coast of the Pacific," but from what we know of the Pacific language through that in use at what we understand to be the Pacific's chief literary center — the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, we should have supposed the reason to be the exact opposite from the one our correspondent implies. His intimations of what *he* considers the language of his region suggest its fruit — fair, smooth, overgrown, but devoid of flavor.

Except where our correspondent's last paragraph flatters us (a part that we mustn't pass upon) it contains much truth, and we may hope that even that part is true. We are entirely ready to consider his advice, but we cannot agree that an occasional terrestrial sound mars the effect of the skylark's song, or that a free treatment makes porcelain into earthenware, or in any art detracts from beauty, dignity or influence — that in the scene in

Macbeth which often seems the highest reach of art, the porter's loose talk does anything but emphasize the awful power of the knocking at the gate.

"The dignity of letters" is directly descended from the dignity of the priesthood, whose character was established long before the proverbial illustration furnished by the Roman augurs. It's fortunate that its stiffness and other meretricious features are being so rapidly discarded by the clergy as well as the other scholars of today.

But, we repeat, our correspondent's letter, despite all we have said counter to it, is a mighty good letter. We hope the " mighty" is not so colloquial as to nullify for him the good opinion which it expresses.

Race or Birthplace?

Two or three correspondents have taken pains to point out to us that, as everybody knows, the birthplaces of Kant, Beethoven and Wagner were all in Germany, and to claim that therefore we were in error in the last number in denying that any one of them was a German. No one, however, has taken the pains to inform us that Heine also was born in Germany, probably not holding that that circumstance prevented our being right when we said he was a Jew. Why the same rule should not apply to the others, we can't imagine, unless the Germans are more anxious to claim them than Heine.

Regarding Wagner there seems to be a good deal of doubt as to what his race was, even who his father was, or whether he had any. So far as we are concerned, from what we have read of the gentleman's character, the Germans are welcome to him if they want him!

EN CASSEROLE

This War and the Civil War

WHEN we announced our intention of taking a hand in this business, the Germans seemed to think we didn't mean it. One of their typical lunatics professed to hail us as an adversary that could pay rich indemnities. Yet up to the time of this writing they have been pursuing, regarding our ships, the mollifying policy that they have lately followed on the Russian border. But we did mean it, even more than, at the start, we meant the Civil War. We are going in with an enthusiasm such as no living man has seen among us. The few of us old enough to remember the Civil War know, although it may not be a popular thing to say, that the rush at the outbreak of that war was nothing to compare with that at the outbreak of this one.

Then, many men, even of those who ultimately went to the war, were at first very uncertain of the right of the North to coerce the South — uncertain of both the abstract right and of the historic right. In a government based on the consent of the governed, the forcing of that consent seemed a paradox. There was much studying of our early history and the constitution, and the native hue of resolution was not a little sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. Then, too, it was a question of fighting our own kin.

There had been no Belgium and no *Lusitania.* There had been slavery, but even the North was used to it in a way. Yet Boston, the centre of abolitionism, was hot to suppress slavery, and through the country generally, if one observer's opinion is correct, the first rush was to free the slaves. To many the Union was a mere abstract topic. The enthusiasm for it did not reach its height until later

studying was done, and there had been a campaign of education. Even all through, John Brown was invoked in song as the patron saint.

Harvard, from the centre of abolitionism, rushed in much more than the other colleges, but even there, the boys generally waited to graduate. At the other Northern Colleges, not over four or five per cent left. And there is no comparison between the amount of drilling and enthusiasm then and now. Volunteers were then called for at the start. Now they are called for after the war has been going on for over two years, with all the thinking it implies. Under years of experience learned from Europe, and no end of strenuous organized efforts here, our people have been in training, at Plattsburg and elsewhere, many of our boys have been on the ambulances and aeroplanes and even in the trenches; and many of our women in the hospitals.

The outlook is vastly broader and more intelligent now, and standards in many ways are certainly higher. The world has grown, and grown closer together. Those that were hot in the old days went, as already said, to free the slave. Those who are hot now are going to free civilization.

Then a commission, from second lieutenant to major general, could be had for the asking. All necessary in the first case was that a young man's father should hold a respectable middle class position, or in the last case, that the applicant should be as high as a senator or governor. A mayor of a big city or a political boss would do very well for a brigadier general, and an editor or even a professor of martial tastes would make a colonel. Military experience was not required, though having worn a uniform and learned battalion drill at school was an instant qualification as a captain, while experience in the militia at once entitled a man to a commission a grade or two higher than he had held there.

There was a principle alleged to be behind these com-

missions, but it was conspicuous about as often by its absence as by its presence: the officer was supposed to raise volunteers for his own command, just as it has been proposed, in *this* war, with its immeasurably larger problems, to let Mr. Roosevelt raise many times the men that Banks and Butler led to disaster. That hundreds of thousands were said to be ready to go under such conditions is a discouraging comment on the material of our republic. Many of us have had occasion to thank Germany for reminding us how much better it is, after all, than an absolute monarchy.

In raising officers for the civil war there was hardly such a thing as an examination. As to even a physical one for privates, this is literal truth from a living eye-witness: A battalion of recruits, not yet in uniform, was drawn up in line. Facing them were their commanding officer and a popular physician of the town, who had just been commissioned surgeon with the rank of major. Beginning at the right, each recruit stepped forward a few paces and touched his hat to the doctor. The doctor touched his in return. That was all, except five dollars per recruit for the doctor.

Not only would going into the present war and against such an opponent as Germany with such methods or helter-skelter absence of method, be suicidal, but the situation fortunately renders it impossible. Our military and naval experts have been studying the present methods since the war began, and have already drilled into them thousands of our people. While we lack material preparation, in theory and experience, though at second-hand, probably many of our officers are now beyond where even Germany was at the outset.

To our young men, going into war is not what it was to their fathers and grandfathers. There are no more brass buttons and red sashes and prancing horses and cavalry charges. Not much movement among new places and

peoples, or even tents or bivouacs in the open. War is mainly a dull gray confinement in stinking trenches. The only improved attraction is the fireworks, but they are more dangerous than the old ones. The boys are not going in with *élan:* there's no excitement about it, nothing but sober sense of duty, and dull gritty determination. But these are more dangerous than the *élan.* The death rate is much higher than it was in the Civil War. A boy from Plattsburg said the other day that they all expect to be killed. But that makes no difference to them. We asked him whether, on the whole, it would not be braver and more effective to expect not to. He said it might be more effective.

By all odds the most important fact that the contrast between the civil war and this war has so far developed is the abysmal absurdity of the claim that war is necessary to keep up the courage of a nation. The response to the recent call to arms has been astonishing, at least to us who remember the call of nearly sixty years ago, and yet these boys crowding in so soberly for duty's sake, twenty times as much as their ancestors did for a more immediate cause, never saw war, and are seldom even the sons of men who saw it: the Civil War was fought by their grandfathers. And yet for calm courage and deliberate grasp of the situation, without any such close pressure as stirred France and England, there probably has never been such a display of warlike virtue as is now made by this peaceful people.

No! No farther proof is needed that it does not require wars to keep alive courage and self-devotion.

Mr. Choate

Of course periodicals like this cannot contain many words of obituary, or of many people. For great public characters that function is usually filled by the daily press long before our issue. But we are impelled to say

a word about Mr. Choate as a great private character — an aspect of him of which perhaps not enough has been said. The manner of man he was is well suggested by the fact that though while he was among us, we seldom heard his friends allude to him otherwise than as "Joe" Choate, never since his death have we heard him spoken of otherwise than as "Mister" Choate. While he was familiar among us, he was thought of by his friends with a familiar affection, but in front of that, his departure at once placed their profound respect. Everybody knows about his talents, his wit, his eloquence, in short his greatness. But comparatively few know about his goodness — what a joy it was to him in his glorious old age to put his talents at the free service of every good cause that asked. He would not merely give and get most of the fun when festive speech-making was in order, but he helped on many occasions that were anything but festive, and even in that least attractive way — raising money, and always of course setting the example of giving it. As a single instance, the Lighthouses for the Blind in New York and Paris are supported by organizations of both of which he was president, and for which he did more than any other man.

He abounded too in the other kind of charity usual only in those who have lived long enough to see how much even good men need it. But he saw it younger than most men: many years ago we were surprised, and not altogether edified, to see him treat affably a rich man of notoriously easy conscience to whom most people in Mr. Choate's position would have turned the cold shoulder. We suspected policy. As we came to know Mr. Choate better, we attributed a higher motive.

His wonderfully efficient old age was probably due to the equableness of his disposition and his quick response to all safely pleasant stimuli. But these were largely due to his mastery of the arts of living. We remember many years ago his exhorting us to stop smoking shortly before

dinner. He had reached empirically part of the scientific knowledge of the subject given on another page. Many years later, on our quoting an authority that walking a couple of miles a day was enough for a man of seventy, he said: "Take it in four instalments."

He knew that he was liable to sudden death. And how magnificently he faced it! He had strong reason to believe that the entertainment of the English and French envoys would cost him his life — that for him there was as much danger in banquets as in battles — yet he knew that to promote the fervor of that time he was called upon for a great service to the world — perhaps the greatest of the great ones of his life; and he stood up to it like the happy warrior. He was never jollier or wittier or more eloquent than during the long festivity of that memorable week. He went out in a blaze of glory, everywhere honored and beloved. He was blest in his life and blest in his death. The usual comments of his friends upon his sudden passing were not "How sad!" or "How terrible!", but "How splendid!", "How magnificent!"

O faustus et felix!

The Flower and the Gardener's Second Assistant

A Transposition

I

She was the crowning achievement of a gardener whom all the world honored as a creator, — the pride of his gardens, the petted darling of his assistants. Carefully they sheltered her from wind and rain and sun and frost, and they watched jealously lest her beauty be wrinkled, her loveliness stained; but, being mere journeymen, they could not know that the changing moon troubled her, nor that she was frightened by the steady stare of the stars.

When the sun rose in the morning, she would make up little songs, almost without knowing it, and sing them

dreamily to herself. All of them ended in the same way: "O Bee — Bee! See, I am beautiful . . . . And there is honey at my heart. . . ."

But, whenever an amorous buzzing drew near, she would shrink, and fold her petals.

II

One day, the gardener's second assistant, a man who thought he knew more than the gardener and could manage the garden better, watched her a long time.

"Why are you so coy?" he asked, suddenly.

She hung her head and blushed.

On the following day, he came and asked her again.

She hung her head.

The third day she answered, blushing, saying that she knew how quickly flowers faded if. . . .

The gardener's second assistant laughed.

"Haven't you heard of my latest discovery?" he cried. "Contrapollenation! — Harmless! — Absolutely Safe!" He told her.

III

She preserved her beauty and her loveliness a whole week longer than any other flower of her season. After all, that was something! . . . Besides, she lived to see a very remarkable thing: how, when the others lay dying, the gardener himself came to them, and took from their drying stalks, with the utmost care, strange little objects the sight of which thrilled her, she did not know why; and she saw how he stowed away these tiny mysteries in the buttoned pockets of his overalls. And during the nights — lonely, now — while the harvest-moon rode in the solemn sky, she marvelled at what she had seen.

Her turn came at last. Though she lay dying, she awaited the gardener in a flutter of anticipation. When he stood over her, however, and stooped — from the very

sky! — to take her up, she was filled with fear and dread, and overwhelmed with shame.

He tore her from the soil and looked at her a moment. Then he dropped her on a rubbish-heap.

IV

But that evening he sent for his second assistant. The latter knew at once why he had been summoned. With calculated self-assurance he faced his superior.

"It works!" he said, brazenly.

The vein on the gardener's forehead grew thicker and his beard trembled; but presently he sighed, and drew his calloused palm over his brow.

"Yes," he replied, quietly, "it works. But you knew it would, all along, of course. . . ."

That was true, and so there was an interval of silence. The assistant shifted his weight from foot to foot.

The gardener sat musing.

"Her seed may be no great loss, after all," he murmured, as if to himself.

"Indeed, these exquisite strains are morbid, sometimes," murmured the other.

The gardener raised his head and studied him over the tops of his big horn-rimmed spectacles. The assistant, try as he would, could not repress the flush that slowly stained his face. Then his superior spoke, with a smile that was all benevolence.

"The garden is no place for your talents, my son," he said. "You are far too clever to be trusted inside a fence! — Therefore, I shall send you out among the weeds, and to the lowly herbs in barren places. There, there is work for you: the weeds we shall be well rid of, and the others will be sightlier and happier beings if there are fewer to struggle for the slender nutriment."

The gardener's second assistant was all enthusiasm.

"I should never have thought of that!" he cried.

And so it was arranged.

Birth Control

We have printed the foregoing allegory more because our æsthetic sense highly approves it, than because our judgment unqualifiedly endorses it. Yet it does seem to us to illustrate about the clearest and best defended point that has yet been made on the affirmative side of this tremendously complicated question.

It has long appeared to us the one topic above all others which leads a certain kind of people to "rush in where angels fear to tread."

There is one consideration that appears to us broader and more fundamental than any other so far presented on either side. One of the strongest passions among women is that for children. The women who have it are carried by it through pains and dangers of maternity which to women who have it not are terribly onerous and often fatal. Birth control is apt to kill this salutary passion, and therefore to condemn many women to much suffering and not seldom to death.

This is also true, of course, of conception control, for which birth control is a misnomer. The latter has its special dangers even greater than those of conception control.

But conception control has enough. In almost every form, probably every form, it interrupts in varying degrees, a flow of nervous energy which cannot be interrupted without a strain on the nervous machinery which is inevitably deleterious, and some modes of which are persisted in to paralysis and death.

Added to the dangers already enumerated, is the incidental one that couples practising either abnormality at the outset — waiting to have their fling in pleasures or to get rich, before assuming the care of children, often find when they are ready and even eager for them, that the practices against nature have atrophied the capacity of producing them, and brought the penalty of lonely old age.

These considerations, it should be noticed, do not include what many consider the casuistries upon the subject by the legal and medical professions, although the unquestionable physical facts we have cited, do tend to the impression that the positions of the lawyers and doctors, even if on debatable foundations, may be on the right side.

Yet it is to be admitted that they are not held with the rigidity that they were a generation ago. When a man of the position of Dr. Jacobi comes out for birth control, or rather conception control, it is time for a careful reconsideration of opinions.

It is very plain that Nature is extremely jealous of any attempt to prevent her having her own way, and she carries her resistance into the psychic and social spheres. The direct attack of the attempts to circumvent her which we have mentioned, upon the institution of the family, and the indirect attack through the encouragement of illicit relations, are both so obvious that they call for no more than a mere reminder. And yet the fundamental relation of the institution of the family to civilization itself, is so little recognized by most of the agitators in these most agitating days, that it calls for constant elucidation and impressment. We cannot discuss it farther now, however. We shall reach our present aim if we lead anybody to "go slow" on the exceedingly complicated and important questions we have touched upon. To reach sound conclusions on them may take the century that James thought it may take to reach sound conclusions on the phenomena now regarded by so many as spiritistic. "Going slow" in the formation of opinions probably was never so needed as now. The need was more acute after the French Revolution began to brew, but it did not embrace nearly as wide and perplexing a mass of topics as present-day agitation does, or as many facilities for discussion and propaganda, or as strong and wide a passion for them.

The hard problem we have just considered, like so many others, seems to have no clear solution but through the general advance of mankind. Some of the most successful lives we know are in two existing families of respectively nine and twelve children. But in both, the parents are healthy, capable, honorable and rich. As people improve in health, capacity and honor, they will improve also in wealth, and the question of the size of families, like the others hinted at, will settle itself. If the agitators of the complex questions would give more of their efforts to the preliminary simple ones, they would really help the complex ones more effectively.

On Smoking

In this collection — some tell us this unique collection — of the great thoughts of philosophers, critics, publicists, economists and educators, the one article that has most frequently been mentioned to us with approval is the little one on Shaving in the *Casserole* of Number 12, called *Efficiency Saves an Essay a Year*. Emboldened by this circumstance, we now venture a second one on the art of good living — one alliteratively kindred to Shaving, namely Smoking. We have already inflicted its suggestions on many of our club companions, of whom not a few assure us that they have greatly profited by them.

A great and good doctor told us some years ago that, from the average system, tobacco is eliminated in about twelve hours, and that if the system is then given an entire vacation from tobacco for five or six hours, it will brace itself to endure any amount of smoking during the rest of the twenty-four. But the vacation must be absolute: not even a cigarette. On this principle, one can smoke the whole evening, or if he prefers it, the whole morning or afternoon.

The doctor has found this system to work well with innumerable patients, and it has worked successfully with

the present scribe, and with sundry friends to whom he has communicated it.

One may sometimes break over, say at a social lunch. In that case, if one smokes in the evening, and there has been any harm done, the mouth will taste of tobacco the next morning.

We always smoke at Saturday lunch, and sometimes at Thursday lunch. The signal has not been noticed in such cases. But lately a Thursday lunch was put over till Friday, and on Sunday morning, after our breaking over on two successive days, the signal appeared very markedly.

Smoke the whole evening if you will, but not a whiff between smokes, especially not on consecutive days.

And remember: this is for average constitutions. If it doesn't work with yours, probably tobacco is not for you.

If you heed this advice, you may not only live the longer for it, but deserve the immortal eulogy pronounced over a man who died in pre-railroad days in a remote Pennsylvania-Dutch town. The parson was ill, no other was available, and the neighbors had to inter the remains without religious rites. After the grave was filled; they stood around it silent, yet feeling that something ought to be said over an old neighbor. But he had not been a good one, and there seemed nothing to say. At last one of the silent throng gave voice to an inspiration which met with nods of approval: "He vas a goot shmoker!"

Hold Izzy!

Most households have their private dictionary of terms rich in connotation for the family ear, but needing explanation to outsiders. The full flavor of such a term comes partly from the dramatic pungency of the circumstance that christened it, and partly from the symbolism with which the expression may be ever afterwards

employed to enliven and illuminate similar incidents. I know a home where the words, "Hold Izzy" mean much when used to characterize some sudden responsibility. Explanation is appreciatively delivered by the lady of the house, a woman as graphic in narrating experience as she is intrepid in meeting it. An overhurried morning once demanded her matching some silk at a village emporium personally conducted by its owner, a gentleman of Jewish extraction. It was the custom when business called him from the counter, that his wife should slip in from the rear quarters to take his place; correspondingly, when her affairs took her away, the husband became her kitchen or nursery substitute. It was on one of these latter occasions that my friend entered with her breathless demand. Shirt-sleeved and puffing a fat cigar, the proprietor gazed back at her across the counter, eager, obsequious, but helpless, for he carried in his arms his infant son, a large and lusty babe, too old not to roll if put down, too young to sit up. Utterly unconscious of obstructing trade, the child lay in his father's embrace, fat, unblinking, and engrossed in sucking his thumb, oblivious alike to his father's difficulty and the customer's inconvenience. The devoted parent cast despairing eyes at shelf and counter and floor, but saw no secure resting place for his burden. The moment was urgent, imperative, the father bent impulsively forward, beaming relief: "Hold Izzy!" he said.

In recounting her sensations of the next twenty minutes, my friend is always peculiarly analytic and circumstantial. Surprise was her first emotion — one moment bowling along in her motor, unaware there was an Izzy in the world, the next moment called upon to be the sole depository for an armful of Hebrew baby, her entire mind, her entire muscle taut with the task of not spilling him! She notes particularly the instant absorption required of her to meet a responsibility totally alien to her training, her immediate circumstances, her volition, but unescap-

able. She recalls dreamily and distractedly striving to match silks across the redundant and indifferent form of Izzy, and trancedly trying to attend to the duty for which she had entered the store, as being still necessary in spite of the duty for which she had not entered it, by mere instinct thus endeavoring to keep to the course of her own existence, though so abruptly entangled in Izzy's.

She remembers also her boundless sympathy for Izzy's father, her sense of his utter impotence supposing she had *not* held Izzy, her responsive thrill to the faith with which, although he had never before laid eyes on her, he leaned over the counter and deposited in her automatically extended arms, his son and heir. She is too penetrating to take unction to herself for his confidence, she knows that there are moments when the most cynical of us are forced to trust others. Lastly she recalls most vividly the serenity of Izzy himself, impenetrable to any consciousness of being an inconvenience, his exquisite self-absorption, his lofty unconcern as to who held him, so long as he was held, matching his faith that all his life he would be tended, while all he had to do was to lie and suck his thumb.

We have all of us at some time held somebody's Izzy, we have all of us at some time had to have our Izzy held. The Izzy relation between any two people is an instance of the purely involuntary bearing of another's burden, or the equally involuntary dumping of our own. Five minutes before the occurrence we could not have prophesied either predicament, but there we are! We can all of us cite illustration from experience. The essence of an Izzy emergency is not its seriousness, but its intensity. As a humble instance, one is bound, say, on an errand only less momentous than life and death, which requires one's reaching the end of the trolley line in half an hour. Suddenly one discovers one's purse left at home! With what mendicant sharpness one studies the faces of one's fellow passengers! Yet it rarely happens that there is not some-

one to spring instant to meet a stranger's exigency signified by the small but supreme need of a nickel.

Holding Izzy is an experience often more enjoyed in the telling than at the time. It is likely to be too engrossing for humor, but few of us would be cheated of the mirth that shines on it in retrospect. Travel is particularly fruitful in Izzy incidents. For example, behold ourself seated in our chair, the light from the car window falling just right upon our novel, the foot stool fixed to our liking, when in hurtles a breathless friend, gasping goodbyes to a guest instantly pressed upon us to care for and comfort through all the long hours between departure and destination. Perhaps the stranger is a fidgety old lady continually popping forth frantic inquiries at the scurrying porter. Perhaps it is a garrulous old gentleman who genially thunders confidences in our unwilling ears, while neighboring chairs twinkle behind newspapers. A moment before we were free as the wind on its wanderings, forthwith we are introduced to unheardof intricacies of baggage for our polite disentangling, and must be prepared for all manner of emergency upon arrival, in the event of impossible connections, and expected relatives who fail to appear with their welcome. The problems of the chance acquaintance entrusted to our attention on a journey, present a perplexity I have never known to befall to any other class of travellers.

Holding Izzy is often as complicated for the holder as it is simple for Izzy himself. Of course, according to strict definition and explanation, Izzy is not necessarily a person; only, according to the nature of humanity, Izzy is often very personal indeed. There are men and women created to be Izzys all their lives, and never to guess it. People hand them back and forth across the counter of social commerce, because they could not get anything done themselves if they did not thus take turns in holding Izzy. Other persons may be harried by Izzy's problems, Izzy himself sucks his thumb, blindly, beautifully, unaware.

Somebody always has taken care of him, somebody always will take care of him. He is created to call forth philanthropy in others, himself fatly cushioned in complacence. He does not know enough of what goes on about him to be either critical or grateful. He is merely himself, Izzy.

Some people are foreordained to hold Izzy. Some people are foreordained to have their Izzy held. I have held Izzy, I have had my Izzy held for me: but, I am wondering: Have I ever been Izzy myself?

Enchantment

Distance lends enchantment to so many other things besides the view! You heartily dislike your next door neighbor in Chicago or New York, but if you meet him in Cairo or Hong Kong the chances are that you will be ready to embrace him. A wife who forgets to kiss her husband when he returns from business in the evening, experiences a feeling of excitement and tenderness over the sight of his handwriting if he goes away on a trip, or thrills at the sound of his voice over the long-distance telephone. It is this same tendency of human nature that makes the city man remember with tears in his eyes the days of his boyhood on the old farm.

When President Wilson, aided and abetted by the press, inaugurated his recent campaign against the high cost of living, the response was immediate. Every city man was so whole-souled in his determination to till the soil, that it was evident an incipient passion for agriculture dwelt in every breast, however urban. It is a cynical thought, but I would bet that if the most eager of these devotees of the back yard and vacant lot movement could be traced to their original habitat, we would find they were the city men who, as small boys, rather than follow the plough in sweet communion with nature, ran away from the farm to the big city, to sell newspapers or sweep out some office. The dollar alarm clock insistently buzzing at seven A. M. sounded in their ears sweeter than the cock's

shrill clarion greeting the morn back home. Through the pearl gray distance of the intervening years, shimmers the rosy light of romance.

No doubt many of our amateur gardeners have been driven to take up the spade and hoe by a real fear of at least semi-starvation, but it is my opinion that the spring took the opportunity to get in some of its fine work. In the season when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, his middle aged brother, away along in the forties, who is married and of course fancy free, dreams of crunching the succulent scarlet radish between his teeth, or of nibbling on the crisp new lettuce leaves dipped in salt and oil. Those miserable hot-house vegetables on the restaurant table irritate his senses. His mind reverts more and more to the Springs that mother Nature used to make, back on the farm.

Several years ago my husband and I became possessors of the ancestral farm way up "somewhere in New York state." We consumed about sixty seconds in deciding to sell as soon as some unsuspicious customer could be inveigled into buying. Thinking back upon this decision of ours, I am astounded at the ardor with which, this Spring, we as a family espoused the cause of gardening. My husband has been especially earnest in his investigations concerning fertilizers and seeds. He has even been known to rise an hour earlier than usual to dig in the garden; and at night he has returned early, in order to plant the seeds. I myself have set out pansies, and the boy is happier over a new set of garden tools than over any of his more expensive toys at Christmas and birthday times.

The other evening, after the boy was tucked away for the night, my husband and I lingered over our coffee. The light from softly shaded candles shone down on the fragrant bowl of pansies. I saw my husband's eyes resting dreamily upon them as he lighted his cigar. I asked him casually how the garden was progressing.

"That shower last night brought out the worms from the earth. They came up for a drink. And say — speaking of worms, do you know — it reminds me of going fishing after milking, back home on the farm."

An eager glow lighted his face and he began to unbosom himself musingly, as if to the boy he had been:

"You hurried up to get through with the milking, got the calves and the pigs fed and the horses bedded for the night. You took out your rod, made from a sapling, from the corner by the house, got a can of worms and a pail for your fish, and started off down the road to the bridge. Stepping out on the bridge you picked out a nice worm or two and baited your hook. Then you carefully dropped your line over the side by the pier and waited. By and by you had a nibble, and you pulled in quickly, but you didn't have a thing but the empty hook. You baited up all over again, and flung your line away out into the stream this time, and waited. You were rewarded by catching a couple of shiners out there, and had just cast out your line for more. All was quiet, when George Havington came down the hill calling his cows — 'Co-boss, Co-boss, whey-whey, Co-boss,' then he let down the bars, and drove the cows up to his barn. George was always late milking. He was one of those inefficient mortals never punctual about anything. Then all was very still, the sun had gone down. After you had tired of fishing from both sides of the bridge, you decided to go down to Havington's pasture, and see if you could pick a few suckers out of the rapids. You climbed over the fence, and went down through the pasture to the oak tree, where the water ran swift because the brook was pretty narrow there. You found a rail that had floated down in the spring, and had caught on a stone. You laid the rail across the brook so the water ran over the top of it. Then you sent the boy who stood watching you, up the brook to throw stones in the water and splash it with a stick in all the deep places along the bank. Pretty soon the suckers

began to come down and dart over the rail. You managed occasionally to catch one with your bare hands. By and by it got pretty dark, and you started for home with about a dozen fish in your pail. You noticed how heavy the dew was on the grass. When you ploughed through it your feet were wet, and the grass whipping against your legs soaked your stockings. You trudged through the sand in the middle of the road, where it felt warmer. Your shoes got heavier and heavier. At last you turned into your own driveway, where the ground was hard, and stamped your feet. Then you scuffed along on the short grass of the lawn. After stopping at the well for a drink, you went into the house and got a sharp knife and a lantern, and went out back of the house to a plank to clean your fish, gloating over the fine time you were going to have next morning eating them fried in corn-meal for breakfast."

"Those were good old days, weren't they?" I said, my heart full of sympathy for the little boy with the pail of fish and such very wet feet.

"Um —"

"Why did you run away to the city?" I asked.

"The lure of the unknown, I suppose — the enchantment of distance."

"Would you like to go back — if you had a chance?"

"I wouldn't be selfish." The boy-man was grinning, the dreams gone from his eyes, "I'd let some other man enlist first."

Some of You Please Tell Us

if you get any fun out of the *Comments from Our Readers* in the front advertising pages. They entertain us so much that we have been tempted to retain, in addition to the new page, the page from the preceding issue; but we don't want to make more of a feature of them than you care for.

FRANKLIN TO HIS PRINTER NEPHEW

My dear Nephew: —

In View of the substantial Success of the Press now establish'd by Yale Colledge at New Haven in the Colony of Connecticut, I am determin'd to open in your Favour a Printing Office at another University.[1] Therefore, that you may prepare yourself to act as Journeyman to us, I should advise a Visit to that House, whereby you will find among its Books many that will well serve us for Models.

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I will not describe the Works of this splendid Press further lest I be drawn into extolling the Majority of them. Only look well into them & admire their Adherence to high Standards of Bookmaking. Not all the Rigours of high Costs in Paper, in Binding, & in Printing have avail'd to bring down their Excellence.

I am, Sir, yr. obdt. serv't & affct. Uncle,

Benj. Franklin.

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[1] After a letter in the Yale University Library (dated October 27, 1753) from Benjamin Franklin, directing what type to order from Mr. Caslon for this proposed printing-office.

[2] By Albert H. Buck. (Second Printing.) $5.00 net.

[3] By George Wharton Pepper. (Third Printing.) $1.50 net.

[4] By Charles S. Brooks. (Third Printing.) 27 woodcuts. $1.50 net.

[5] By Graham Lusk. (Fourth Printing.) 50 cents net.

[6] By Lafayette B. Mendel. 50 cents net.

[7] By Ellsworth Huntington. (Second Printing.) $2.50 net.

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NEW YORK CITY

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HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 18 WEST 45th STREET NEW YORK CITY

T. MOREY & SON, PRINTERS, GREENFIELD, MASS.